

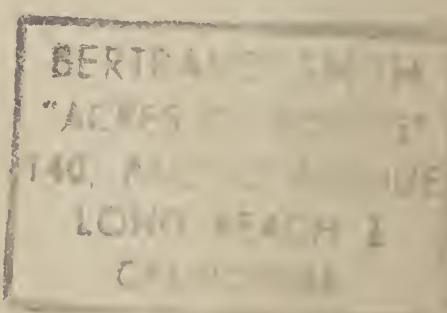
SOME
WHITE FAMILY
HISTORY

ARTHUR KENT WHITE

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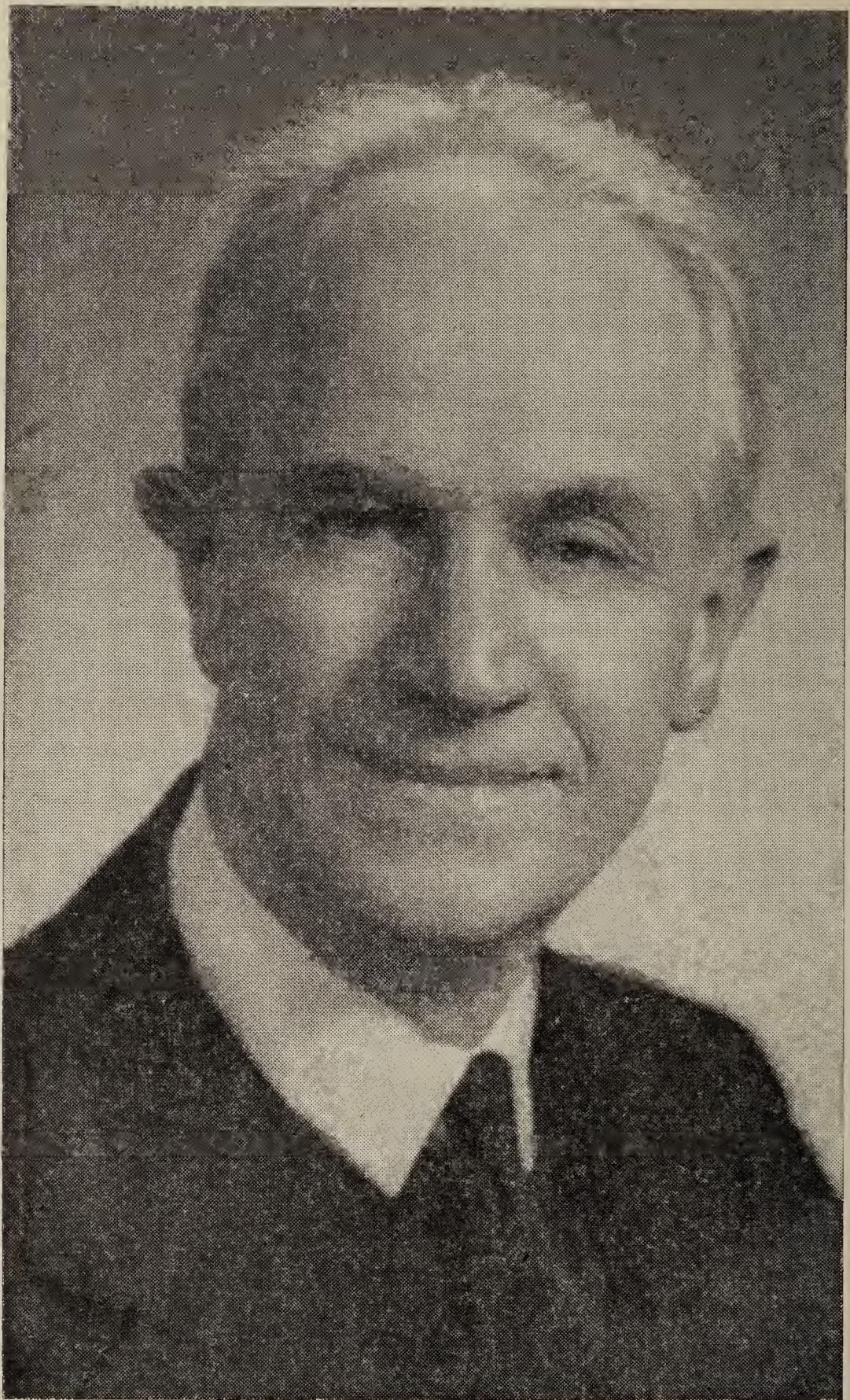
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Arthur Kent White

SOME WHITE FAMILY HISTORY

ARTHUR KENT WHITE



PILLAR OF FIRE, DENVER, COLORADO
1948

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Pillar of Fire

B. Smith - \$14.00

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Dedication

TO HER OF
JULIET STREET

v1

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INTRODUCTION

MY mother, Alma White, founder of the Pillar of Fire, several years before she passed away, wished me to write a history of the society. I have tried down through the years to be a dutiful son but must confess to failing her in this. Perhaps after all she was not too much disappointed for she knew that we depended on her autobiography for so many important facts which she wrote so well. Still a feeling possessed her that being occupied with so many duties, she would be unable to finish her story and she supposed I could do something about it.

It would have been a task far beyond me unless I should have been content simply to compose a sort of index or date book. But whoever found a date book interesting or exciting? Not many people have a faculty for keeping dates in mind. I have been told that on a quiz radio program some poor victim was asked when the war of 1812 was fought. She did not know.

My brother, before he passed away, attended a commencement at Columbia University and ran into an old professor both of us knew very well. The interview revealed that he had practically gone into oblivion, withdrawing himself as it were from the world in order to write a history of New

Introduction

York State. It seems that it was to run into as many volumes as an encyclopedia, and such would be the case should I endeavor to write a history of the Pillar of Fire Movement. Who wishes to sequester himself in devotion to such a task? I am sure I would have to write until I became utterly decrepit.

Still, I decided to do something. It may hardly be called a compromise. I am aware that those who know the history of the Pillar of Fire will scold for omitting so many interesting things. I have presented what was of great interest and meaning to me, experiences that helped to hold me in line with helping Mother and pursuing my calling in the organization.

For many years my brother, Ray White, and I, in the back of our minds, contemplated that some day one or the other of us would write chapters, possibly developing into book form, dealing with episodes of our lives connected with the beginnings of Mother's work in founding the church. Many things, as sort of behind-the-scenes material, we believed would be of interest, especially to our friends who have kept in touch with the movement down the years.

Mother, my brother, and I have told of many of the experiences to gatherings in our schools; and because of their human-interest nature, some

Introduction

have often seemed more or less amusing, and others solemn and semi-tragic.

The work of the Gospel is primarily serious business, and of public speakers there is generally expected much that is reserved and formal. However, even the great Elijah in the Bible is described as a man of like passions as we are. The glory of God has been to build Christian enterprises through human instrumentality and plain-folk agencies. Washington Irving once said: "Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of the good and great but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature; and we turn more kindly toward the object of our idolatry when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and frail."

Now it is never a good thing for a Christian to go about advertising the great depths of sin from which he may have been saved. He can do himself a great injustice, with morbid-minded listeners exaggerating his one-time failings. If God is willing to forget our sins and mistakes, once truly forgiven, it is well to forget them ourselves.

On the other hand, confessing to infirmities and weaknesses and testifying to how God has

Introduction

intervened to help us in them, may be an encouragement to many a struggling soul.

Paul, with all of his infirmities, ups and downs, who in making tents doubtless knew what it meant for a needle to slip now and then to prick his finger, could valiantly say: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

These stories have appeared as a serial in our Pillar of Fire publications. Opportunity was thus afforded to iron out discrepancies and make the reading smoother when put in book form. I have been highly gratified with the attention the chapters have received in the Pillar of Fire, and appreciate the many letters of commendation. I have been told that our mailing staff has received many requests for papers or issues that readers may have missed, desirous of keeping the entire series.

Further details of many episodes described are given in Mother's book called "Looking Back from Beulah," and other volumes she wrote entitled "The Story of My Life."

Some White Family History

I

FIRST RECOLLECTION

Scene: Mt. Morrison, Colorado, where my brother, Ray was born.

Villain: A neighbor's big hog.

Victims: Downy little chickens.

Hero: Myself. Too young to do anything about it except get powerfully angry.

I do not know just what year it was, but it was the first thing I remember. It may have been near the time Ray was born, around August 24, 1892. I was then about three and a half years old, as I had arrived March 15, 1889, when my father was a student preacher, attending Denver University and living at 2233 Champa Street.

It is almost as if it happened yesterday, when that big black hog got into our little back yard in Morrison and made a raid on Mother's chicks. I can see their little legs traveling fast to escape the maw of that beast, but one after another they were gobbled up until some ninety of them, ac-

cording to Mother's estimate of this and other depredations, had been consumed.

If it proved trying to Mother's grace, Methodist preacher's wife that she was, it awakened something tremendous in the soul of a Methodist preacher's elder son. Had I been big enough I would have shed blood. I fain would have stretched that pig out in strips of bacon that would have reached up to the Red Rocks; but what could a poor little fellow coming on four do about it?

That episode marked the beginnings of my memorable, conscious spiritual and intellectual life. So often when I pass by the little white house that still stands in this mountain resort, I think of that old pig.

Perhaps, after all, there is a great deal that is significant about it. In the course of time my mother, at a great sacrifice, was to enter with a whole heart into the work of saving souls. To understand you need only to read her story of the trials, hardships and victories of her mission, of her evangelistic enterprises, and of the many converts that resulted.

Mother, as so many know, zealous, conscientious soul that she was, early felt out of harmony with much that was cold and formal in the churches. Changing the figure—and there will be many figures in this story—she was like the rustic fisherman who, though he might have only a rough-cut pole and an ordinary string and hook,

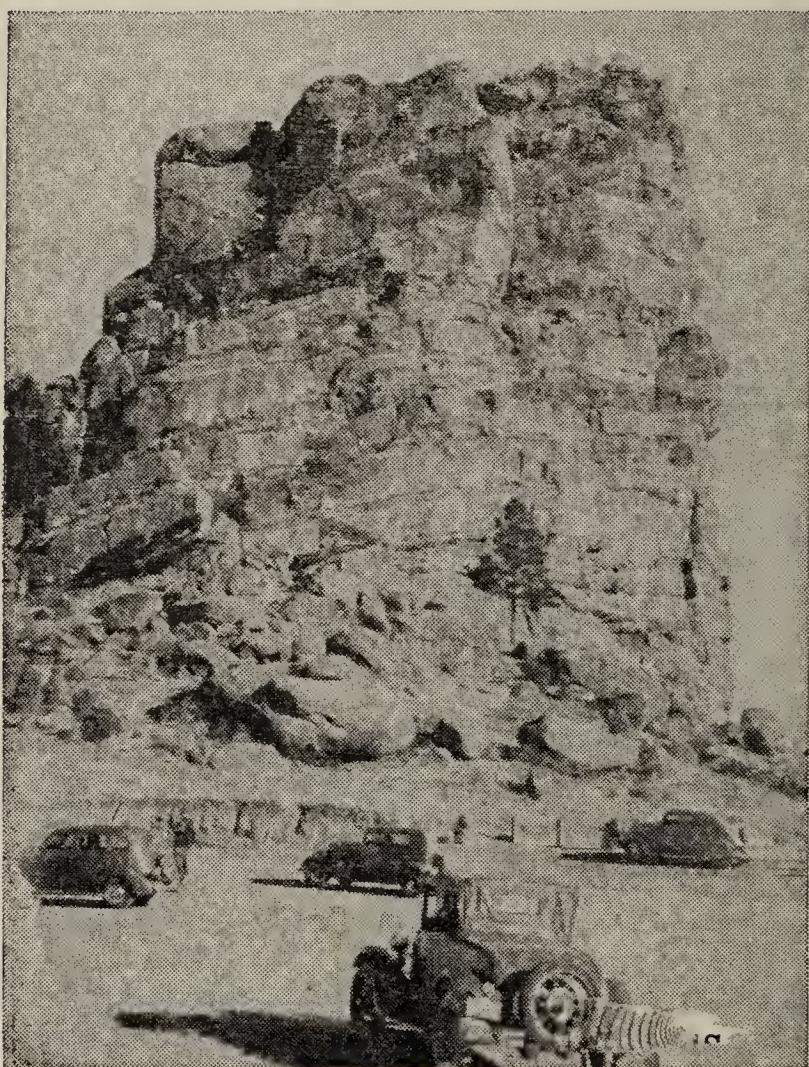


Church, Mt. Morrison, Colorado

knew where to find, how to bait for and catch fish, when the city vacationist, with his fine rod and fancy flies, would fail.

Mother not only saw sinners born into the kingdom, but with a true sense of spiritual motherhood sought to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. There was something that was not just right in turning them

over to ministers who were unwilling to do the hard work that she had done, and yet wanted to build up their membership at her expense. Yes,



Red Rocks, Mt. Morrison, Colorado

that cold, formal influence was certainly like the old pig that swallowed up the little chickens.

It became necessary in the course of time, though not at first contemplated, for Mother to

build a fold to take care of the lambs of the kingdom, and this can be said to be a reasonable and logical explanation for the establishment of the Pillar of Fire society which she founded.

Jesus' concern was that He would be able to keep those disciples who followed Him, and He poured His soul out in intercession before His Father in heaven, saying: "I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine...I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Sometimes we have not so much to fear in the loss of spiritual children to the works of iniquity that are so well advertised, since their dangers are apparent, as the subtle influences of false religion, of apostasy, of modernism, likely to be somewhat hidden, hence far more perilous.

II

MR. PERPETUAL MOTION

THERE is something at once idyllic and inviting about the Red-Rocks area behind the "hog-back" of the Rocky Mountain foothills, which you approach through Bear Creek Water Gap. Father had been appointed to the little church and others on the mountain circuit of Evergreen, because of Mother's ill health. She had depleted her energies with hard work on the farm in old Kentucky where, for one thing, she said she had carried so much water from the spring that one arm was longer than the other. The vicissitudes and the rigorous experiences of teaching in public schools on the frontier in Montana had not been too easy on her.

When I came I was to add much to her concern. Mine seemed to be a nervous temperament. They called me "perpetual motion," and Mother often affirmed that I learned to run before I learned to walk.

We must depend on hearsay for much about our early childhood. One story is that Father bought me a little red wagon to absorb my energies. Picture a three-year-old wearing dresses, as was the custom in those days. He took hold of

the tongue of said wagon and started around in the middle of the room, circling ceaselessly until the on-lookers were both dizzy and amused. One of them remarked: "Arthur, you are a lunatic over that wagon." Taking up the refrain, I kept going, exclaiming, "Tick over a wagon! Tick over a wagon!" So many things have interested me in life that I think I have been "tick" over first one thing and then another the whole of my fifty-nine years.

If the wagon couldn't solve the problem of my continuous activity, it was conceived that perhaps a little red rocking chair would do something to keep me quiet, provided I was told with sufficient emphasis that I had to sit down in it for a given space of time. Just how much they succeeded in keeping me in the rocker I do not know, but I distinctly recall, as the second thing in my memory, that my father himself sat down in that chair. It was well made, with strong arms. I came around behind him and stepped on the rockers, thinking it would be fun to rock my father.

Alas, I think I rocked the whole family a good deal. I rocked hard enough to topple him over backwards and break one of the runners. It was a pretty, striped red chair with little flowers painted on the back. If my father and mother felt bad that their investment in this piece of furniture should suffer such a casualty, I think I was sorry too, for I liked the little chair.



Birthplace of Ray B. White, Mt. Morrison, Colorado

What to do? I remember going with my father to the blacksmith shop, where the smithy with admirable ingenuity was able to put plates on each side of that rocker, binding the pieces together in such a way as to make the chair seem almost as strong as before, and for many years the little plates remained, until a new rocker replaced the mended one.

It might be that eventually my chair will be

found somewhere in the institutions of our church, for I know one of our ministers had it for his little girl at Zarephath as late as the first World War. Then I lost sight of it. But I would give a "pretty," as the old Kentucky folks used to say, if I had it back again.

One of the other hearsay stories that I pass along, though beyond the limits of my memory, concerns the coming of my brother. Mother declares that Ray would lie so quietly in his crib, in contrast with my perpetual motion, that she would become uneasy and go to look at him frequently to see if he were actually alive. Thus I worried her with my activity, and his quietness apparently concerned her as much. Mother said that when he arrived I went to the kitchen and came in with an ear of corn, and looking at the baby, said: "Here, will you eat this?"

If you read Mother's *Story of My Life*, you will know how ill Ray was in babyhood; of her harrowing experience with a drunken doctor who would have put Ray in water hot enough to scald him, and how when he was taken to Palmer Lake summer resort for his and Mother's health, he was given up to die. But finally, in answer to prayer and because of a mother-love that would never give up, he was pulled through the crisis, to live on and give to the world a wonderful ministry.

Surely my brother's was a meteoric career.

Though he never was strong, his life was full. He went far and climbed to great spiritual heights. If he was taken down to great depths in suffering, he knew the supreme joy of the poet. I know the flame of his inspiration leaves an influence that will grow brighter as time goes on, to hearten those of us who remain.

Another experience that made a profound impression upon me was the news of an epidemic of scarlet fever. Father and I walked down town, with myself in great fear wondering what kind of animal it was! What did it look like? Might it not jump on Father or both of us? Did it lurk along the road? I wanted nothing of any epidemic monster to reach out and grab me. Somehow or other, Ray and I were to survive one kind of pox after another.

III

PEERING INTO THE FUTURE

NOW, Mr. Perpetual Motion was always more or less of a practical turn of mind. Things generally, and especially something with wheels, appealed to him. I can look back as if it were yesterday—to be exact, to June 23, 1893—when my father was transferred from Morrison to the Erie pastorate.

A wagon stood in front of the Morrison parsonage and our household goods were piled high for the trip. There was one thing of value—a Weber piano, about which much has been written; but for the rest of the furniture, I think it was good, bad, and indifferent. A mountain circuit Methodist preacher's household belongings probably would not bring very much at a sale.

Before we follow the old wagon down the road on its way to the little mining village of Erie, on the other side of Denver, a few observations, looking into the future a half century beyond, may be worth while here. You must read Mother's *Story* containing excerpts even from my father's diary, to know something of the struggles that belonged to our family affairs in Morrison. Nevertheless, there were corresponding triumphs almost at the

very outset. Sick as she was, my mother came to the Rubicon of her spiritual life, and conquered. The circuit was something of what the old-time preachers termed a "hard-scrabble" proposition. How could the preacher realize enough to live on and support an invalid wife?

A certain Mrs. Ewing, social leader of the community, whose reputation was one of playing rather than praying, one day, before a gathering in a well-to-do home next to the Methodist church, presented to her auditors an argument in support of the advantages of church festivals. It just did not click with my mother's ideas of how a church should be run, and she had the courage to interrupt and say: "I have been told that this woman would run the Ladies' Aid Society into a dance and to the devil, and I believe it."

Writing of this episode, Mother said: "There was such an uproar I could get no further, and when her voice could be heard, she predicted that my husband would not get another five dollars between that and spring."

Incidentally, before leaving this subject: the story is told of a woman who came in considerable stress to Horace Greeley and asked him if he had any suggestions as to how her church could raise funds. She said that they had tried festivals, rummage sales, and everything she could think of, but to no avail. Finally the great editor suggested: "Why don't you try religion?" Mother



Ray B. White, my only brother, in infancy

did not know how matters would turn out, but apparently felt resigned to starve rather than let money-making festivities dominate the church.

It is a long story, but there lived in that town a good-natured Scotchman, John Ross, who was to become in time wealthy and well known throughout the Rocky Mountain districts. He

owned the famous Red Rocks, which he sold for a considerable sum of money to the city of Denver, to be included in the plan of the wonderful Mountain Parks belonging to the "Queen City of the West."

At that time he owned a large store. After my mother went home, pretty much in a state of nervous collapse, Father, it seems, ventured to go downtown and see what was left after the atomic bomb explosion. He wended his way into John Ross' store and found that gentleman in a state of pleasurable excitement. He had heard what my mother had done in that meeting, glad that at last someone had the courage to set Mrs. Ewing down in her proper place. He put a twenty-dollar gold piece in Father's hand, intimating that there was more to follow; and as I have heard the story, went so far as to declare that as long as he remained in that town the minister's family need not fear starving.

Now, if you visit Mount Morrison, as many visitors and friends of the Pillar of Fire have been doing, you will find that both the little white church, and the house next door where Mother fought her battle, belong to the Pillar of Fire society. The church was purchased by my mother from old John Ross, into whose hands it had fallen, in 1934, and the house in 1938. Mother's appointees occupy the house and hold meetings in the church. You can read of the great vision and

blessing of holiness that came to Mother in Morrison as a result of the seasons of private prayer in which she engaged, behind an old organ box in that church.

Since the church has come into our possession, I have helped to hold meetings in it. Still I fear that on one occasion I pretty nearly broke up a meeting, when a visiting minister, Dean Arthur Peck, came to preach for my father. "Perpetual Motion" at that time, if my chronology is correct, wore dresses. Dean Peck was a good-natured but pompous worthy. He made a grand appearance, and as was the custom in those days, wore what the Englishman would call a "topper," or our western folks "a stove-pipe hat."

I slipped out of hand during the service and found the Dean's headpiece. This adventure took me up front on to the very platform itself.

Now, Brother Peck, I am sure, could speak convincingly and hold his audience. Just how I happened to manage to get that hat down over my ears I do not know. Of course, I was retrieved. Mother awoke to her duty somehow—but the damage was done.

The spectacle which I presented was disconcerting. That reverend, one-time Denver University educator, must instantly have realized he could not hold his audience to further concentration on the subject in hand, and the report was

that he solemnly concluded his sermon with, "Let us pray."

If I was instrumental in bringing something of an untimely end to the meeting, it did not discourage Dean Peck in his life's work. He went on and on, preaching, evangelizing, and conducting orphanages in Denver. When my Grandmother Bridwell died in 1921, we called on him to preach her funeral sermon.

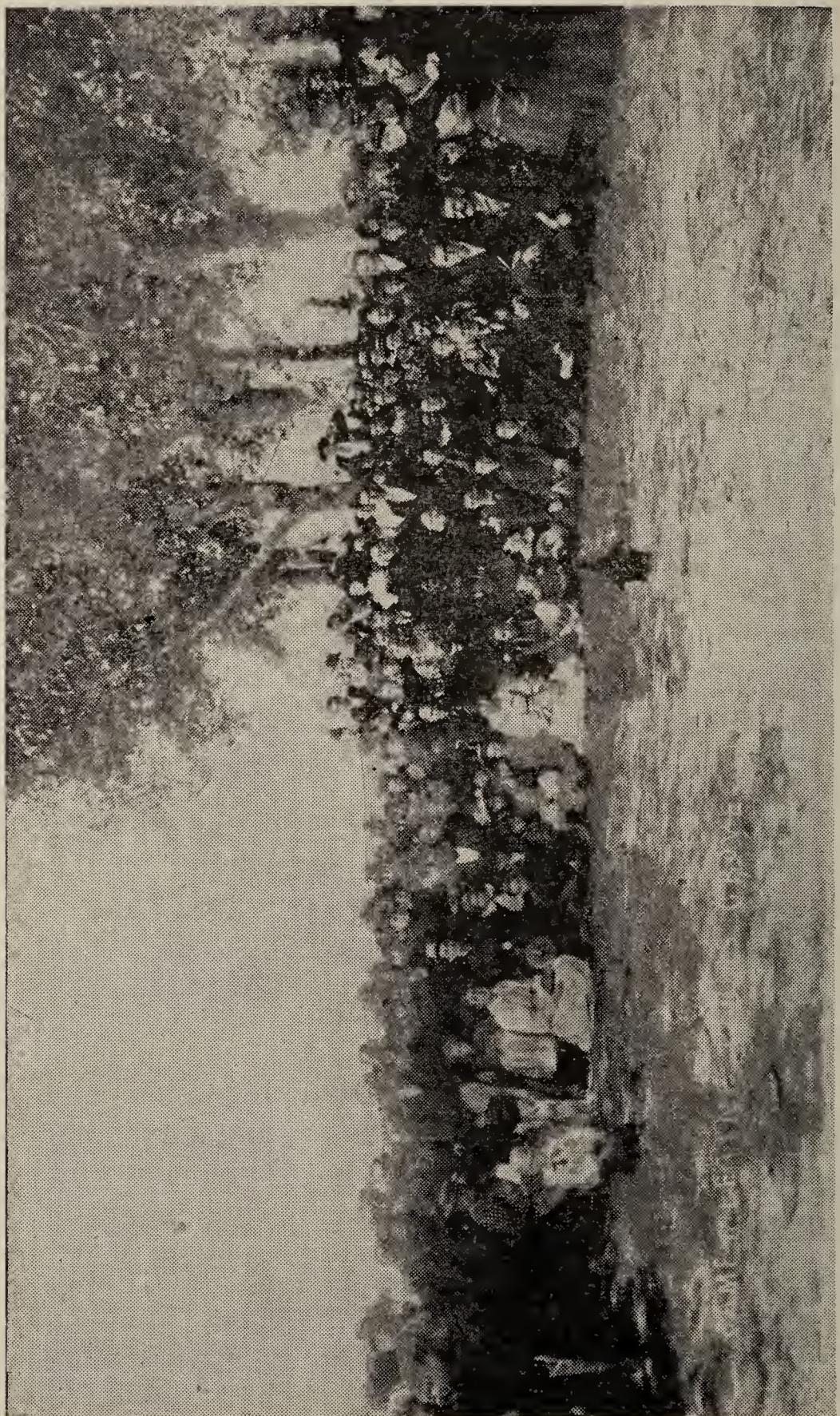
IV

LIFE IN ERIE, COLORADO

I DO NOT remember much about the journey to Erie. The house where we lived still stands, and the arrangement of the rooms has always been quite clear in my mind. There was the simple little parlor, and the big stove, the dining room and another stove, the kitchen with its range, the woodshed, and the barn where Father kept old Ned, the horse that pulled the buggy in which he rode around on his pastoral duties. I do not remember so much about the cow, but I do recall how cousin and I tried to ride the calf.

Speaking of the stove in the dining room, I can look now, as I write, at the end of the second finger on my left hand and see a scar where I nearly cut that end off with a butcher-knife trying to whittle shavings for making a fire. *Mr. Perpetual Motion* was always ambitious.

I became interested in railroad trains—the great freights that rolled through town, and their locomotives with powerful whistles. It was not a great distance to the station. On one occasion a train came through that was particularly long, with a very large engine. It stopped long enough to make a great impression on the townsfolk. The



Plum's Grove Camp Ground. "What an interesting array of people!"
Arrow points to Arthur and Ray

engineer blew the whistle, perhaps to awaken the sleepy town, and I ran all around the station, half-scared, during that prolonged blast.

There was precious little in those days I knew about threshing. Mother said that one day a steam threshing machine came down the road in front of our place, and I ran into the house, exclaiming, "Mamma, the railroad train has left the tracks and is coming right down the road in front of our house." It certainly seemed something wonderfully out of place.

I think I decided pretty early to become an engineer. I conceived the long side of the house and the woodshed to be part of a train. I could lean out the woodshed window and play engineer. Certainly that old parsonage went places down the old track—in my mind. I got blocks of wood, drove tacks in them, and with strings for couplings, made out long freight trains, and I knew how to switch the cars around to imaginary mines. I think my string of blocks gave me more satisfaction than many modern youngsters and their fathers derive from the present-day toy electric trains.

I had to go to school when I was six, and began my educational career in the little, old wooden schoolhouse across the street from the Methodist Church where Father preached.

In the beginning it seemed everything went

well, and I enjoyed school well enough, but either dear teacher died or went away. A substitute had to be found. A minister by the name of White (no relation to our family) had dropped dead of heart trouble on the Hodgson farm out in the Pleasant View neighborhood—and what an impression that sudden death made upon me! He left a widow and one child, and this Mrs. White somehow was called to be our teacher.

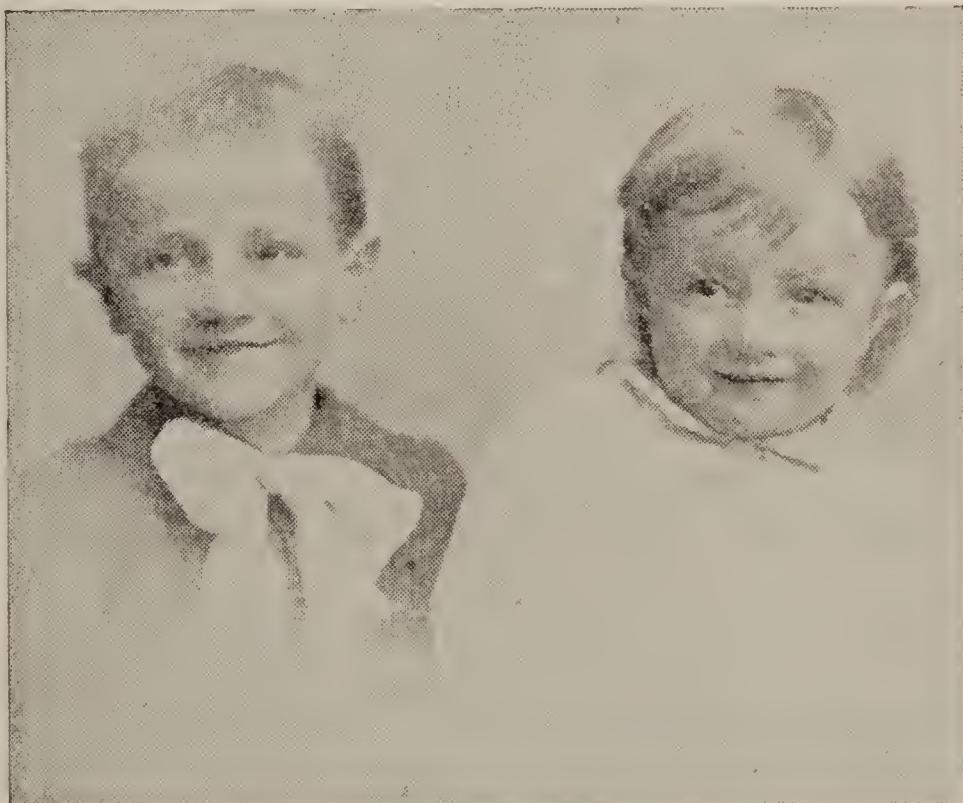
We did not think she had had much experience, but she did a strange thing and that was to ask us in that schoolroom what our former teacher did when we whispered. Being put on our honor, and wanting to show some sympathy for a teacher who had so lately lost her husband, we had to give an answer. I do not remember all the suggestions, but one was that she whipped us, which she did not do at all.

The idea seemed to take with the teacher, and I think youngsters that never had had a ruling in their lives began getting them. One day I broke over and whispered to a young lady, and was called up in front to get my ruling. It was severe enough to make me wonder why the class had had to be so generous in suggesting this means of punishment.

But it was my first school, and being a minister's son, it was the start on a very circuitous route as to learning, for eventually I was able to count up thirteen different schools and institu-

tions in which teachers and professors had tried to instill something into my mind.

Since Mother passed away, a woman who was associated with her years ago in evangelistic work brought a picture of a camp meeting Mother and



Arthur and Ray (five and two years of age)

Father were instrumental in having held in what was known as Plum's Grove, Pleasant View. It was a combined church and holiness association meeting.

What an interesting array of people—Mother and Father, preachers and evangelists, country folks, children and young people. There sat my

brother and myself; but interesting is the fact that both Grandmother Bridwell and Grandmother White were there—Grandmother White from West Virginia to visit us, and Grandmother Bridwell had come west to stay.

So Grandmother Bridwell took up her abode in our Erie house. I think she liked the West well enough, but Father and Grandmother did not seem to get along so well politically. Though Father was a West Virginian, he had come to Colorado as an asthmatic for his health, and, groomed under the influence of Northern Methodism in a Methodist college, if he ever had any great Southern sympathies, became an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and was persuaded in what he believed to be the justice of the abolitionist cause.

Grandmother Bridwell, a Kentuckian, although she had her Southern sympathies, was probably more or less a neutral and inclined to the Northern viewpoint, but would not wish to capitulate too willingly in these discussions to the contentions of a mere son-in-law.

During Grandmother's stay at our house she performed a wonderful service for my brother. I can say of Mother that she was never delinquent in doing what she could for us according to her best knowledge and information. She never failed to look after our clothes or anything else that concerned us, and no charge could reasonably

be brought against her for neglecting her home life because of her preaching and missionary activities. Energetic as I was, I wore many holes in my clothes, but she would see that they were either mended or replaced. If she had fought desperately to save my brother's life in babyhood, and won, the Lord himself must have ordered a little change in his care.

August 23, 1894, when my brother was only two years of age, my mother, Uncle Charles, and I left for Montana to be gone about five weeks. Mother and Uncle were engaged in holding revival services in Dillon. I can see my mother and myself walking down the street on our return, and coming to our house, in front of which there was a picket fence. There was a little fellow behind the fence. His yellow hair had grown out in beautiful curls. His face seemed full. Mother looked at him and did not know him—such a change had been wrought—and I had to exclaim: "Mother, it's Ray! It's Ray!"

Maybe he had had a good rest from me! But at any rate, be assured, we were glad that he had gained so much. It seemed a reward for Mother's sacrifice in going away for a while. Mother writes that it took Ray a good part of an hour to recognize her, and then he clung to her for the rest of the day.

There is this problem with children. I believe the headmaster of a great fashionable acad-



My first overalls

emy in New Jersey once declared that he had less trouble with the boys than he did with the parents. If wholesome influences can be brought to bear on children, they often fare better with a rest from too fond parents. Of course, we know this is easily enough counterbalanced in homes where pleasure-seeking mothers and fathers have no time for their children. They are glad to get rid of them when they are sent off to school. In the afternoons, anxious to go on with their bridge parties and other social activities, and with little knowledge of their whereabouts, they will send them to the movies or let them run the streets.

Overall Joys

Between the trip to Montana and the fall of 1895, when I started to school in Erie, is an item for the summer in July, and it reads: "Longmont tent meeting; first overalls."

Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, we present you herewith a picture taken on one of the proudest days of my life, when I wore my first overalls. How I wanted to be a real man!

My mother, as an evangelist, naturally must have some concern as to how her children looked, for we were bound to be in evidence around the tent. She might not have considered overalls just the proper thing, but I took my problem to the Lord and prayed for Him to supply money for them.

Some good soul helped answer that prayer with a contribution of about thirty-five cents. Being rigged up in good old denim brought me unbounded happiness. I must have made an impression on Mother's friends and the public, until it was decided to have my picture taken in them.

It has fallen to my lot to have given the best of my life to the ministry, to intellectual pursuits, to teaching and music, normally to those things that may be regarded as belonging to indoors, to the office and the sanctuary. Spiritually I have been rewarded and made no complaints. But all my life I have found recreation in overalls—building things, sawing wood, digging ditches, and farming.

Perhaps I am at times disappointing to friends who may come upon me suddenly and find me somewhat begrimed, working at odd chores around. Preaching brings struggles and great victories, for seeing people saved can mean such blessings as cannot be described; but I pity the man who does not know the joys of wearing overalls.

V

UNDER THE LOCUST TREES

IN 1896 my parents left the Erie charge, and Father was permitted by the Conference to locate in Denver. Both he and my mother were to engage in evangelistic work which comprises interesting chapters in my mother's Story.

There was some difficulty in finding the right kind of house. They chose to live in West Denver, not far from St. James Methodist Church. When I pass this old meeting place on West Colfax, I see the parsonage hard by where Mother spent her first night in Denver as a guest of Reverend and Mrs. I. H. Beardsley, when she came from Kentucky.

Our house was number 1226 West 13th Avenue, a two-story brick structure on the north side of Lincoln Park. There was a large yard, and my brother and I used to boast of the thirteen locust trees in it. We loved those old trees; knew how to climb them, and as boys will try to eat anything, we chewed at the locust blossoms. Those locust trees could be a nuisance at times, when from the direction of one of them might come a missile—maybe a snowball.

We usually had our suspicions, and soon sure-

ly enough would be revealed the tall, handsome form of Uncle Charlie Bridwell, with "tease" written all over his face. We may have been inclined to think at times that a Methodist University student preacher should conduct himself with a little more reserve when it came to annoying little boys. Still we were glad to see him come, and he always seemed to take a lively interest in us. We liked it especially when he played marbles with us. Of evenings by lamplight we would often put our marbles in a line on the carpet and shoot at them. Both Father and Uncle Charlie would engage in the contest, to our great delight.

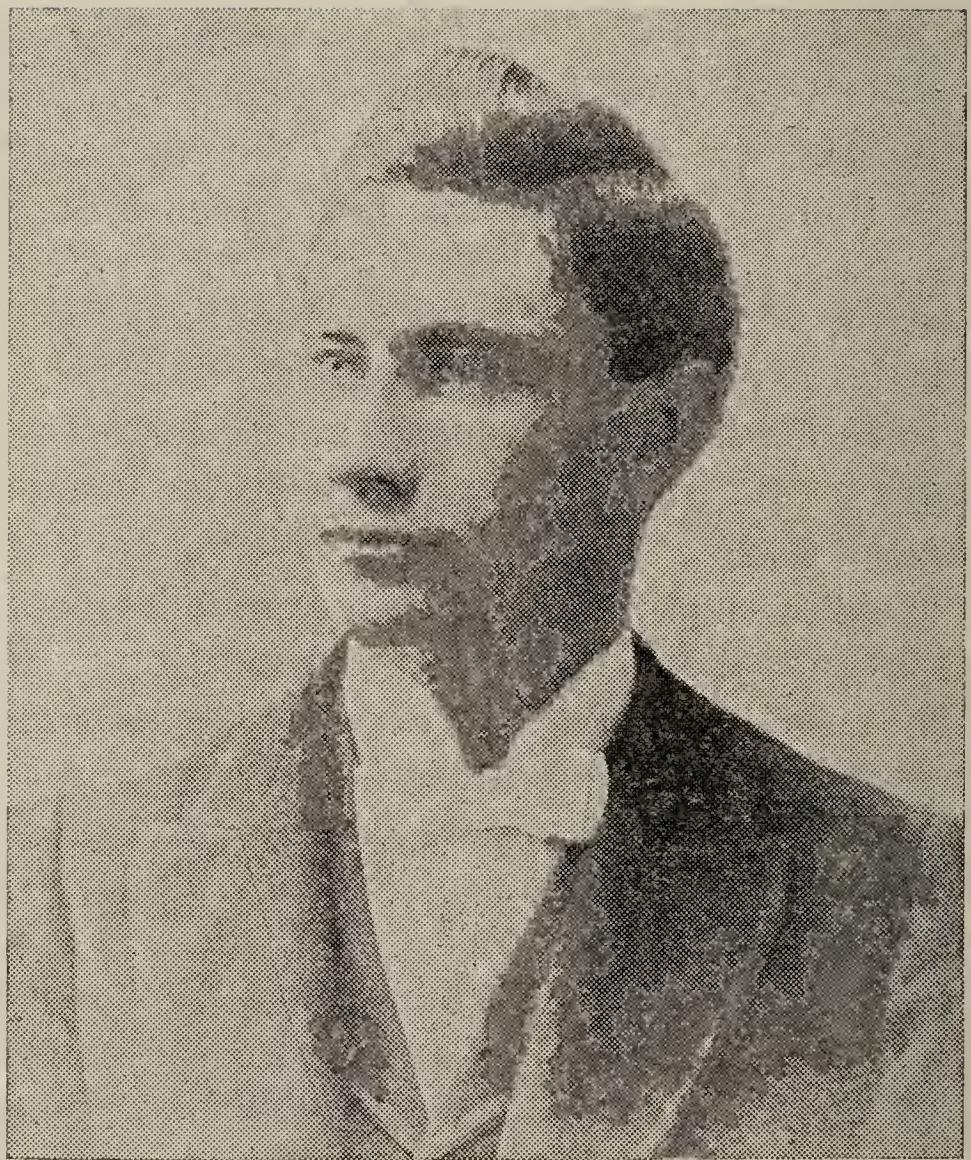
One day out-of-doors I thought I had an opportunity to even up the score a bit for Uncle Charlie's pestering. It must have been around the Fourth of July, for I was the proud possessor of a toy cap pistol. Uncle was out by the front porch pumping his bicycle tire. It was I who slipped around the locust trees this time and up close to him, without detection. Off went the pistol in the immediate proximity of his east ear. Now there was suddenly revealed to me a quality of Uncle's nature I did not know existed, an awakened severity that expressed itself in an alarming declaration that I might have burst his eardrum. I retreated for a space in a fearful state of apprehension. What was an eardrum? No, I wouldn't want to break his or anybody's drum. Recovering with the feeling that nothing tragic had occurred

on this order, whatever it was, I felt I really had not done anything—but of course, would not do it again.

A few years later during the summer of 1900, Father and Mother held services for Uncle Charles in Georgetown, Colorado, ending the period of sojourn there with an excursion to Green Mountain Lake. It was a wonderful outing, but Uncle borrowed my donkey and made me walk all the way back to town. Perhaps, as I wearily trudged at a distance behind him, he may have had that east eardrum still in mind and how near I came to bursting it.

One of the fine things about our new location was a gate in the back fence, which opened directly into Lincoln Park where we spent many hours playing. A millditch ran through the Park across 13th Avenue, and under the back yards of the houses along South 9th (now Mariposa Street), where our friends, the Thomases, lived. In the winter the millditch provided good skating.

In the choice of a place for a wonderful home for children, doubtless the thought that we should not play on the streets prevailed in the minds of our parents. In fact, though we went freely to school, we had so many interests at home we were not permitted to run too much abroad with the other boys in the neighborhood. If we wanted boys we had one method of gathering them in considerable numbers.



Uncle Charlie Bridwell

Before we left Erie, Father had bought my brother and me a red wagon. We had used it until I think we had worn out about everything but the axles and wheels. Cousin Tony Davis—a few years our senior—who lived with Grandmother, helped us to make a wagon, either with the wheels of our old one or others we picked up. I shall always be grateful to Cousin Tony for helping to build that wagon, which consisted mainly of one sound, wide board, blocks of two-by-fours underneath for bolsters, and a bolt for a turntable—all very simple but substantial. It started me on a career of building and construction that has belonged to my work in the Pillar of Fire down through the years.

Now Father had around the house a bell which was used in the camp meetings to call the people to services. At any rate, we contrived to fasten this bell on the side of the wagon, and striking it with a hammer or rod of some kind, would play going to a fire. There was something about that clanging bell, with the wagon in motion, that sounded quite realistically like a fire bell such as was used in the days before sirens.

Here would come the boys from the streets and alleys to see what was going on over at 1226, and naturally they became very much interested in our wagon and bell and wanted to have a part in the fun. It was not long until that bell was ornamented with hundreds of little nicks where

we had struck it. Father must have observed the pleasure we derived from it; but being away a good deal of the time, where he could not be annoyed, made no objections.

So we learned pretty early, as prospective preachers, how to get a congregation. It was a wonderful lesson in advertising.

Bicycles

Along with wagon fun came learning to ride a bicycle. My father was a dignified, brave man with sideburns and a rather prominent nose. I say he was brave to have contended or wrestled, in earlier days—about the time I was born—with one of those primitive bicycles with a very large wheel in front and a tiny one in back. I have been trying to probe my memory to discover whether he explained any excess proportion of his nose by a fall when he broke it on the ice as a young man, or a tumble off that skyscraper bicycle.

Well, the big bicycle had gone, and a new and improved kind came to 1226 West 13th Avenue. As pretentious as it appeared, with its bowed springs on the front forks, a step at the back as well where you could mount it, and the nickel that glistened, it was as heavy as an ice wagon; in fact that is what it was called, for it had solid rubber tires. Father parked it at the side of the house. It was not the sort of thing that you would want to lean against a tent or a flimsy fence; a solid brick wall was better.

I would go around to the west side of the house to look it over. It seemed to me that the bicycle was allowed to stand there a good deal of the time. Maybe pushing it around became too much for Father and he preferred to walk, but young "Perpetual Motion" could not let a thing like that stand idle. But it was too big for me, especially when I tried to ride it on its regular seat. I got hold of a wrench, loosened the set-screw and pulled the seat—leather, stock and springs, out of the frame.

Friendly farmers, where Father and Mother held evangelistic meetings, often brought us potatoes. I got one or two gunny sacks (burlap, perhaps, to anybody who does not live in the West), and wrapped them around the bar of that bicycle and tied them on with heavy string. Summoning strength enough to keep the bicycle upright, I managed after many falls, when miraculously I did not get crushed, to ride it. I would take it through the gate in the Park and race all around that recreational expanse; but pretty soon my gunny sacks would lose shape, and the bar would become very uncomfortable.

You unwound them and did the job over, but if you did not want to go to the trouble you just sort of slid from side to side. You know how a little boy would look trying to ride a big bicycle, sliding from side to side and doing it so fast that

your elders would become alarmed and wonder how you ever endured it.

But nothing would check you until some old pestiferous "wiseacre" came along and proclaimed you were sure to get "hip disease." Incidentally, I think that preachers' boys often live at a disadvantage, especially when oldtime preachers were unsparing of sin. Auditors could not so well get back at them but might take it out on their boys.

Up at the Gilson farm in the Pleasant View neighborhood we often went for dinner during special services. There were cherry trees, and we liked the cherries, but some of the men standing around, when we asked what might happen if you swallowed the pits, did not hesitate to declare that you would have a cherry tree growing out of your ear.

I have suffered enough pain throughout my life from imaginary ills to have been in bed most of the time, but perhaps that's the way with most folks. There are pestering people that like to torture you, and even grown-up people succumb and suffer needlessly much of the time from warnings that are designed to make you uncomfortable; or if they come from quacks, they are designed to get your money.

Expectation—Frustration

Coming back to the bicycle riding: It does not seem to have been the old "ice wagon" that I

had on this occasion. Maybe it was Tony's bike, but one day in Lincoln Park a gentleman came along and wanted to borrow it for a while to learn to ride.

Now, my friends, in this experience I got such an introduction to the depths of human depravity and the heights of unfeeling perversity as I had never had in all my life. The man was munching candy. He had a nice bag of it in his pocket.

I have a literary conscience. I would not affirm that the following is the exact conversation, but this is the sum and substance:

"Son, if you will let me practice on your bicycle a little and learn to ride, I will give you a nickel:" It must have been about an hour before noon, and he added:

"You see, I live in that brick house right over there on the corner of West 14th. After dinner you come over there and I will give you your nickel."

Not many people who live in this modern age of inflation can ever know just how much a nickel could mean to the preacher's boy in the '90's. I was taken in, and I can see myself yet standing on the grass watching this man learning to ride on my bicycle. Meantime he went right on eating candy. Why wouldn't he, in addition to the nickel, be willing to give me a piece? Surely it was worth it. But not a taste!

Oh, well, a nickel is a lot of money!

About lunch time the man, reassuring me, took his departure, and I went in for something to eat. I think I spruced up a bit so as to make a good appearance at the door of this house, which had a reserved and formidable appearance. I had never done any house-to-house calling; never tried to sell anything, and it was a new experience.

Bravely I went to the door and knocked. A lady came out, and I asked for the man who was to give me the nickel. If I had been living on the mountaintop of expectation, I suddenly descended to the deepest valley of frustration. The good woman evidently realized, when I told her my story, that I had been buncoed. No such man with a nickel for a little boy lived in that house.

I treading my weary way home to ponder over such skinflint iniquity. If he had only given me a piece of that candy, it wouldn't have been so bad.

I remember that incident as if it were yesterday, though a half century has passed. It may have induced me to conform to one unerring rule in my life as a preacher, father, and educator—never to make promises, especially to children, that you do not keep. If we would retain our influence with young people, may we never promise them as much as five cents without faithfully paying it.

I think that painful experience worked a great benefit in my thinking, and attitude toward my fellow men.

VI

PRAYING BY THE CLOCK

IF I HAVE been called "Perpetual Motion," I think I came by some of my activity honestly.

My father had been an active man except when severe attacks of asthma afflicted him. He was once brought home, I remember, from the evangelistic field, pale with pneumonia.

If Mother was inclined to be stout, her mind and soul functioned continuously. She even ventured in those days to learn to ride a bicycle, and met with the criticism that it was not the thing for a preacher's wife to do. Mother rode a Fleetwing and Father acquired a Duquesne.

It was not enough, apparently, to evangelize Colorado throughout the farming districts, engaging in house-to-house visitation, for she began running a mission on 15th Street, Denver. My brother and I got used to going to many meetings, for there were seasons when Mother carried on her work downtown every night. Most of the time there was somebody to stay with us—Grandmother White, or one of Mother's friends, or possibly Cousin Tony, to whom she would give a little change when he was willing to stay. But if no one was available, we went to meeting.



Rev. W. B. Godbey

Mother would engage different evangelists to help her. There was old Brother Godbey, Greek scholar and theologian, greatly responsible for the establishment of holiness associations throughout the country. His eyes had weakened through long years of study. With cloth covers over the lenses of his glasses, he could stand and preach interminably from the immense storehouse of his mind. Between his Latin- and Greek-rooted polysyllabic explanations of Bible truths, doctrines and signs of the times, I can yet hear him say: "Feel free! Feel free!"

He was a good man, and had a great hold on the people, though they often complained of his big words. But if they could not always understand him, they were profoundly impressed. It was he who had been instrumental in moving my Grandfather Bridwell's family from Lewis County in Kentucky to Millersburg, where Mother and her brothers and sisters could attend college; so we owe a great deal to him, for he had been sort of godfather to the Bridwell children. Then there was old Brother Hatfield; and I remember Evangelist Dr. George Watson.

My brother and I, in attending these meet-

ings, if they became a little monotonous, often sought to divert ourselves. I remember on one occasion when Mother was wondering what we were doing, discovered us on the platform behind the piano with our marbles out on the carpet. We played with other trinkets, and would you believe it?—cards. They were not regular playing cards, but “Authors,” or we may have had “Old Maid.”

I can testify to this day that cards never found a place in our lives. I do not know one from another. They were forbidden in the Methodist discipline, and well they should be. When I grew up I was to learn of their origin, that they were invented to amuse an idiotic king; that the “clubs” represent a weapon of murder; “spades,” to dig graves, suggesting death; “hearts,” the broken heart of Christ, in derision, instead of devotion; that the “jack” represents a libertine living off the gain of fallen women; that the “king” is the devil or the sovereign of darkness; that the “queen” means Mary, the mother of Christ, but in a slanderous way; that the “joker,” a horrid blasphemer, was conceived to represent Jesus.

I am glad we were taught to leave them alone.

But coming back to Dr. Watson: in that upstairs mission hall (the building has been torn away), this worthy evangelist held forth with power. There were not many present on this occasion, but as he thundered the truths of the

Gospel, conviction struck deep into the hearts of two young men, one especially. My brother and I were aroused from our preoccupied reveries enough to hear one of these young men say:

“That is enough preaching, Dr. Watson.”

In the midst of the sermon he deliberately got up and made straight for the altar, followed by his companion. Evangelist Watson stopped; the altar service began and the young man I think must have claimed to be converted. Many people familiar with what is going on in the world of evangelism would know him—Paul Rader, the son of Rev. Daniel Rader, with whom my father and mother were well acquainted in the Colorado Methodist Conference.

Mission meetings had early been full of interest for Mr. Perpetual Motion, even if at times he got bored and could not keep still. While living in Erie my mother came to Denver to hear Evangelist A. B. Simpson preach in the old Haymarket Mission. Not always was the large hall filled with people. “Perpetual Motion” could slip away from his mother’s surveillance when she was deeply absorbed in what the evangelist was saying, and do pretty much as he pleased.

There was a large ledge around this hall up under the windows, on which he contrived to climb. P. M. did know how to do things quietly at times. Up on this ledge he discovered a plug of tobacco. I assume now that some sinner,

under conviction for using the weed, felt it a sacrilege to bow at the altar with the said plug in his pocket, and conveniently hurled it off on this shelf or ledge, where P. M. found it.

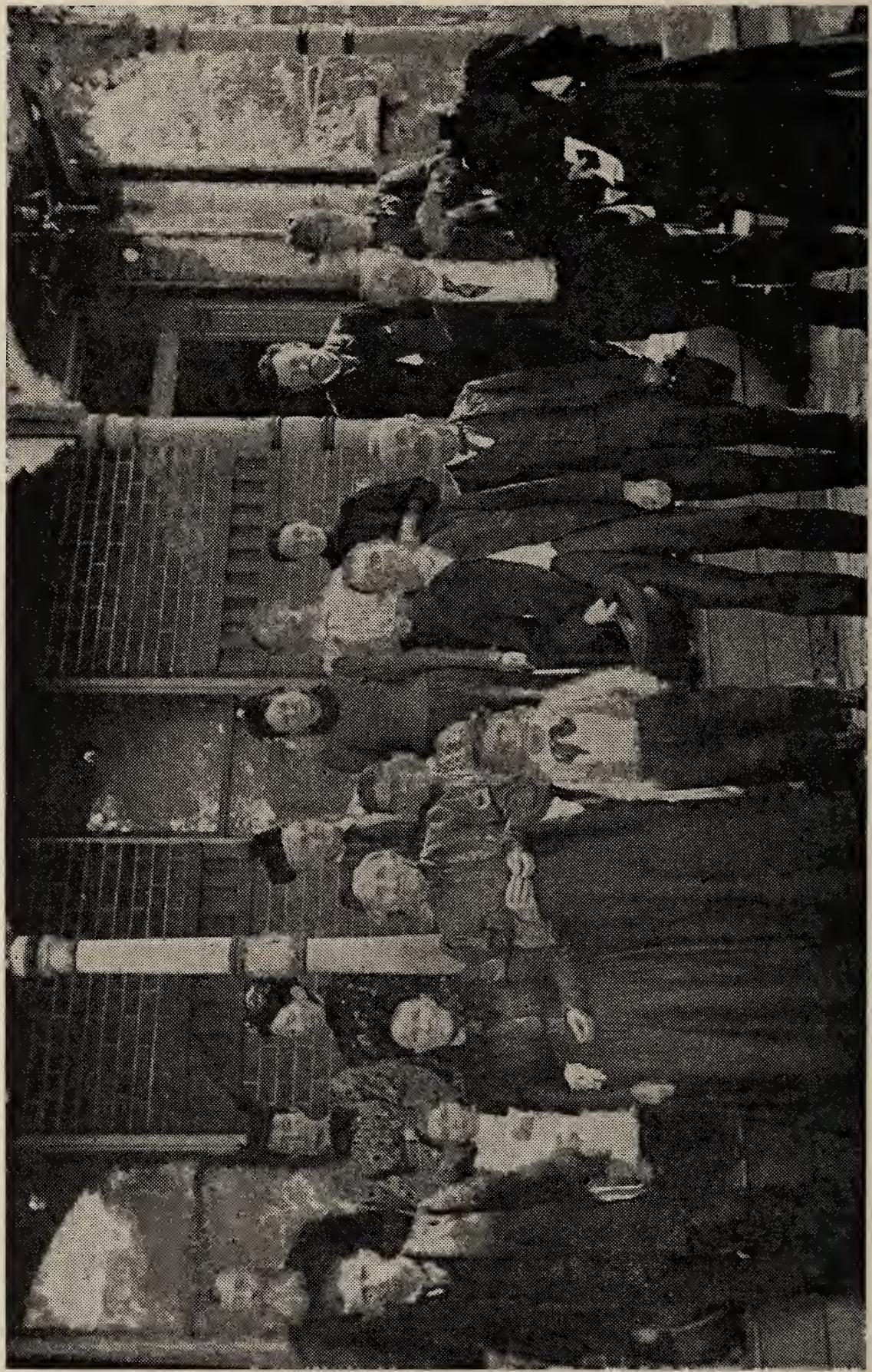
Mr. P. M. Tries the "Weed"

Now tobacco pressed into plug, with molasses to sweeten it, was supposed to be chewed. Here was his chance, and P. M. tore a fair-sized bite loose and masticated it. Not having learned the art very well, and engaging in this new experience within the sacred precincts of the mission, he did not know the necessity of expectoration. So juice, cud, and all went down P. M.'s alimentary canal, with the inevitable results.

I do not recall the transition from the mission to the soft bed in the rooming house where we stayed, but I can remember very distinctly the relief that came from blessed regurgitation, when I literally gave up tobacco forever. I think it was many years before I told my mother just what had made me sick, but if tobacco is said to "satisfy," that chew satisfied me for all time.

I was to learn a little, however, about tobacco and the good uses to which it might be put. Nicotine, for instance, is a very good insecticide, a kind of antidote for other poisons.

While living at 1226 West 13th Avenue, I had the misfortune one day to step on what I supposed was a rusty nail. There loomed before me, as my



Thursday afternoon meeting group at the Lincoln Park House. Mother happened not to be present for this picture. Father with Bible, at extreme left

foot bled profusely, and the folks, it seemed, were not around to help me, visions of sudden and premature death with lockjaw. I knew there was a plug of tobacco up in Father's study closet.

You may well imagine, after what I had been through, it was no temptation to me, but someone had given it up and Father placed it there with the idea of legitimate uses, one of which, he told us, was an antidote to rusty-nail infection.

I can see myself yet making a beeline for that plug of tobacco. My wound continued bleeding, but I grabbed the plug and held it to the sole of my foot, while I squatted on the floor rocking in great distress, hoping the plug would draw out the poison. My jaws happily continued to function. If there was any rust on that nail, there was salvation in that profuse shedding of blood, more than I knew.

Modern science definitely proves—and you can take authority from Dr. Haven Emerson of Columbia University—that we do not need to depend any longer, if vicariously at all, on whisky for snakebites. And a plug of tobacco is a poor remedy for rusty-nail lacerations.

Father's study on the second floor was an interesting place. There he had his desk with ponderous turned legs, his shelves of books, and in the same room was the bed where he and mother slept, with a trundle bed underneath that they pulled out for Ray and me. Our spare room up-

stairs was kept as a sort of Elisha's lean-to where people, in need of spiritual help, stayed. Evangelists who came to preach in Mother's missions were often entertained there, notable among whom, on one occasion, was Dr. H. C. Morrison; but you may read about him in Mother's "Story."

In addition to Mother's mission activities, she conducted, in the Lincoln Park home, Thursday afternoon prayer meetings. Just what were the true beginnings of the movement that was to develop into the widespread church organization, I would not undertake to say, unless it was Mother's experience of sanctification which she obtained in Morrison, when she was inspired to preach. Father gave her great encouragement and often depended upon her to conduct services, though this was not strictly in accordance with the Methodist customs. But more of this at another time.

It always seemed to me that the Thursday afternoon services constituted the beginnings of our movement. They became popular, with as many people coming as the old parlor and living room, with the sliding doors between, could conveniently accommodate.

In the living room hung a large pendulum clock, and from this old clock I learned to tell time. One thing that confused me was the quarter hours. Since twenty-five cents make up a quarter, it took some explaining for me to understand that fifteen

minutes of twelve was a quarter to twelve, but I learned to watch that clock.

Mother came to feel that Perpetual Motion should learn to compose himself spiritually, and conceived the idea of having him go into a little closet under the front stairs and be quiet and meditate and pray for ten minutes when he came home from school at noon. That old clock was too close to that closet.

I have heard of people along in years being able to make long prayers. There is a story which I remembered the better part of my life, of an English curate who was journeying on one occasion with a servant, and stopped at night for lodging. In the course of his stay he was called upon to make a prayer in a gathering. When he started in on his intercession his servant found it convenient to go to sleep, and the prayer went on and on, until someone awoke the servant and whispered, wanting to know how long it was customary for his master to pray. Disturbed from his comfortable nap, he asked:

“Has he gotten to the Jews yet?”

The man whispered that the master had not prayed anything about the Jews.

“Well,” said the servant, “when he gets to the Jews he will be half through,” and went back to sleep.

Now a lad only nine years old, ordinarily cannot pray a long time. It seemed that I could in-

clude in my intercessions about everything I could think of in two minutes and perhaps even one; but I loved my mother and admired her for her leadership and influence. I know I needed that discipline, and it shall ever stand out in my memory, but I must have put an awful strain on the hinges of that closet door, bobbing in and out to watch the clock to see when the ten minutes were up.

I think the exercise would be splendid for a lot of perpetual motion, grown-up Christians. I have since learned something of the tremendous importance of quiet meditation, prayer, and Bible reading.

As soon as the prayers were over, I usually found plenty to do. Mother and Father scraped along to make ends meet, and did not have much with which to buy us toys. Naturally I wanted a baseball, bat, and glove. We used to make our own baseballs. You bought a penny rubber jack ball, wound it with a nickel's worth of string, sewed it around with another string and a large darning needle, and then covered this sphere of twine with still another nickel's worth of bicycle tape.

Juvenile Barter

The struggle of contriving, or begging, or earning enough to get the first ball or bat or glove was almost like birth pangs, but I learned, as a youngster, to trade a good deal. I cannot remember

all the details involved, but it was not a great while until it seemed that on our back porch were so many bats, gloves, and balls of one kind and another that I had all I needed, with some to lend.

What a world of barter and trade we lived in! If we gained, I would not say that it was because we were putting David-Harum horse deals over on one another, but we took advantage of acquiring in a bargain way what the other fellow may have become tired of.

The modern lad seems to need so much help, so much artificial entertainment. We were happy in devising, inventing, and making things.

Sometime ago the *Boston Transcript* put these words into the mouth of a modern father: "My boy has a camera and a radio set, and goes to the movies twice a week. When we consider what it takes to amuse a youngster these days, I often wonder how we were able when we were young to get a thrill by looking into a kaleidoscope." Yet I wonder, too, if with our kaleidoscopes and tops and a few tools for making our own things, we were not far happier than many of the lads of today that demand so many costly things for amusement.

VII

AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN

IN 1899, when I was ten years of age, my mother and father gave up residence in the Lincoln Park house and moved to the old Silver Mansion at 2348 Champa Street, which was to become a missionary training school. Of course, we would miss Lincoln Park and the old mill ditch, but there was one wonderful thing above all others at the Champa Street house—a nice cement walk that encircled the house—this for bicycles, wagons and roller skates. The yard was a large one with a vacant lot next door. There were sheds and places for rabbit hutches, and a great attic up under the roof for play when you could not go out-of-doors.

In our day, Studebaker was not known as the builder of automobiles but of fine wagons. I think I might have become a wagon-builder—Studebaker the second. I do not know how many I constructed at Champa Street. I began to gather tools in a substantial wooden box on which I put a padlock.

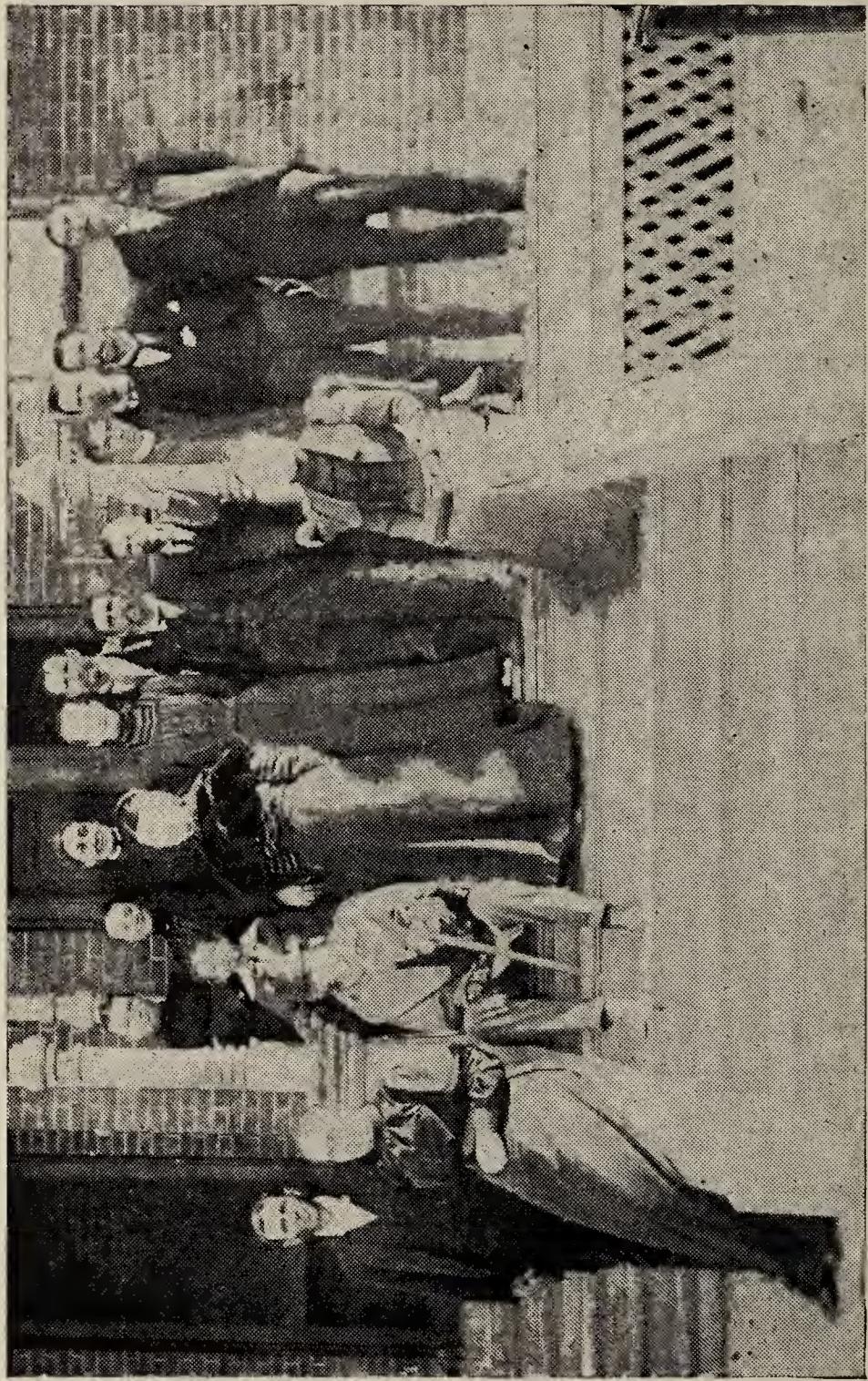
Somehow or other my brother never got on to the knack of making things, but he would sit around close and watch. Squat on his haunches, he made an interesting picture, but it irked him a

great deal when I would send him for things, once he got nicely settled. He ever remembered with some sense of being imposed upon, trips he had to go for the hammer, or this, or that, but I used to reason with him that since he would have the benefit of playing with whatever I was making, he should be willing to trot around. But even a younger brother's legs and patience have their limitations, for he could not always visualize just what were the worth-while advantages of the wonderful things I was devising.

Nevertheless, when the wagon was completed, we would start around the house. We used ropes to steer the front wheels, and if Ray were in front guiding, I could give a good push and then jump on the back of the wagon and coast a goodly space around that circular walk.

I really have marveled at the patience of the people who lived in the house, especially an old couple by the name of Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was an invalid and his wife was the matron. They surely must have gotten dizzy when they saw us going round and round and round. To describe those circumlocutions would take some such language as belonged to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, when he said: "And again, and again, and again."

Fuel for a Bible School is a problem. Our missionary training enterprise was one of faith. Coal and pretty much everything we needed had



Front porch of 2348 Champa Street, Denver—The old Silver Mansion. Left to right: Father, Mother, Ray behind Bro. Chamberlain, and at the right of Sister Chamberlain. Arthur White, absent

to be prayed in, but my father would help the prayers along with some solicitation. Among the things that he procured were used planks from the Tramway Company. Some good-hearted drayman once brought a large load of them, but I was loath to see them chopped up into kindling wood when they might serve some other useful purpose.

Shooting-the-Chutes

I had heard a good deal said about "shooting-the-chutes." To my mother's mission had come steadily a bicycle-man by the name of Brown. He had only one leg and a stump. He conducted a bicycle shop on Champa Street, and he won my admiration for being so handy on that one leg. He hopped around with short crutches, on top of one of which he would rest this stump.

I used to watch him stand at his bench repairing punctures and doing all sorts of things to bicycles, but he told (and he had pictures to prove) how, as a one-legged trick rider of bicycles, he used to "shoot-the-chutes," riding down a precipitous incline and diving into the water, to the astonishment of large crowds of onlookers.

Why not build a chute with these tramway planks? I managed to elevate a long plank fairly high, and stretched out several more, all joined together, until I had quite a substantial long roller-coaster slide. I nailed boards on the sides and made little cars with the rollers from roller skates.

You had to be a little careful, of course, sliding down, because there were numerous splinters on old rough boards, and you might hit a joint, stop short, and tumble off. I managed to smooth out the joints considerably, and the rides down the chute were thrilling enough, I am sure, to satisfy my brother for all of the errands he had run in contributing to its construction.

Like the old bell on the Lincoln Park wagon, this brought the children from the neighborhood. It was easy enough to get into the yard through the gate in the back alley fence. I do not think we were too mercenary, for we might give a demonstration ride for nothing, or for so many pins.

In those days we had a very comforting source of income for some things that we needed. You could take a mustard bottle or a catsup bottle to the local grocery store and get a cent's worth each for anything in trade. So we would give the youngster so many rides for one of these bottles, and it was quite a business for us.

A Flying Dutchman

Of course, you can get tired of anything, but a wonderful thing to do with a large tramway plank is to make a "Flying Dutchman." You dig a hole, put a post in the ground, bore a hole in the middle of a plank and another in the top of the post for a big bolt. You put the whole thing together, go into the house and get some cooking

grease which you put around the bolt and on top of the post. It will serve as a teeter-totter as well as the "Flying Dutchman," and round and round we would go, "again, and again, and again."

Our yard was large enough to accommodate big posts for horizontal bars, trapezes, and swings. Over in Morrison I had seen on one occasion some of the largest outdoor swings that were ever erected. Surely the old-timers in Morrison will remember them in the park down by the creek.

Father used to store the gospel tents and ropes that belonged to them in the attic. In our attic on each side were two round windows. Why not make a swing? One of the big tent poles stuck out of this three-story window would serve admirably. I think, though, to make it a firm job, I had to remove some of the bricks. The ropes were attached and a good board made for the seat, and here we had our big swing. Of course, it worked, but I secretly had misgivings that when my father discovered what I had done, he would conclude that the spectacle of a house on Champa Street, from the attic window of which protruded a great tentpole with these dangling ropes, would not look very dignified; and so it proved. I had to dismantle and give up the big swing enterprise, but I might have gotten many mustard and catsup bottles as an income from this adventure had the deal gone through.

Interest in rural evangelism continued, and



Ray B. White on porch at 2348 Champa Street

we went back to the Gilson farm. I was old enough now not to believe that a swallowed cherry pit would mean a tree growing out of my ear, and to give myself credit I had even doubted it the first time, but I became very, very much interested in a big shepherd dog. He seemed to take to my brother and me with such friendliness that we fell in love with him head over heels.

This dog was no pup; in fact, I think pretty well along in years. We were wonderfully pleased when we were told that we might have the dog; so "Shep," as I remember his name, came to the missionary home.

If I did not have to believe that cherry trees would grow out of people's ears, why should I have to believe a lot of other old proverbs that grown-ups recited?—for instance, that you could not teach an old dog new tricks. I knew that dog was well established in his habits, and yet I could not believe otherwise than that he could be taught. So I set in and I worked, and I worked. He was playful, but he just would not learn:

We had rabbit hutches in those days, and sometimes a rabbit would get loose and become rather wild. One rabbit came back home long enough to be observed by our new pet. Shep set out after it, and I shall never forget how nicely that rabbit got through the pickets of the fence when Shep was just about to grab it. One day we looked around for Shep and could not find him

high nor low. A rumor came to us that he went back to the old farm, and I have often wondered if the Gilsons did not know that that was exactly what he would do when he got tired of playing with us.

Incidentally, the homing instinct in animals is one of the wonders of creation. Alfred Newton regarded as one of the greatest mysteries of the whole animal kingdom the instinct behind the migration of birds. Who directs the nighthawk in his journey of 7,000 miles from Alaska to Argentina? or the golden plover in his flight from the Arctic Circle to Nova Scotia, and thence 2400 miles beyond to South America?

It is said that a young salmon spends years at sea, then comes back to his own river, traveling up the very side of the stream into which flows the tributary where he was born. What brings him back so precisely, we are asked? If he is transferred to another tributary, he will know at once that he is off his course, and he will find his way down and back to the main river, and then turn up against the current that finishes his destiny accurately.

This animal wisdom, says A. Cressy Morrison, in his book on *Man Does not Stand Alone*, speaks of the Creator who infused instinct into otherwise helpless creatures.

So it is not to be wondered at that Shep could travel twenty-five or thirty miles back home.

VIII

UTTE, MONTANA — HELPING OUR PARENTS



Going back early in our career at 2348 Champa Street, my record indicates that our parents took my brother and me to Montana to be away for six months. Mother had opened several missions in mining camps in Colorado, notably Cripple Creek and Victor, and carried on these activities in Leadville. I do not know just why she felt called to go to Butte.

Should you like to know something of the history of that famous copper-mining town you will learn it from a W. P. A. writer's book entitled, *Copper Camp: Stories of the World's Greatest Mining Town*. If it was a roaring camp of mining enterprise and activity, it was one that thundered with iniquity, owing to the heterogeneous character of the people who resided there—all nationalities, seeking their fortunes in the bowels of the earth. It had been said that you could go to the regions below or to Butte, whichever

you chose — one was as bad as the other.

Before settling down to this mission work in Butte, we visited relatives in Dillon. Years before when I had gone to Montana with my mother and uncle, as previously recorded, I became acquainted with the Metlen cousins—Gertrude, who was the eldest, Joe, about my own age, Genevieve, and Dale. We spent some time out at the ranch. I was five years of age, wearing pants; but Joe, about six months younger than I, was by his fond mother still kept in dresses. I think when he saw me in pants he insisted that he have some too. He was lively, and we got along very well together. Joe had to say his "Now I lay me down to sleep . ." I had always been taught to do this on my knees, and I often wondered how Joe could get away with his devotions in a compromise attitude. He simply bent down and over, with his knees stiff, his head in the comforts, and made what seemed an easier job of it. But we shall come back to the Metlen children a little later.

Fall came on, and it was school time. I was in Dillon long enough to go to school for a few days. Joe went with me, and our grade was in the basement of the normal school. How much progress I made, I do not know.

When we got to Butte, Father and Mother opened the mission meetings amid a great deal of opposition. They were denied a permit to hold open-air services and were told that if they did

they would be arrested, but I think my brother and I saved the day. We had learned to sing together one song in particular, "My Mother's Bible." We



Rev. Agnes Kubitz of the Pillar of Fire,
Cincinnati, Ohio

knew it by heart. Our brave parents went out on the corner to hold forth, and they say that when Brother and I stood singing that song, and the policeman approached, he just walked on. He did

not have the heart to put the White family in jail. I hope the song moved him.

The mission hall was a semi-basement room in a large building on one of the downtown streets. The long campaign of mission work in Butte was to prove notable for results in the conversion of the Kubitz family. Mr. John Kubitz worked in the shops belonging to the famous copper king, W. A. Clark. He did iron and construction work there, but eventually was to come with his family to Denver and enter the Bible School.

It would take a book to tell of the contributions he has made to the building enterprises of our society, and of Sister Kubitz's activities as a whole-hearted, consecrated worker down through the years. Sister Agnes Kubitz, elder daughter, at this writing heads our Eden Grove school in Cincinnati.

We lived at first in a very ordinary apartment on Montana Street—inexpensive back rooms. Father had sold the case of a gold watch which he had received as a prize for selling books during his university career, in order to help pay the rent of the mission. The going was hard, great sacrifices were made, and there was not always too much to eat.

A friendly collie dog lived next door, and my brother and I made friends with him. Father and Mother would let him come into the house for com-



The Kubitz Family, 1910

pany, and the owners apparently had no objections.

When we were in Dillon, our cousins told us how to make some chocolate taffy. Perhaps Cousin Gertrude will remember how it was done. I am pretty sure they did not get their recipe from any reputable cookbook. It may have been one of Joe's inventions, but I promise you that what turned out was about the stickiest kind of sweet that ever was devised. If it had not belonged to the category of sugars, it would have intrigued old LePage himself. We carried the formula with us in our minds to Butte, and with the sugar and other ingredients that belonged to it made up some of this taffy.

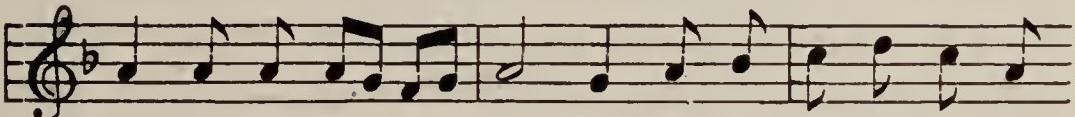
Here is where the neighbor's dog comes in. We fed gobs of it to him. The dog liked it, but if you could have seen him trying to chew it you surely would have laughed as hard as we did. Never jaws worked so hard, and the amusement that we had in watching him was diverting beyond words. You would think that after all of the strenuous efforts to chew it, once would be enough, but he seemed always to want more.

We went to public schools in the city where Ray, in the primary department, was taught a beautiful little song about the waves with their night caps—white caps—and I think Mother and Father, as well as I, forgot the depressions and difficulties that befell us in the struggle, hearing

ONCE I GOT INTO A BOAT



1. Once I got in - to a boat, Such a pret - ty, pret - ty boat,
2. In the caves so cool and deep, All the fish - es were a - sleep,



Just as the day was dawn - ing; And I took a lit - tle
Save where the ripples gave them warning; Said the minnow to the



oar, And I pushed out from the shore, So ver - y, ver - y,
skate Pray don't lie a - bed so late, So ver - y, ver - y,

CHORUS



ear - ly in the morn - ing, And ev - 'ry lit - tle



wave-let had its night - cap on, Its night-cap, white-cap,



night-cap on, And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave-let had its



night-cap on, So ver - y, ver - y ear-ly in the morn - ing.

Ray sing it. Mr. Lowell W. Johnson, Superintendent of Public Schools, with the help of a retired teacher, Mary B. Healy, has kindly resurrected it for me.

It grew cold in Montana, and Mother went to Hennessey's department store and bought my brother and me some short coats—reefers—with high collars. They cost \$5.00 apiece. Ray and I thought they were the finest things we ever had worn. It felt so good to pull those high collars up over our ears. This would have been excusable had the weather always been bitter with the wind blowing, but my brother and I would persist, even when it was mild, in pulling the collars up; and so, as we marched down the street in front of our parents, nobody will ever know what embarrassment they suffered. They tried so hard to get us to pull them down, but we insisted on its being chilly and that we wanted them up. Since they came up so high, they were like the blinds of old Dobbin's harness. We couldn't see to the side; so if anybody passed us and thought we were funny, we were obviously happy—and what difference did it make if our parents' faces were red?

Now there is one episode my brother and I never forgot. You cannot carry on mission work and do a lot of good (and I do not need to defend such enterprises) without being sometimes taken advantage of: It is said that Jerry McAuley's mission saved the city of New York millions of

dollars because of its check on crime and the social good that was achieved.

A man of Nordic descent approached my father and mother on one occasion for help. His name had been Hanson or Anderson, but he was going by the Irish cognomen of Murphy. He explained that you just could not get a job easily up there if you were not Irish. He wanted a place to stay, and Father and Mother let him sleep in the mission.

Somehow or other my brother and I did not take to him. He did not seem to be true blue. We conceived the idea that he really was pretty much a loafer, and that he was putting it over on our parents. If he made any profession of religion his testimony did not have the right ring.

One evening we came to the mission with a pocketful of beans and some rubber shooters. We did not mean any great harm by it, but somehow or other, in spite of ourselves the beans went in Mr. Pseudo-Murphy's direction. There was a complaint to Father—the boys had been shooting at him, and they had hit him in a tender spot.

I think by this time Father had been fairly well convinced that he was no good. My parents had probably deferred the task of dismissing him. Father endeavored to keep a pretty straight face. I think we were duly admonished, but we had one rejoinder, that if our Irishman had one tender spot, it was because of his laziness, and we be-

lieved he was tender all over. At any rate, he passed out of our lives, and we got by.

If our friends have not read Mother's accounts of the progress of the Butte work, they should do so in her "Story," especially about the strange things that befell a certain Mr. Snow, who underhandedly opposed her and tried to get out of her hands the mission and home she had established.

IX

HELP FROM "BIG BROTHER" FRIENDS

COMING back to my wagons which took up so much of my time, I built them so that you could use them with seats or with a miniature hayrack on the bed for carrying leaves and grass; but I conceived an idea, as did Walter Chrysler for his cars, of better brakes.

A single stick fastened on the side of the wagon and made so that it would press against one wheel was not enough. I wanted at least two wheel-brakes made of rod iron.

During the years that we lived near Lincoln Park, my brother and I attended the St. James Methodist Church Sunday school. The teacher of our boys' class was a Scotchman by the name of Brayton. He was a kind gentleman with a touch of sideburns, and a burr in his accent. He made a trip to Scotland and came back with presents for us. Each boy got a nice pencil with his name printed on it. I became very much interested in Brother Brayton and learned that he was a blacksmith. So down somewhere on 18th or 19th Street I wended my way to consult with him about brakes for my wagon. He caught the idea and

made the rods for me at his forge. I do not think he charged anything for them.

I managed to attach them to the wagon, and with pieces of wood fastened to the ends for brake blocks, a push on a front lever gave excellent performance. On one occasion a neighbor boy offered me a thousand marbles for my wagon, which I thought was quite flattering to my wagon-building ability.

Brother Brayton was not the only church friend I knew in a business where I needed help. We played ball in the vacant lot next door. Now and then the errant sphere would find its way through a glass window. A neighbor lady was tolerant, but did not want to stand the damage.

To Mother's mission and tent services had come a gentleman by the name of Williams, one of the shop superintendents of the McMurtry Paint and Glass Company. It was a long trek down to his place of business near the railroad tracks, but oh, how I liked that man! I seemed to be eloquent enough to persuade him to come to my rescue. I think I made some gesture of willingness to pay, but he would give me a pane of glass now and then, and, having been a boy himself, was of an understanding heart and never scolded us for being careless.

In the winter time we needed sleds, and Mother, in those days when we were living by faith, never seemed able to spend the \$2.50 or

\$5.00 for the kind of sled we wanted. Still, even back at the Lincoln Park place Father had been sympathetic and said:

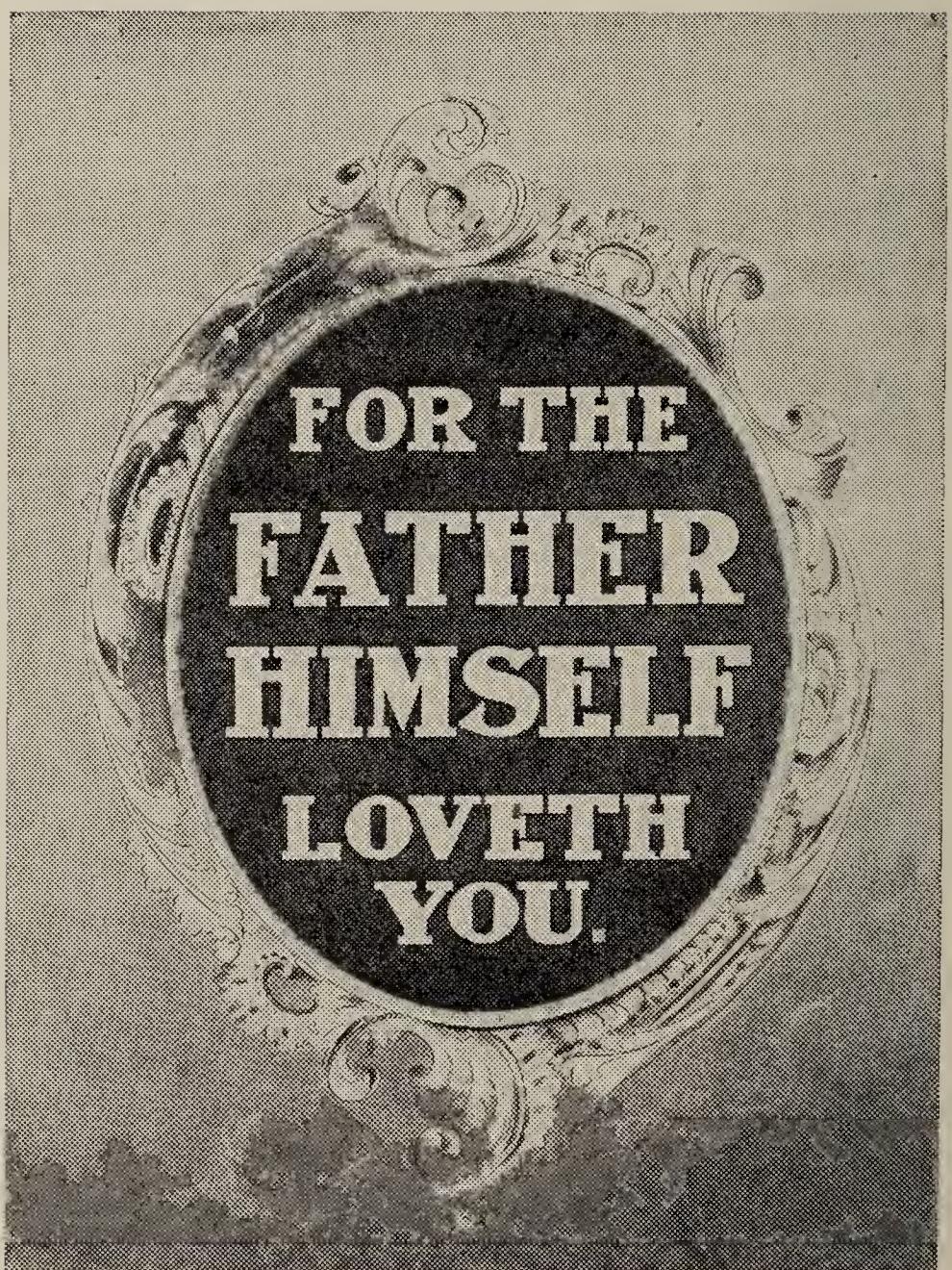
"Boys, I can make you a sled."

Now Ray and I had our suspicions that, skillful as he was, he just simply could not contrive to produce the nice red sled with iron runners and modern appointments that we so much desired; yet he affirmed that he could make one that could go miles and miles down the West Virginia hills where he was a boy.

Father made the little sled all right, but it did not seem to be the right kind for Denver. We took it out and tried it on the little hillocks where other children were coasting. Loyal to Father, we did our best, but of the neighboring children, either the kind-hearted ones pitied us, or the unfeeling ones beheld it satirically. So we continued to have our dream-sled before us.

Finally the day arrived when in the Champa Street neighborhood a golden opportunity presented itself. A neighbor boy had what might be termed an excellent sled chassis with iron runners. It was large and strong, but had no top. Where I got the money I do not know, but I bought it for thirty-five cents. Now what to do about a top!

I learned that Brother Gerald Cookson, a young man in our Bible school, had a wonderful uncle down on 23rd and Wazee working in a wagon factory. I procured a board somewhere,



but I wanted it properly shaped. Introducing myself to this good uncle, he very kindly let me go to a bench and use his tools. I managed to produce a very good sled top which I took and put on the sled.

I mention this because I think that old man needs a bit of eulogy. He not only was liberal with his tools, but instructed me in the use of them, and gave me a drawknife which I kept for many years.

"Son, when you use the drawknife, never put your knee up in front of it because you might cut yourself seriously."

If there is anything that I have been thankful for through life it is that I came in contact with many tolerant Christian leaders who encouraged me in learning to do things, though I might have been at times somewhat troublesome. If Brother Cookson's uncle were still alive, I would like to hunt him up yet and thank him.

Living in our Bible school for several years, and helping sometimes in Mother's meetings, was a young man by the name of Andrew Mitchell, a commercial artist. He did water-color work for opticians, I believe, and I used to marvel at the excellence of his drawings of eyes and their muscles. His lettering seemed to be perfect, and in my brother's office today at Zarephath is a beautiful design he made with the Scripture verse: "For the Father himself loveth you." For years there has been hanging in our Bible school chapel a

For whosoever shall save
his life shall lose it: and
whosoever shall lose his life
for my sake shall find it.

framed motto which he did for Mother—"Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it...." It seemed like something of a humiliation of his art to ask him to paint my name on my sled top. I do not know just how I persuaded him to do it, but he lettered the word "Arthur" on it, and my joy was complete.

Speaking of Andrew Mitchell, he left Denver many years ago to take up his residence in California, after marrying Sadie Bryant who had stayed with us for some time, renting a room at 2348 Champa Street. Eventually Mr. Mitchell gave up commercial drawing to devote his entire time to religious work.

One day in October of 1944, at Bellevue, I received a telephone call from somebody down town in a hotel—and who was it but Andrew Mitchell, our old artist friend! I drove to the city immediately, brought him out to take dinner with us and had him stay all night. What thrills I had discussing old times with him, when we lived in the Champa Street house. And by a strange coincidence, when Mother, Mrs. White and I and others of Mother's staff left a few days later (October 12) for Salt Lake, Mr. Mitchell had reservations in the same car. Mother had a chance to renew acquaintance with him and review the events of those early days.

Coming back to my sled: children were safer by far on the streets in my early teen-age days

than now. Oh, of course, now and then there would be a runaway team; occasionally somebody got hurt. But what a world of fun it was to hook rides! You ran along behind the grocery wagon with your sled, put the end of the rope around the axle or bed brace, and with the end firmly in hand, flopped down on your sled for a ride.

Most drivers, having been youngsters themselves, either welcomed you or acted as if they did not know you were there. Still some were unobliging and shooed you away. You could ride for blocks. When you thought you had gone far enough, you let go the end of the rope, and coasted to a stop, only to catch a wagon coming from the other direction and endeavor to get back in the home neighborhood again.

Again I wonder if we did not have more fun than the children who so much of the time these days, having been indoors for many hours of school, are satisfied to spend their precious afternoons looking at some sickening, syrupy Hollywood movie that can do nothing but warp their minds and destroy every bit of imagination and inventive genius they may possess.

Someone has described a friend as one who knows all about you and loves you just the same. As I look back over life I feel exceedingly grateful to good friends—to those who gave me things—but more grateful to those who encouraged and

helped me when I wanted to learn how to do things.

Of course, in these times so many youngsters seem to have little aptitude for making things; but would it not help to solve our delinquency problem if more Christian "big brothers" would take the time to teach the boys self-reliance and independence in the skillful use of tools? And the girls can learn many things from their big sisters; for the war work proved that they, too, could be as proficient in the shop with mechanics' tools as at home or elsewhere with thread, yarn, needles or typewriters.

X

MY CONVERSION

“**M**AMMA, Arthur’s backslid!”

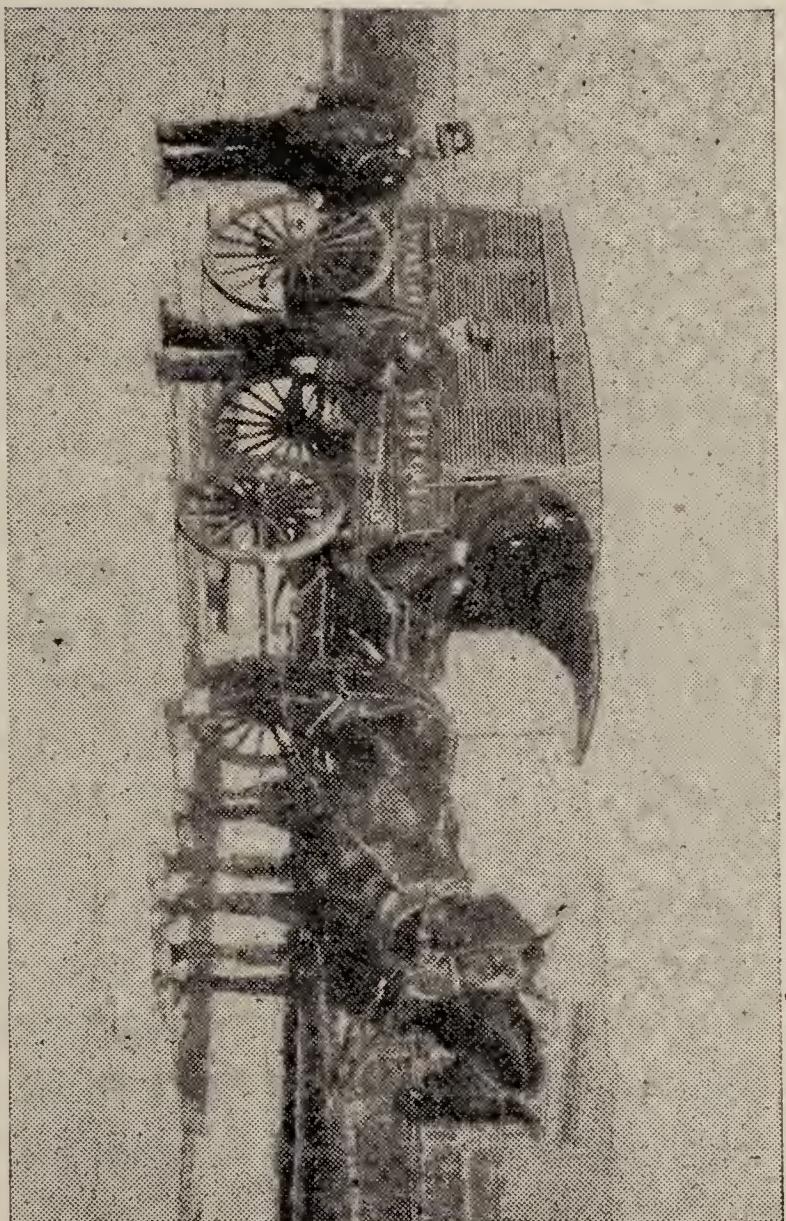
“What makes you think so, Ray?”

“He punched a feller in the nose for making fun of religion.” I was about thirteen years old in February of 1902, when my brother expressed such concern about my spiritual state. I should not wonder but that I had been in some sort of fight, and fighting amongst boys in our day may hardly be understood without some explanation and comment on the customs of those times. I have often wondered at the amount of it that was done on the school grounds, streets, and in alleys by boys who aspired to the fistic abilities of men like Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

Bill McBreen, a playmate, lived down the street in our block. His birthday and mine were the same except that he was one year older, and I think that one year gave him a great sense of superiority over me. When we returned from Montana, Bill expressed his delight at seeing me, with a jolly, “Hello, Art!” and a vigorous slap on the back. The friendly slaps were frequent as the days went on, losing none of their strength. I thought a good deal of Bill; yet they irked me.

Permission Denver Public Library, Western Collection

Old-time Patrol Wagon, Central Station, Denver



One evening Bill and some other boys came into our yard, and I was egged on into boxing with him. It was all very friendly, but somewhat strenuous. After a time the boys parted, and I did not see Bill for several days until he called to me across the street with his hand up over his eye. Whether I had been a better boxer or not, I do not know, but it turned out that I had blacked his eye. I gained one immense satisfaction from the escapade—our friendship continued but I received no more slaps on the back.

Almost every day you could hear the cry once or often—"Fight, fight, fight!" There would be the usual crowd of onlookers, with two youngsters slugging it out. It might be caused for some real reason in the minds of the contestants—an insult, or a quarrel, or just on general principles—to show what good "guard" or aggression the contestants could exhibit.

Fighting went on pretty much all over town. There were the East Side boys, and the West Side boys, and sometimes there were gang fights. Perhaps this is to be accounted for to some extent by the relatively few policemen available for patrol duty.

When my mother held her open-air meetings on Larimer Street, often a squad of policemen would march down the sidewalk from City Hall at 14th and Larimer. She would usually tell her audience to stand aside to make way for the officers.

I noticed how these policemen would drop out of marching line for their various beats, and as they fanned out for the old Market Street red-light district, and the downtown sections, there would not be enough of them to look after the residential districts. There were no patrol cars with radios combing the town. The saloon districts and bawdy-house areas took up a good deal of their attention.

One of the interesting features of policing in those days was the little octagonal patrol boxes with pointed roofs stationed on various downtown street corners. These little enclosures belong to the limbo of things forgotten. A policeman could open the door, step into one out of the weather to make his telephone report to headquarters; and if a drunk became unruly, your tall, strong-armed minion of the law would manage to lock him up in this box until the bell-clanging, horse-driven "wagon," in due course of time, came clattering down the street to give the bleary-eyed citizen a free ride to the old city jail.

However, the police did have to look after residential districts, especially around Hallowe'en. The rag-picker who drove down alleys, crying "old rags, botts" (bottles) would sometimes complain of the abuse he received from young rock-throwing, snow-balling villains. Youngsters in those days knew how to cat-step their escape. This meant going down one street a half block, through an

alley, a block right or left to another street, turning into another alley. Even a policeman on a bicycle usually had to give up the chase.

I do not think the force was any too good. Bad politics too much of the time dominated City Hall. The policemen in the old days seemed to be satisfied if they could expend their energies on drunks, and—would you believe it?—on arresting Salvation Army workers for holding open-air street meetings. It is said that some three hundred or more were at one time in jail in the United States for thus exercising their right of free speech. My mother's workers were also arrested and jailed for the same thing, spending time in that old City Hall jail of which we will have a little more to say later on; but will remark here that the Pillar of Fire struggle resulted in arousing public opinion amongst the better classes of the people of Denver. A reformation was wrought in police affairs in the "Golden City of the West."

But to come back to punching some fellow in the nose. I did get into some fights. One day a boy called across the street from where we lived and taunted me. What I said I do not remember, but he came over and into our yard, and being considerably larger than I, threw me down and began working on me.

If my little brother had often depended on me to defend him, it was he who in this instance came to my rescue. While I was fighting back,

my brother got on top of the intruder and his little fist went up to that boy's face to pummel his nose until he gave us both up and vanished. Ordinarily you just couldn't refrain from knocking the chip off of a challenger's shoulder, if he was anywhere near your size, whatever the consequences.

Mother, however, could not carry on her religious work if her elder son was to continue in these neighborhood fights, even though it happened to be in defense of the Faith. And she would have defeated her purpose had she whipped me herself with a switch for my whipping somebody else with my fist.

She consulted my father, and he agreed that something should be done. The presidents of the United States have been known to call for days of prayer, as did the King of England in the late war, and that is exactly what was done on this occasion, involving a cessation of normal activities on the part of the Bible Training School.

I did not like the idea very well, and had reached that stage of sophistication when I thought I might argue my parents out of it. I distinctly remember telling my father that this was all wrong, because it was forcing religion on me in the same way that had reportedly been done to Bob Ingersoll, making him an infidel. I had the temerity, though I was only thirteen years old, to argue in this fashion with my father.



The Bible Training School, 2348 Champa Street, Denver

I thought it thoroughly convincing—but the prayer day was not called off. Oh, I did not mind too much about the prayer day, if it hadn't been that fasting was a part of the program. I got no breakfast. Some one of Mother's workers took pity on Ray, for he was the innocent victim, and I think he got something to eat, but "Mr. Fistic Defender of the Faith" had to starve; the business of eating worried him no little.

But a strange thing happened. I was apparently pretty much forgotten during this morning period of intercession, when others in the Bible School began to pray for themselves—one man especially interceding desperately for God to forgive him and straighten out his life.

The meeting went along until noon, and there seemed to be considerable progress made for many others except me. I hungrily continued an attitude of Bob Ingersoll rebellion. Luncheon time came, but no meal was served.

I believe it was about 2:30 in the afternoon when I saw my mother off at one side of the room crying. I really loved my mother and began to suspect that I might be breaking her heart. A feeling of pity stole over my calloused attitude. I began to believe that if my mother was interested enough in my soul's salvation actually to cry about it, her concern for me must be genuine.

I do not know what I said, but it is reported that I gave in, saying "Oh, Lord, I can't do any-

thing with Mamma," and began to pray, with the result that as truly as any burden ever rolled off the shoulders of Christian at the cross in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, something rolled off me. A happiness and peace possessed me that I shall never forget. Whatever ups and downs I was to experience subsequently, this experience did more to dedicate me to the ministry than anything I know.

On one occasion my mother in her evangelistic work was approached by a mother who pled with her to pray for her boy. Mother was willing enough ordinarily to respond to such a request, but she questioned the lady:

"Sister, do you pray for your son?"

"Oh, certainly, every day."

"Sister, do you ever pray *with* your son?"

"Oh, no, I just could not do that!"

Mother was always a keen judge of human nature, and certainly, reading that woman through and through as she did, must have been justified in saying:

"Sister, the reason you do not pray with your son is that you know he has no confidence in your religion."

This may strike deep into the problem of modern youthful delinquency. Too many mothers and fathers these days unfortunately do not even pray *for* their children. Many of them do not pray

at all, unless they suddenly find themselves overtaken in some great hazard or danger.

Two men walking along a railroad track one day discussed the existence of God. One man did not believe in Him and never prayed. A train suddenly came unexpectedly around the bend, and the would-be infidel by necessity had to jump down the bank to save his life, and on the way, exclaimed:

“My God, help me!”

When the train had gone by, his companion said: “I thought you didn’t believe in any God.”

Whereupon the man answered: “Well, in a case like that, if there isn’t one there ought to be.”

My fighting may have been serious enough from the standpoint of Mother’s work and mission in the world, but I am glad she did not wait too long to pray *for* me, and I am more than glad that she was willing, before others, to pray *with* me.

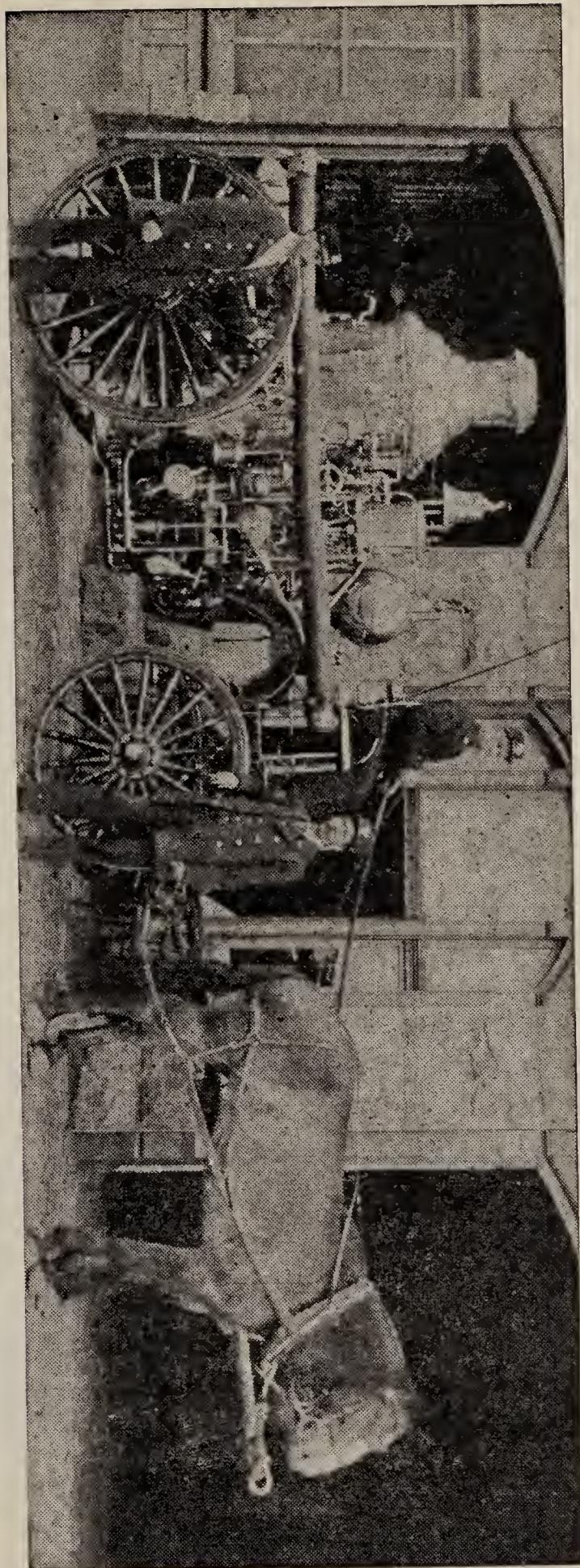
TIMES AND SEASONS

GOING to fires was another of our childhood recreations. I mentioned how, before the days of the sirens, the fire wagons carried bells. As the children used to come in the door and watch the smithy make the sparks fly from his forge, we used to visit the firehouses in order to look at the fine horses so well groomed and nicely kept in their stalls, and admire the shining hose carts and steamer pumps. The horses were not only the pets of the men who cared for them, but of a whole neighborhood of citizens, proud of how fast they could run when a fire alarm was sounded. There was music in the clang of the bells and the pounding of the horses' hoofs.

The water in the coal-fed boilers of the steamer pump was kept hot by little coal-burning, hot-water heaters with connections that could be loosened quickly, but the fire was laid ready for lighting when a call came in. How well-trained were those fine animals! They would leap to their places beside the wagon tongue, a harness dropped down in place, and with a few snaps of buckles, a steamer or hose wagon was off to the fire. Smoke began pouring out of the chimney of the steamer,

Courtesy Mr. Jos. H. Block, Pioneer Denver Museum

"There was music in the clang of the bells and the pounding of the horses' hoofs"



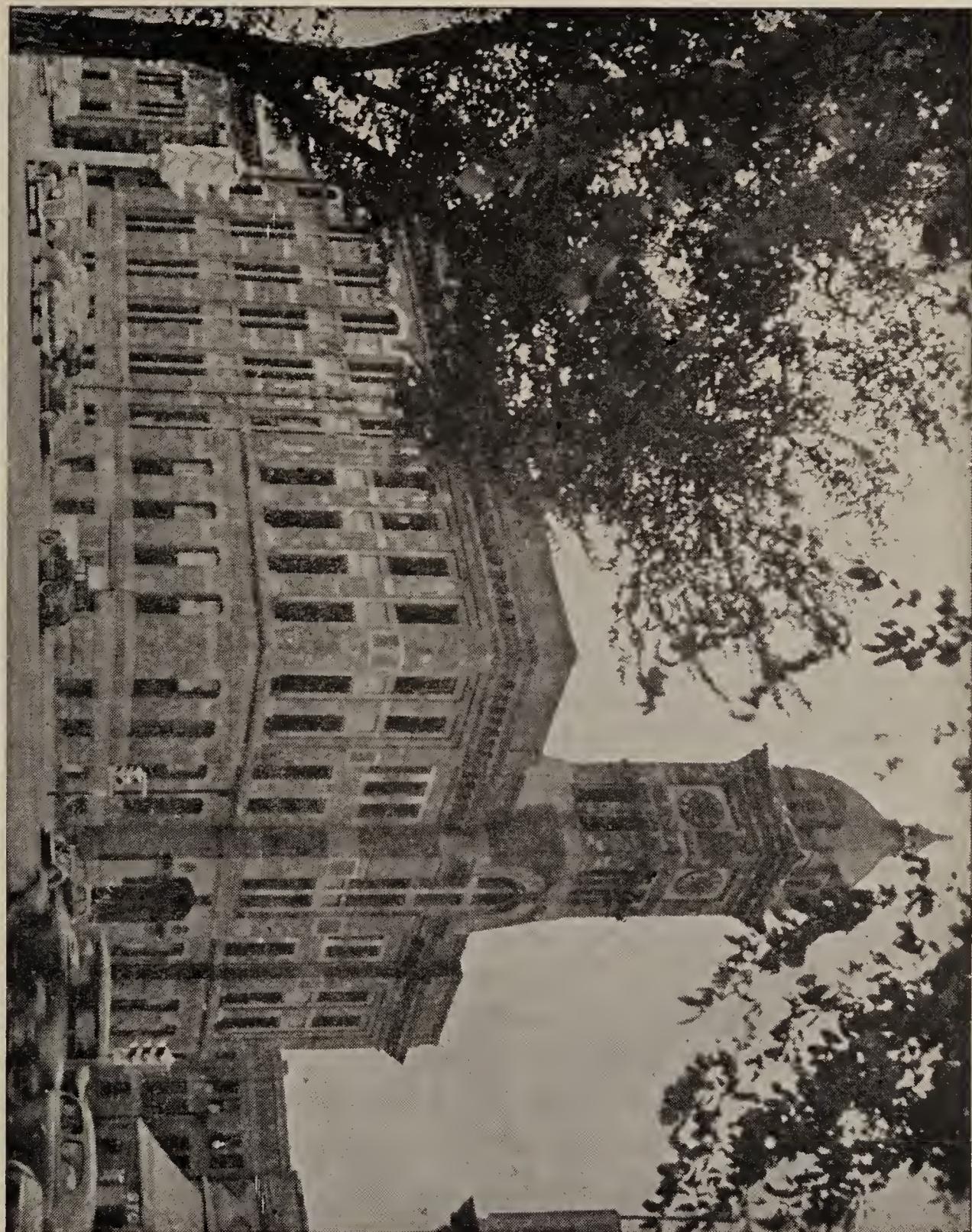
and coal from the little bin was fed into the maw of the engine. A forced draft sent the sparks aloft, and I think the spectacle of a roaring, pumping, smoking volcano of a horse-driven fire engine was as exciting to behold as the fire to be extinguished in any building.

In 1905 the City Hall caught fire, and I had the thrill of watching the big blaze. That interesting old landmark of Denver was built in 1882-83. Almost as long as I can remember many people seemed never to like the City Hall and clamored to tear it down and build a new one. It may not be true, but it was rumored that it was deliberately set on fire. My mother, even over our broadcasting station, in considerable humor suggested preserving it as the place where her workers had been jailed for preaching the Gospel.

But the fire did not destroy it. It was rebuilt. In the summer of 1946 I had my cousin take the accompanying picture. The larger portion of it had long been abandoned, as the city offices had been moved to Ben Stapleton's fine new colonial courthouse, with its pretty pepper-box cupola, at Civic Center, not so far from Alma Temple.

At this writing, the old building is actually being dismantled, and the irony of it all is that with the dearth of building materials, and a thousand and one other problems of restricted new construction, I have heard that some are de-

"The City Hall—that interesting old landmark of Denver was built in 1882-83"



ploring the fact that it should have been torn down at all. And so the conflict which has gone on for years and years over this City Hall's "to be or not to be" will probably not end until the last piece of old red sandstone in its foundations has been carted away out of sight.

Speaking of childhood diversion, in the days before movies and gang-busting radio programs, we had our seasonal backyard and schoolground sports—three of which were tops, marbles, and "lagging." Top season was particularly thrilling. All the little stores featured their top sales. It was tops, tops—spinning, rolling, flying and even splitting—everywhere. It developed beyond the stage of simply watching a squat little piece of turned wood, with an iron peg in it, whirl around, for you could play tops "for keeps." There were ordinary tops and rubber bouncer tops. You could buy two or three ordinary ones, or one pretty green or red large rubber bouncer for five cents, as I recall.

How could one youngster acquire so many tops? Because he learned how to knock them out of a big ring drawn on the ground, and pile up his gains. The ring might be about five or six feet in diameter. A contestant put one or more tops in the ring, wound his spinner tight with the string and spun it into the ring in such a way as to strike the stake tops and send one or more flying. It

was amazing, the skill that some acquired in this feat.

Then there was "pegging" where you exchanged shots at one another's tops.

"Give me a peg, will you?"

"Yes, if you will give me one."

You could throw down your spinning top, and if you were a crack shot, strike the other fellow's and make a deep dent in it. If you sharpened the good old peg you might even split the other fellow's top, which was just too bad for him; still, he had a chance to split yours in return.

I have seen youngsters in England spinning their large tops with a whip, and it is an interesting sight. The lash of the whip wraps around the top-stem as you strike it and keeps it going as long as you whip. But for real top-spinners you have to go back a generation in American. I do not believe modern boys know much about it.

In the days when William Jennings Bryan was running for the presidency, preaching the monetary doctrine of "sixteen to one," he had declared that willingly would he run sixteen times if he could be elected once. We grew up hearing about Bryan's running, off and on, for the highest office in the land.

In those times more than now people would wear those tin, celluloid-covered buttons. They not only exhibited Bryan buttons and McKinley

buttons, but all sorts of buttons advertising this and that.

There was a cartoon character called "The Yellow Kid," and we even had "Yellow Kid" buttons. Button! Buttons! Buttons!

But there were other purposes for them besides wearing them. You could gamble with them. Either you scratched a straight line on the ground for a lag line, or you used the curb. If a half-dozen boys were in on the game, each one threw his button to see who could get the nearest to the line. The player who was the closest had first chance to toss all the buttons up in the air. Heads you win; tails you lose. But buttons became too tame for those who "lagged" for pennies or nickels.

There are as good marble players today, doubtless, as then, but surely marbles are not played on the same scale. We called them "miggs," and became pretty good connoisseurs of good ones. At the bottom of the scale were "tickers"—marbles unworthy of the name—little pellets of baked clay that were only painted. I believe you could get ten or more of these for a cent, but they were disdained and looked down upon because you could hit them sometimes and break them or crush them under your heel. The porcelain brown, white or blue marbles were better, and you got two, three or one for a penny, depending on their size; and there were the "glassies," and finally the "agates."

One boy on the way to school on Stout Street was such a crack shot that he played only for agates. He was like the pioneers in Montana years ago, who, though copper was mined, disdained a cent-piece. Our expert agate-player boy had a large box full of agates, and if you were to watch him play you would not wonder, when you saw how unerring was his aim.

I mention these childhood games to point at one thing for which I am thankful. It is said that today in the United States, gambling is carried on to the extent of over twelve billion dollars a year, arising from the following activities: pari-mutuels at race tracks; betting through bookies; numbers, twenty-six Hooligan, and other dice games mostly in bars and night clubs; roulette, cards, lotteries and slot and claw machines; bingo, etc. Gambling has become one of the major evils along with the cost of crime, at fifteen billions, and the expenditure for alcoholic beverages to the amount of over nine and one-half billions per annum.

While I did play marbles and tops, my early Christian training instilled convictions into me against playing "for keeps." I know that with children petty gambling can be the source of jealousies and hard feelings, and can destroy friendships. It is like playing with fire and should be discouraged. It is bad enough for husbands to fritter away their earnings betting on the ponies,

and playing for stakes in poker games; but the women at home who play bridge for prizes set just as bad an example before their children and are just as guilty before God.

Draw the line! A deck of cards has spelled ruin for many a character, destroyed many a home, and gambling is undermining the moral foundations of the nations today. Do not let the youngsters play "for keeps!"

XII

MEETING MY FIRST PRESIDENT

ON THE OCCASION when Brother complained of my fighting over religion, my epochal conversion occurred. In the course of time, however, I was to have my ups and downs. A great revival was held in the same year in the old Coliseum building, which was akin to New York's Madison Square Garden, where all kinds of exhibitions were held for the public. I may have been seeking a deeper work of grace, but remembered in praying that there was some restitution I needed to make in straightening the back paths of my life.

There loomed before my mind the vision of myself stealing rides on Denver street cars between our home at 24th Street and Gilpin School, as far out as 29th. The boys frequently climbed on the back ends of the cars and rode when the conductor was not looking. I had done this on a few occasions, and the matter troubled me.

Someone gave me a dollar, which I knew would be ample compensation for this purloined transportation. Just how to approach the Denver Tramway Company and attend to this conscience matter was a problem. I cannot explain

why I should have chosen to seek the president himself, Mr. Will Evans, when I might have gone to the cashier or any other secondary representative of the corporation. At any rate, it was to be my first experience in dealing with executive power.

I am pretty sure I have in my veins English, Irish, German, and French blood. Am not so sure about Scotch.

There is a story about a Scotchman who left his native land to do business down in England. When he returned he was asked how he liked the English. He said he had never met them. Surprised, the interrogator asked how it was, whereupon the Scotchman declared he had dealt only with the heads of departments down there.

Maybe there is a sprinkling of this kind of Scotch in me. Anyway, down to the tramway company I went with my dollar. No, I did not go upstairs to his office, but I waited until the president started for lunch, and spoke to him as he came out the front door. He looked down at me quizzically when I said, as nearly as I can remember:

"I have been going to revival meetings and have come to pay you for stealing rides on your street cars."

I explained that I thought a dollar would cover it. With a good deal of astonishment, and still an understanding heart, he readily forgave

me and said: "It is all right, Son," but refused to take the dollar—which I carried to the meeting and put in the collection plate.

I was early taught that the important thing in such matters is the principle of theft, however inconsequential the material things involved. I know of one man under Mother's preaching who told how he had stolen a threshing machine. This Californian, greatly under conviction, confessed that he had been an agent for farming equipment. On one occasion when he was using a thresher himself, it burned. He knew where there was one just like it in a warehouse yard, and at nighttime he and others deliberately stole it. His wife knew about the theft and declared that if he ever made it right she would leave him. It placed him in a hard position, but finally he determined, whatever happened, that he would regain peace of mind in straightening this matter out. I never shall forget when he came through Denver and stopped at our Champa Street Bible School building to announce to Mother that he was on the way to Omaha to sell some real estate and make amends. I believe that man got peace, and so did I.

If I was successful in my interview with this president, the time was to come when I should have many encounters with the heads of firms. After we received the franchise to operate a radio station in New Jersey, times were hard, and we needed a thousand feet of heavy cast-iron pipe

for a water main to be used partly to cool the tubes in the transmitter.

At the head of a firm in south Jersey was a man by the name of Russell. It seemed that in calling at his office about three times I was put off one way or another by his secretary, but patience and persistence finally brought me into the man's presence, when I found him as cordial and kind as any man I ever met.

"What do you want, Mr. White?"

"Mr. Russell, I need a thousand feet of pipe."

"I will give you half of it," he said. "You go to Mr. Woods in Philadelphia and ask him for the rest."

We were very happy for his contribution and suggestion. When I came into Mr. Woods' office in Philadelphia, I met an old gentleman who had the appearance of the "old school" type of business man. I can see him yet, with his sideburns and a twinkle in his eye.

"What do you want, Mr. White?"

I started in: "Mr. Woods, I represent a society...." and he cut me short.

"Now just what is it you want?"

I made a second attempt, with my hands full of credentials, to tell of the character of the organization. The second time he stopped me; then turning to one of his assistants, said:

"Mr. Monroe, Mr. White looks all right to me. I haven't time to bother with him. Give him

what he wants." And he shooed me away.

You know the Bible says, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

He knew that I wanted to make a speech, and was old enough to tantalize a younger man, but I have often thought it was one of the greatest compliments that a business executive ever paid me. Of course, Mr. Russell may have explained the matter to him over the phone and afforded him this opportunity to have a little amusement at my expense.

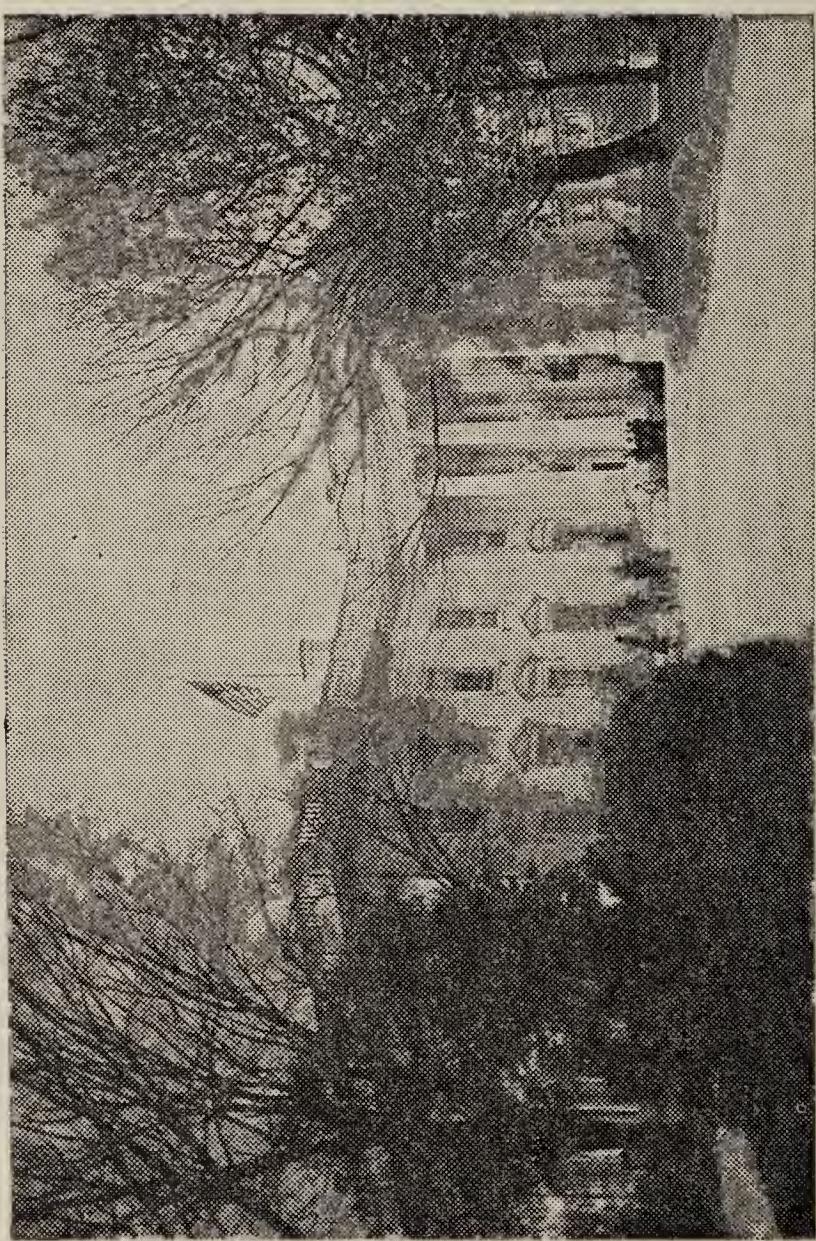
On another occasion, during the first World War, I wished to buy at a good discount, from the president of a Philadelphia firm, cement with which to build the foundation of our chapel and assembly hall at Zarephath. Mr. Conn—for that was his name—surprised me by saying:

"It looks as if, for an organization like yours, several of us companies might get together and give you a car."

Seizing time by the forelock, I immediately said: "All right, Mr. Conn, may I put you down for a third of a car?"

"Why, yes," he said, and suggested I go see a Mr. Harding of another company. Mr. Harding came out in the hall, and when I told him the story I found him to be somewhat of the same good humor and caliber that I had found in Mr. Woods.

He looked at me and said: "Did you say Mr.



I visited another president—in the White House

Conn promised to give you a third of a car?"

"He says one-third of a car...." And he tried to estimate an exact division of that number of sacks, even to the dividing of one of them.

"How would we ever gather them up? You go back and tell Mr. Conn I gave you a whole car, will you?"

I did this very thing, but thanked Mr. Conn for his offer just the same; and later on he himself gave a car for other requirements.

Eventually I was to have an opportunity to visit another president, Mr. Herbert Hoover, in the White House. The great depression was on, and he seemed to have misgivings as to whether the character of our citizens was such as to carry them through the great crisis. I tried to encourage him with a little message from my mother; whereupon he remarked:

"We look to institutions like yours to help build the moral fabric of the country."

There is just one little lesson, perhaps, that might be beneficial through all of this matter of meeting presidents—viz., that the President of the very universe itself is available for all who will seek Him.

One of the most prominent banking establishments in Denver has been run by a president who has the name of refusing to closet himself in a hide-away office, but for a portion of the business day makes himself available by sitting right

out in front where anybody can find and approach him.

There has been a doctrine spread around that God is more or less unapproachable, that if you get an intercession through to Him you must win over many private secretaries first, so to speak. Your prayers must, for instance, go through patriarchs or saints. You must expect Saint So-and-So to tell Saint So-and-So to tell Joseph, the Father of Jesus, to present your problem to Him; but this is a great error.

Now Jesus, who died and made the sacrifice for our sins, we are told in Scriptures, is our Advocate. There is only one Name given among men whereby we must be saved. When Jesus died the curtain of the temple between the holy place and the holy of holies was rent. Through Jesus' blood we can gain access to the very presence of God, and we do not have to thank Moses or Elijah or any saint that ever lived, for the privilege. We must, as the Scripture says, come boldly to the throne of grace.

My experience with the hospitality and philanthropy of so many executives makes me feel that God is more disposed to help us than we ever can imagine, if we will come to Him; for Jesus himself said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

XIII

PUNCTURES

ON ONE occasion when my mother arrived home from an evangelistic trip, Brother greeted her with what he thought was pretty bad news.

"Mama, your wheel's pun'tured! Your wheel's pun'tured!"

She, glad enough to see Ray, received this with appropriate gravity. I was old enough to feel that this was not so serious, since I was learning how to repair punctures myself; at least, I was informed as to the methods.

In my diary is an entry for March 15, 1900: "Eleven years old: get bicycle. Stay home from school."

Father helped me buy a very cheap, used bicycle, from "One-legged Brown," which I do not think cost more than \$7. It was Brown who taught me how to repair punctures in double-tube tires. Youngsters who ride their fine bicycles today do not know what we pioneers had to put up with in the early days of the bicycle business. It was nice if you could afford new single-tube tires or the clincher kind with inner tubes; but we had to be content with home-made double-tube tires.

A single tube that had become as full of leaks as a sieve might still have some use. Brown showed us how to cut the stem out and make a slit about ten inches along the under side. Often these old tires had been filled with "Neverleak," but you might wash them out with gasoline, or treat them with powdered soapstone, so they would serve the purpose. You could buy inner tubes that came in a long strip, sealed at the ends, with a valve stem inserted at one end. You contrived to run a weighted cord around inside your single tube, and draw this long strip of inner tube into the single tube. The stem fitted in the hole where you had cut out the old single-tube valve. Brown kept a shoemaker's punch to make holes along the slit. He would sew the slit together with a gunny-sack needle, and proficient as he was, turn out a first-class job.

When cemented to the rim, this combination made a very good tire, but we amateurs did not always succeed so well in the lacing part, and when the tire was pumped up there would appear a somewhat embarrassing bulge in the neighborhood of the stem. But you could travel many miles this way until you got a puncture. Then you pulled the tire off far enough to open up the lacing and draw out the inner tube for a patch.

But I say to you, my dear reader, that if the weather had been warm and some old "Neverleak" worked through the soapstone, or if old patch plug

cement caused that inner tube to stick, it was just too bad. You might pull the inner tube apart getting it out; but patient "One-legged Brown" had a wire with a loop, and sometimes he could work that wire around inside until the inner tube would loosen and you could make your repairs. I think my birthday bicycle must have had two home-made, double-tube tires. Nevertheless, I was proud and happy.

Incidentally, Champa Street in those days was one of the first to be paved, and it became one of the principal bicycle streets of the city. We would sit on the sidewalk and watch the "wheels" as they went by, and no teen-age boy was very smart who did not know all the makes and what they cost. We were connoisseurs of "wheels."

While we are talking of bicycles, a young man who came to our Bible School from Kansas purchased a Rambler bicycle of which he seemed to tire in the course of time, and offered to sell to me for \$12. I think I was about fourteen; but how to get the money?

If Mother kept a close watch on my brother and me (and she did), I have often marveled at the liberties my parents gave us in many things, the utmost confidence they seemed to have in our being able to take care of ourselves.

About this time my mother's first book had come off the press, and I thought I might raise the money for the bicycle by selling some of them.

Some of our good friends lived in the Kersey farm neighborhood east of Greeley, Colorado, where Mother had held meetings. Why not take a two-day trip on the bicycle to visit the Ingersoll family and sell books on the way?

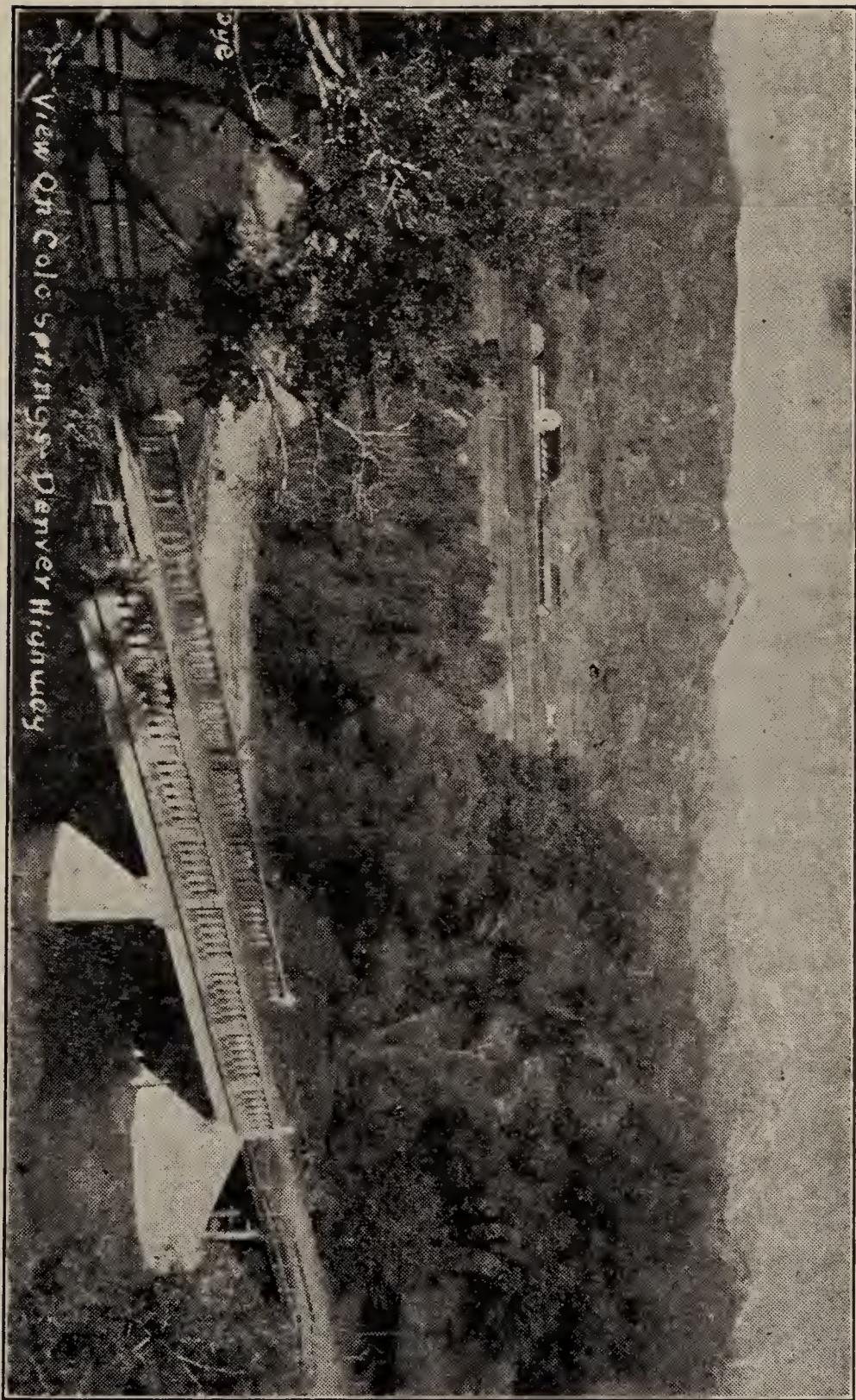
My father had been a great book agent in his college days. He gave me the names of people he knew in the neighborhood of Fort Lupton and Platteville, including that of a family by the name of English off to the east, where I was to stay all night. So out I went, and succeeded in selling enough books amongst those old friends to complete the purchase of the wheel.

I do not see many boys these days who will venture as we did in our tender teens, over rough roads, for fairly long distances. Many a time I have ridden the fifty miles between Denver and the Ingersoll farm in one day, alone, with a cousin, or with Jay Ingersoll, and thought little of it.

We always hoped for a wind at our back, but if you had it in your face, you got pretty tired. My parents let me ride my bicycle to Colorado Springs, seventy-five miles, taking subscriptions for our church journal en route. I got off the track east of Littleton and lost precious time, but managed to get as far as Castle Rock the first night. The next day I made it the rest of the way to Colorado Springs.

As long as I live I shall never forget the part of the journey south of Palmer Lake where there

"An up-and-down road then, now the highway is fairly level"



was a series of high hills. The paved highway through this section now runs fairly level, but it was an up-and-down road then. I had anticipated negotiating it with great pleasure, for I knew that Colorado Springs was lower in altitude than Palmer Lake; so starting down the first hill I expected to have force enough to get up the next one.

I do not think our late Mr. Vail had anything to do with our highways then, but you can imagine my disappointment! I struck a patch of soft sand at the bottom, which stopped me short and I had to walk up the next hill. Just about every one of those hills had sand at the bottom to break my speed. Surely my inflated anticipations of roller-coasting on those hills went as flat as any nail-pierced bicycle tire. Nevertheless, I think the teen-agers of my time who could ride fifty miles in a day over rutty dirt deserve a little credit for hardihood. It was a kind of occupation that was calculated to keep us out of mischief.

On these bicycle trips I learned a good deal about how to approach people. It was the beginning of my colporter experiences, and as I look back on them today, learning to make contacts from house to house proved invaluable to me in acquiring an education, for it has been said the best learning is a knowledge of human nature. It was not easy, for one met with some indifference and rebuffs, but the successes were rewarding and developed one's self-reliance and independence.

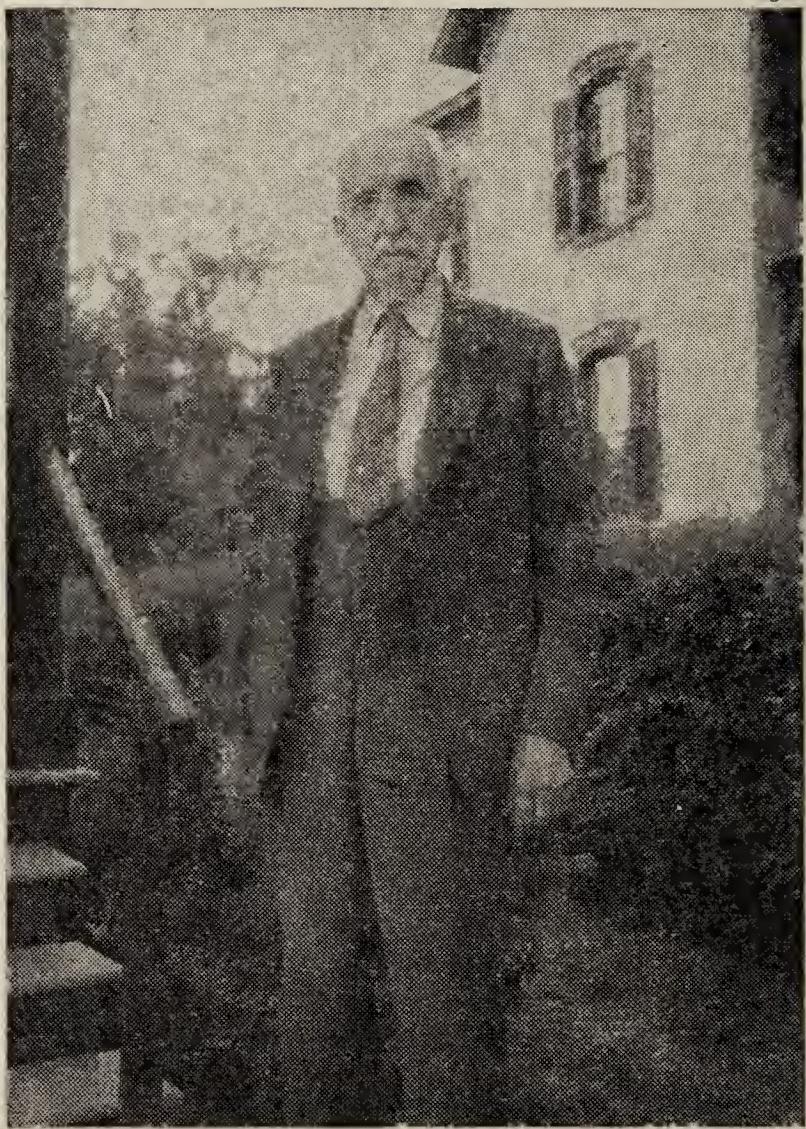
XIV

MUSIC LESSONS

MOTHER started me with piano lessons, which meant, for a youngster who would rather play ball, another course in clock-watching. However, when evangelists were still singing Moody and Sankey hymns, the song by Fanny Crosby, "Saved By Grace," with music by George C. Stebbins, who long had been associated with Moody, appealed to me. I wanted to learn music if only to play that song. I never thought that the day would come when I should be privileged to know personally Mr. Stebbins, the famous song-writer and composer whom I visited in his home in Brooklyn, and later on in his declining years in Catskill, New York.

Mr. Stebbins' eldest son, George Waring, was an organist in the old Plymouth Church where Henry Ward Beecher had preached, and he helped us to dedicate our organ at Zarephath with a memorable concert.

When we moved to 2348 Champa Street, Miss Sadie Bryant, who had had a room in our house for several years, gave my father \$10 to start paying for music lessons for me. Miss Bryant suffered from lameness and walked with a crutch.



George C. Stebbins at the age of 92. Photo by Arthur K. White at Mr. Stebbins' home, Catskill, N. Y.

but she put up with our noise around the place with good grace, and we thought much of her.

A bit of Miss Bryant's instruction, on one occasion, has stayed with me down the years. She gave me a nice pear, and in boy fashion I sort of "wolfed" it down in a hurry; whereupon she remarked:

"Arthur, you ate that pear too fast to enjoy it."

Through the years I have thought of how guilty generally many people are of using or consuming the blessings of life so hastily as not to appreciate them. It belongs to the recklessness and speed of our modern living. They lose taste for the simple flavors of good foods that must be seasoned to the highest degree, or washed down with alcoholic liquors, to afford the least bit of satisfaction. That suggestion has, in many ways, helped "Mr. Perpetual Motion" to take time to live.

In the old main building of Denver University, located at 14th and Arapahoe streets, a conservatory of music was established. My teacher was Mr. Leroy B. Elser. With my thoughts mostly on baseball, and enough attention on music barely to get by, Mr. Elser struggled along with me for a season or two.

Finally he went to Rocky Ford to teach, where he became acquainted with the Freeland family associated with our work. Several of the children

came to our school and became missionaries. One of them asked Mr. Elser about me one day, and subsequently reported that he said I had talent if I would practice. If I had been delinquent, the compliment did encourage further study.

I think I had an opportunity to express some appreciation to Mr. Elser thirty years later when, as director of a choir in the North Presbyterian Church, Denver, he came with his group to broadcast over our station, KPOF.

In those early days, as time went on, Mother seemed to feel that some special kind of inspiration had come to me from the Lord to play hymns. In 1902 she took me to Illinois, where we attended a camp meeting at a place called Buffalo Rock. Services were held in a large frame summer auditorium. It was only a reed organ that was used, but a church organist from Chicago played it. I stood around the organ a good part of the time, watching him. He was quite friendly. One day he was absent and I had a chance to play. I think I substituted a good deal for him thereafter.

One of the tests of my young life came to me at this meeting—an invitation to visit Chicago, with the promise of sightseeing and a ride on Lake Michigan. There was an interesting group of young people: the Farson boys—Bernard, Warren, Duke; Reverend Shephard's daughter, Muriel, and Hazel Seeley. Incidentally, I was quite fond of Mr. Shephard who had held services in Denver for

my mother—one of the finest men I ever knew. He gave lectures to men that proved helpful to me in resisting temptations that belong to youth, and one of them is well worth passing on.

Many people are troubled in their dreams in one way or another, and temptations seem to persist even when one is asleep. Brother Shephard remarked that if in the daytime one got the habit of deliberately turning one's head away from pictures and things one should not see, this resistance would prevail even in one's sleep. Surely this is good psychology, and should be helpful to young and old. A controlled conscious life will mean a peaceful and automatically controlled subconscious.

Later on I was to attend East Denver High School, study physical geography and go on field excursions, when the professor would explain to us how to tell our directions with a watch—viz., point the hour hand on the sun and half-way between this and the twelve o'clock sign would be south.

A year or two after the Buffalo Rock meeting, walking down a street in Chicago with Mr. Shephard, he asked me if I knew how to tell directions with a watch, and when I gave the correct answer, he seemed pleased, but asked: "But what if the sun is behind the clouds?" I thought, of course, that the rule would not work, but he said, "Stand a toothpick on your fingernail, and it will

cast a shadow so you can tell where the sun is." I think it well for young people to learn how to do this.

But coming back to that camp meeting; thrilled as I was with the prospects of a trip to Chicago, Mother kindly explained that it would not be convenient for her if I made the trip at that time. I think I could have found many good reasons to argue with her—coming so near to the great metropolis and not taking advantage of the hospitality offered me. Though it was a disappointment, somehow or other I had the good grace cheerfully to submit and return to Denver. It was not to be long before I was to have the opportunity, not only of visiting Chicago with a ride on the Lake, but to cross the ocean to England.

Many people who travel, often spoil their excursions and vacations in trying to see too much. Few people traveled as far and saw as much as my mother, but she never let this propensity get the upper hand. She seemed to be content to see a little and then use it to a full advantage. I have seen people wearily dragging themselves around to one historic place of interest after another, until surely the whole thing became a jumble in their minds. Their greatest fear seemed to be that when they arrived home, someone would ask if they had missed this or that place, and cause them embarrassment. But sight-seeing under such pressure can only be a great mistake. Over and

over I have been glad, as I looked back, that I made my mother no trouble in acceding to her wishes on that occasion.

What little I did learn in music opened up many doors of opportunity to me. Much of my practicing was done without instruction, in a time when no help was available, but I worked away at scales, and was ready eventually for privileges to study, under excellent teachers, both piano and pipe organ.

On one occasion I went to Walter Damrosch, in his splendid Academy of Music, near Columbia University, on Riverside Drive, and asked for advice; he sent me to the Metropolitan College of Music, where I studied for two years.

This musical training was helpful in harmonizing many of Mother's tunes, composing some hymns of my own, and carrying the burden with Mother of the publishing of four hymnbooks.

I believe that music, in the lives of young people, can contribute greatly to the development of character.

I wonder what some people will think who have supposed that Thomas A. Edison belonged wholly to the category of unbelievers, when they read this statement of a friend of mine, personally acquainted with the great inventor: "He worked at times all night, and when he and his men were tired at two a.m., or even three or four

a.m., he would play his organ, and always church hymns."

But the devil himself knows the worth of good music, and diverts it in the direction of jazz and swing, when it contributes to what is degrading rather than elevating. Nearly any mood can be expressed in music.

One of the Freeland girls was interested in a musical composition, "The Dance of the Demons." Certainly it did not have the suggestiveness and tremendous down-pull of many modern compositions that are hardly worthy to be called music. There were progressions in it that comprised very good finger exercises. Listening one day, my mother called to know what piece it was that young lady was playing. I am convinced she had never heard the name, but she did not like the tune, remarking it "sounded like the very devil." We were amused that she expressed what was implied in the title of that composition.

Yes, indeed, music can be cultural, uplifting, divine; but inspired from below, it may be soul-destroying. Teach the young people to play good music, if there is any talent at all, for it will help make their lives fuller and richer than nearly anything else I know, if, like everything else, it is kept under control. But do not take it up as a worldly profession, or Paeser Cetrillo will get you like a big bad wolf.

XV

"RAYTEE!"

MY BROTHER and I anticipated that incidents of our early life would some day be written up by one or both of us. I am sure that were he writing, those who knew him would expect to read quite a little about how I pestered him, and on one occasion set him on fire. If I did, the burning was extinguished before any damage was done. I know I would have enjoyed reading about such things, more clear in his mind than mine, just as others and I were so often amused, when he was in the humor, hearing him relate them before our school audiences.

Not having very good health, he was spared a great deal, and perhaps even petted so that he tended to be a little sensitive; yet I thought the world of him and do recall distinctly, at the Lincoln Park home, trying to instruct him about how to act when Tony and I plagued him.

"Now Ray, you must just laugh when we say these little things, and then we won't enjoy doing it."

But he couldn't see the necessity of our plaguing under any circumstances, and I can hear him yet, even when I was trying to help:

"Eyethur" (his baby way of pronouncing my name), "you stop!"

Still we were inseparable then and down through the years. I can remember that at the Champa Street place, if we got a nickel between us we would journey all the way to Savage's candy store to spend it. Our house being near 24th, we had to go down to 23rd, south to Stout, beyond Stout to California, thence to Welton and about a half-block further to this wonder-store. A nickel would buy a large sack of taffy candy, pink, white and chocolate assortments, or (which might be difficult to understand in these days of inflation) one whole heaping quart of peanuts!—no, not shelled, but who could ask for more for five cents? I can see ourselves on a summer's day, down on the sidewalk with a bag of peanuts poured out for division, and we were pretty exact:

"One for you; one for me; one for you and one for me."

Through life my brother and I shared our candy, peanuts, joys and sorrows. I may have led in most of the mechanical work, but Ray had a lively interest in it all. We were destined to take pretty much the same courses of study in school, and later on at universities. We knew the same professors and many an hour we spent discussing them, their traits and methods.

We had a great deal in common. I had gone a little further in piano music, while he, having



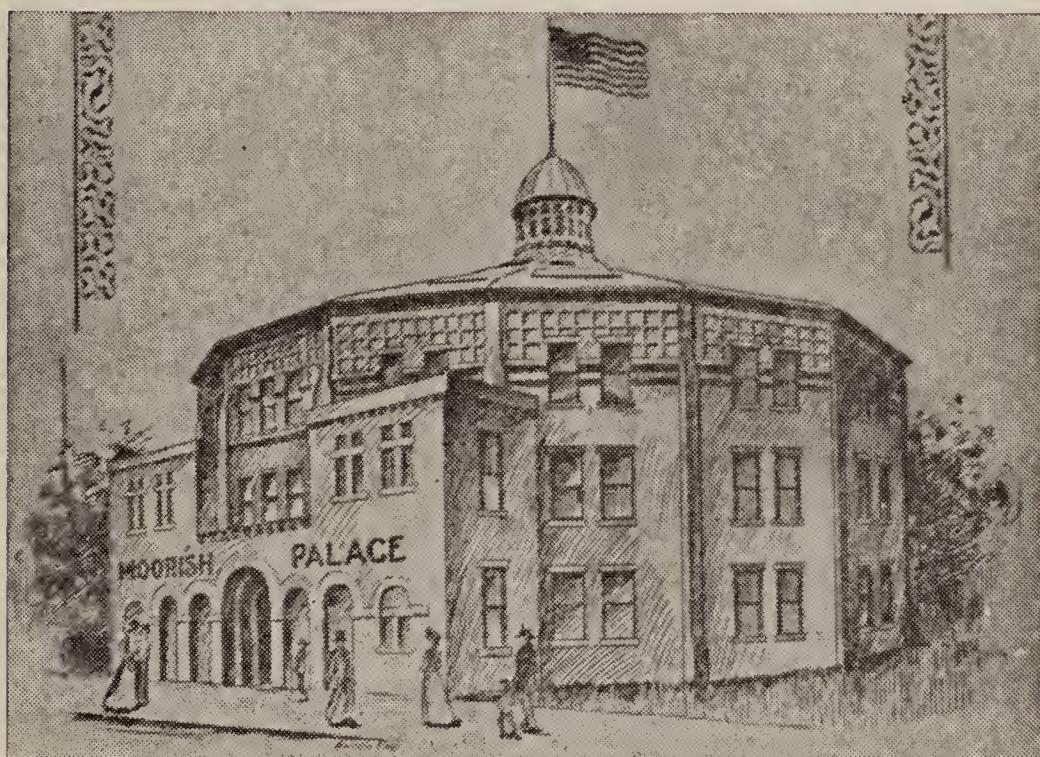
Sculptor Orlando at work on clay model of Ray B. White,
second son of Alma White, founder of the Pillar of Fire

studied under the noted John Dennis Mahon, was the singer. Nothing gave me a greater thrill than to accompany him as he sang, and two of the songs I particularly enjoyed playing for him, as so many of our Pillar of Fire friends know, were "'Neath the Old Olive Tree" and "Poor Lil' Brack Sheep."

I know how he felt when he said he had lived a thousand years—with so many experiences, responsibilities, suffering, and the burden of preaching crowded into his career. But oh, how we wanted him to remain! Only his struggles for thirty days in an oxygen tent, and severe illness for about a year, reconciled us in any measure to parting with him; but we have the blessed assurance that Mother's life and his will live on to edify and hearten souls, and establish others in the faith they so valiantly kept.

My brother and I together, in boyhood, accompanied by some of our missionaries, often grew a little weary of the long walks from the mission or meeting place downtown, to the Champa Street home. At first it was from a hall between 15th and 16th on Larimer Street, and eventually, before purchasing lots at 1845-47 Champa Street, the walk was from the old Gettysburg Building on the site now occupied by the Denver Chamber of Commerce between 17th and 18th on Champa. Still those walks to and from the mission were made interesting with our conversations and speculations as to the future.

And speaking of speculations, we looked forward to the day when our mission building would be completed—the auditorium on the first floor, and bedrooms upstairs. Then we would not have to make the long, weary walk home, but as soon as the evening service was over we could slip up



We held forth in the Gettysburg Building

the back stairs and tumble into bed; and how nice it would be! This literally came to pass.

But, as you know, Mother was never content to settle down at Memorial Hall for all time, for her work was to spread from shore to shore, and we were destined to go along with it.

Ray would amuse us beyond measure with his

mimicry, in which certainly he excelled through life. Mother, having been a student of elocution, developed her powers under the tutelage of Mrs. Scott-Saxton, in her studios in the old Tabor Opera House building. She had often told us of the remarkable ability Grandfather Bridwell possessed in this direction; so Ray came by it honestly.

He could bark so realistically like a dog on those walks home that time and again the canines would answer his challenge. I think I envied him, yet I did recall how at Lincoln Park, if he could fool the dogs, I had very successfully fooled him.

When Mother wanted him she would call: "Raytee!" It is no news to those who knew Mother to say that she had a well-developed, powerful voice for singing and speaking.

One day she came out on the back porch when my brother was off in the front yard, and I knew she was going to call for him. I said:

"Mamma, let me do it."

If I had tried this on other occasions, my brother developed his hearing sense to a point where he was not to be fooled, for he would suspect that I would want him to run an errand, but this time I did my best and I think imitated my mother to perfection. Here he came running.

"Mamma, ask him who called him," I said softly.

"Who called you, Ray?"

"Why, you did!"

My happiness was complete.

But he sharpened his hearing sensibilities more thereafter, and I doubt that I continued with the same success.

Speaking of the old Gettysburg Building, this circular structure contained for many years tableau exhibits of scenes of the Battle of Gettysburg. Faintly in my mind remain presentations of wax-figure generals—murals depicting battle scenes.

Those who study Shakespeare know his method of paralleling high and low comedy. Sometimes you get interested in the comedy more than in the main plot, and while I cannot recall the scenes, I distinctly remember in a hallway figures of two Colonial women quarreling, joined together with a yoke as a punishment. You can imagine two termagant women in a verbal fight, tied together, but far enough apart so they could not reach each other for scratching or hair-pulling.

Later in this Gettysburg building were a number of lodge halls, which could be rented for meetings of one kind and another, and for some time before our building was erected at Champa Street, we held forth in one of these rooms.

About the time of my brother's twelfth birthday, he seemed to understand that he had reached a critical period in his life, for we had been taught that twelve was the age of accountability. Something remarkable came over him—great inspira-

tion to preach. In those days we had heard and known of various boy preachers.

One Sunday morning when we went to the Gettysburg building for a meeting, my brother was burning with enthusiasm and wanted to speak. I am doubtful that my mother and father were present on that occasion, but Brother started in, and for the better part of an hour poured out his soul. I can see him yet, pacing round and round the pulpit. Well, you know we were both used to going round and round the house; so maybe this was natural for him. I can say for Ray that from then on he never ceased to live up to that first sermon. He never faltered in his determination to preach the Gospel. The anointing came upon him, and he was true to his calling till death. Faithfulness enabled him in the course of time to see several books of his sermons published.

Since his death there have come the many many letters from radio listeners and others who tell how much they will miss his preaching. We are happy to have preserved many of his sermons on records, and we know that his ministry means a great spiritual wealth in the church. It will all provide a source of material for research and study for the ministerial students who will attend the Bible Seminaries my brother helped Mother to establish. May God grant that these students, as faithful witnesses, will help to carry on his labors.

XVI

BROTHER WILSON TALKS TO HIS BOSS

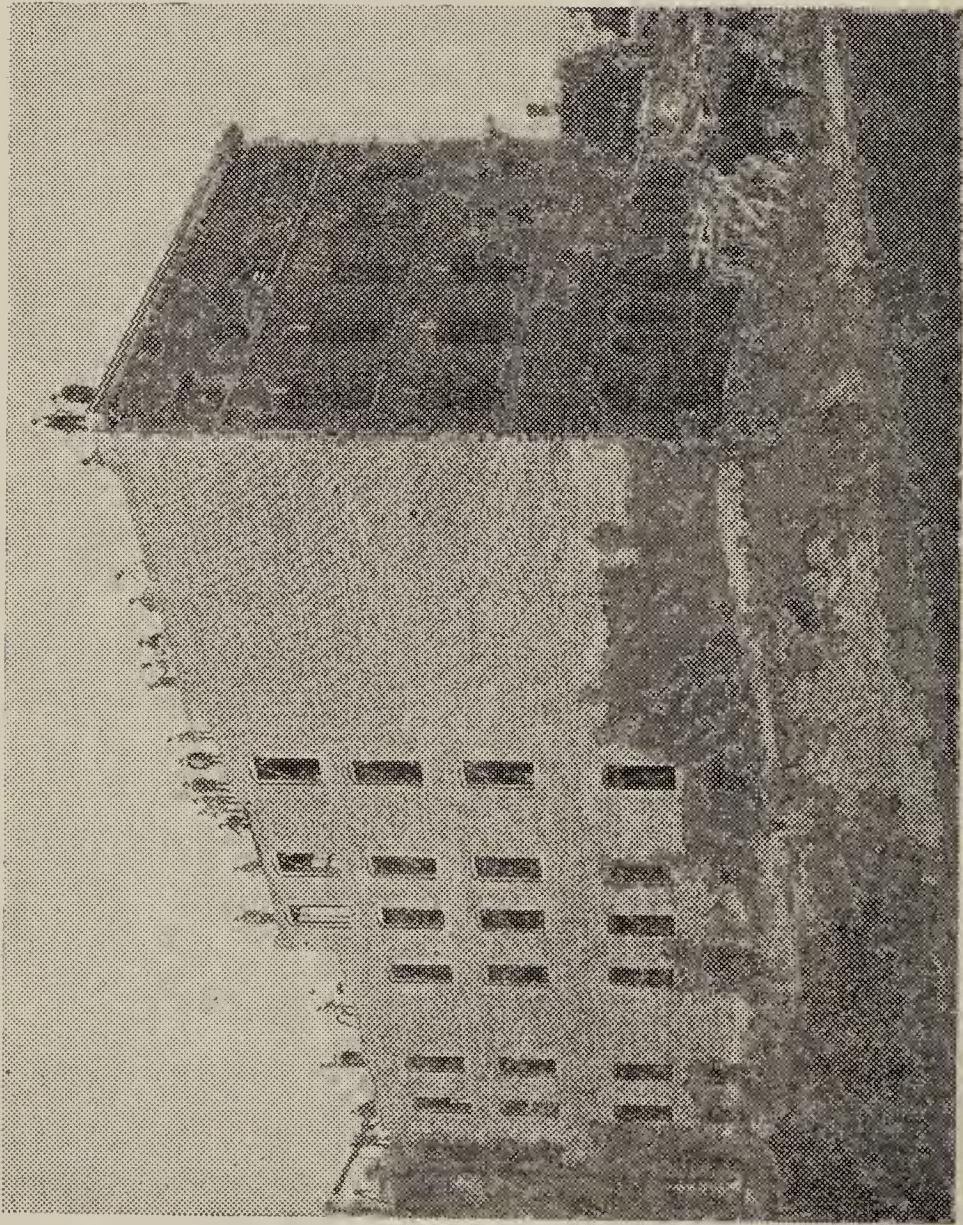
DURING the winter of 1903-04, while I was attending East Denver High School, our Bible School Building now known as Memorial Hall, at 1845-47 Champa Street, was in the process of completion. I was about fourteen years of age, and everything concerning this building interested me.

Father and Mother had engaged contractors to do the brick work. At first it was expected that only a single story, an auditorium with a basement, could be constructed, but as time went on, interest in the project grew and plans developed until a four-story structure loomed up on the site.

It would take volumes to tell of the struggles and battles of faith involved in this work. It was much like the task that fell upon Nehemiah and Ezra in rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem.

Our own staff of workers undertook most of the carpenter work, including the lathing. I do not know how much time I spent watching every movement of the bricklayers and other mechanics at their work.

There came to our Bible School about this



"Interest in the project grew and plans developed until
a four-story structure loomed up on the site"

time a family including two young men who were expert lathers. The father was a carpenter. In those days we knew nothing of metal lath; wooden ones had to be applied. It was amazing how fast practiced hands could nail those wooden lath on a partition. The lath came in bundles. The lather would take about ten and tack them to two center studdings, leaving the ends loose. Then he would move to the next position and put on ten more. In the next course above, the lath were moved over another studding to make a break, so as to prevent cracks from expansion in the plastered wall.

The particularly interesting feature of the lather's skill was nailing the ends. He would have his mouth full of nails, and they would fly into that wall in a stream. One tap started the nail and another finished it. There was one particular hammer-hatchet, well-shaped, properly balanced, correct in every detail, that professionals used—an Underhill. You should have seen him chop off the ends of the lath that stuck out beyond the partition, or into a doorway. The strokes with that sharp blade were so unerring that the ends almost fell off. Of course, I had to have an Underhill, and I practiced at that lathing until I thought I was very good at it. I believe on one occasion some of our women missionaries got interested and helped to do some lathing. The expert lather could draw high pay, but like everything else, the profession had a drawback. Lathers often suffered

from sore lips, and I believe stomach disorders, because of having to use their mouths as nail pouches.

I became interested, too, in electric wiring. In those days it was knob-and-tub work—wires drawn through little porcelain pipes stuck in the joists and fastened with split porcelain knobs. The connections had to be soldered and properly taped. One of our Bible School inmates, an experienced wireman, took the responsibility of this work and he did it well. We moved into the building before the rooms were finished and the electric fixtures put in.

One evening I asked the electrician, Brother Joe White, if he would not put a light-cord rosette in the room where my brother and I were sleeping. He was jolly and willing to do so, but for some reason or other he delayed his coming. "Perpetual Motion" got restless and impatient, hunted a ladder, and put up the rosette himself. When Joe White finally came down to do the work, P. M. expected a scolding for meddling. Instead, he was commended and encouraged in a way for which he ever has been grateful.

That old porcelain rosette stayed there for many years, and when it was taken down somebody gave it to me, and I have it in my desk in New Jersey, as a sort of relic. In time I was to do no little electric wiring well enough to pass underwriter's inspection.

Since 1928, we have been operating a radio station in Colorado, and one in New Jersey since 1931. Our transmitters and other equipment have been built, in the main, by our staff of technicians, Nathaniel Wilson taking the initiative. One time Nathaniel said to me:

"Do you know how I became interested in radio?"

"How, Nathaniel?"

"When you and your mother had me go to England to wire the London property."

Mr. Joe White's encouragement of my interest in wiring may have borne fruit down through the years, in the establishment of light plants and the development of our radio broadcasting enterprises.

I became interested also in the installation of the heating plant in the Denver building, and helped to cut, ream, and thread the pipes. Eventually I was to install several heating plants in our institutions.

So the old building meant a schooling for me, preparing me for a great deal of engineering work that became necessary under Mother's leadership, in helping to develop a widespread organization. Mother always believed that the Lord had use for people's talents, whatever they might be, and many of our preachers have had to take their turn at manual labor in the erection of our Bible School dormitories and churches.

When the Champa Street building was being erected, one of our brethren, Reverend Oliver Wilson, Nathaniel's father, was in his work clothes helping with the operations. Our auditorium was not yet completed, but one day Brother Wilson, under some kind of burden, knelt down and poured out his soul in audible prayer. A passer-by looking in on the scene, saw and heard him.

"Where is that man's boss? I say, where is that man's boss?"

A Christian colored brother had been helping us with this work, and knowing that the situation was hardly understandable to the visitor, said:

"He is talking to his boss right now."

Perhaps the visitor wondered that he dared do it on his employer's time.

Some months ago a prominent Presbyterian minister who broadcast over KPOF from Alma Temple remarked that it was amazing what had been accomplished in one person's lifetime, meaning my mother's. If under her leadership colleges, schools, church branches, and radio stations were established it was because of her faith and versatility.

Mother could do so many, many things well. Once she took a shovel and started an excavation for a foundation, as she said, by faith. She would tell you, quoting a statement from some minister or professor at a University years ago—"A person should know everything of something and some-

thing of everything." Her "everything of something" was the Bible, which indeed she studied thoroughly and felt she knew so well she would make no apologies for being able to interpret it. But Mother also knew "something of everything," and if she succeeded it was because she had a knack for getting the best out of people. She knew how to use carpenters, tailors, bookbinders, printers, gardeners. There seemed to be no willing, consecrated worker she could not use; and perhaps after all, the secret was that she everlastingly preached, along with work, the importance of prayer.

Brother Wilson was not the only laborer in the Lord's vineyard, as Mother oversaw it, that could stop in the midst of operations and "talk to his boss."

In the United States today, problems of labor could be solved better through prayer than can possibly result from arbitration in the never-ending battle concerning hours and wages.

But Mother's staff of workers has never had the problem of a stricken conscience in having to build dance halls, road houses, gambling places or taverns.

Let labor be devoted to the glory of God, in building home, church, and country!

XVII

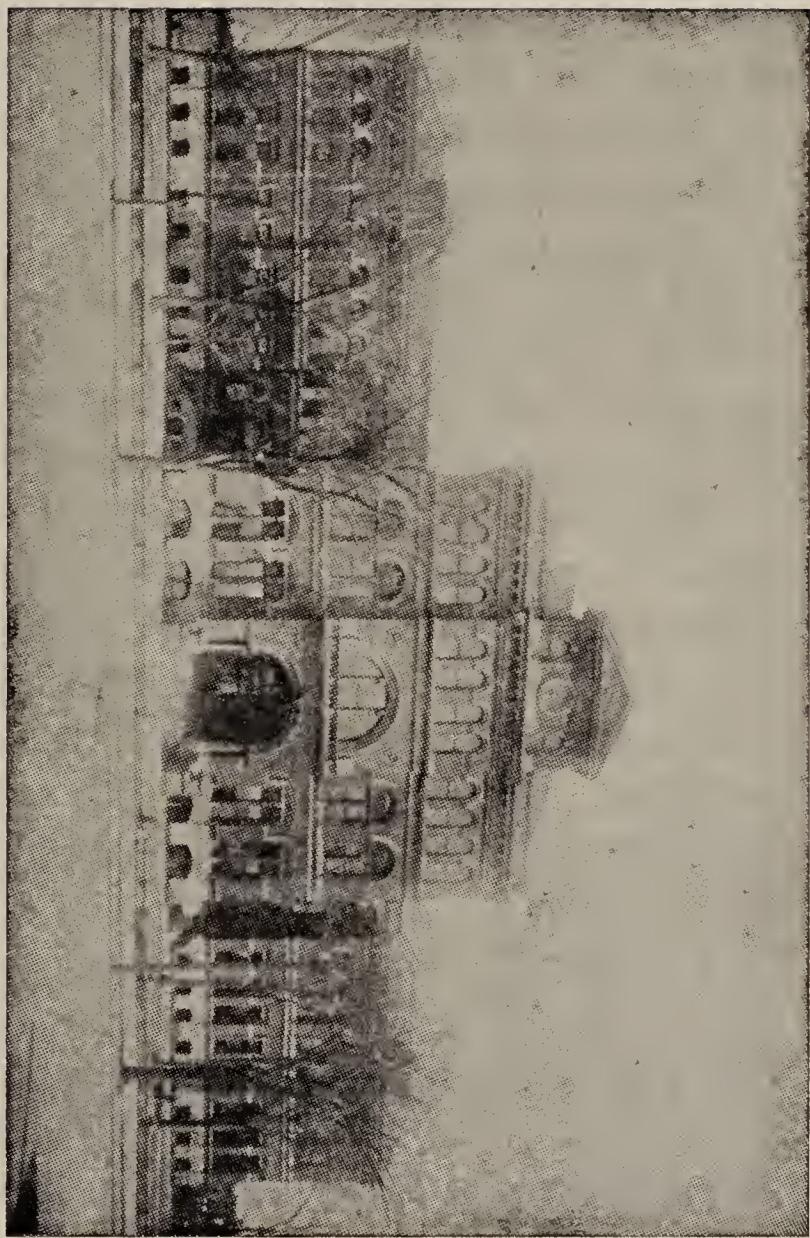
RAH! RAH! RAH! CANNON! BOOM!

BEFORE attending East Denver High School for one year, I was graduated from Gilpin School, which Ray and I had attended the better part of five years. I think Mother felt she had to do a great deal of praying for us, for, as I have said, playground and street life was pretty rough in those days.

At one time my mother endeavored to establish a private school in attic rooms of the Champa missionary home. Two of the workers, Gerald Cookson and Lois Foster, undertook to do most of the teaching.

We were very lively and had difficulty in adjusting ourselves to the regime. We must have a little fun, and my brother claimed that somehow or other he was persuaded to put a pin in Brother Cookson's chair. This particular pin served its purpose well enough, but Brother Cookson did not take it in very good grace, and the episode ended with his, and a tall Brother Withem's attempt to do a bit of old-time thrashing. There were two boys, Ephraim and James Eldridge, in the classes, and we did not mind a bit of strapping; but all of us were up in arms when we

The old East Denver High School



thought these worthy administrators of class-room discipline were going to use the strap on Ray.

So the private school venture did not pan out very well, and we went back to Gilpin.

In our Pillar of Fire society we have had great progress and success in training young people, from primary grades on through college, but we were to learn a good deal, not only about teaching but about the training of teachers as well. However, the pin episode was one my brother used to relate publicly, with considerable color, to the amusement of many. He told it over the radio in New Jersey once, and subsequently visited a jewelry shop in a near-by town where a man in broken English told of hearing a story broadcast about a private school. To his great delight Ray heard him tell about "dot pin," though never for a moment suspecting that he was telling it to the author of the story himself.

My brother for some time seemed to have a good deal of trouble at school, unable to get along very well with his teachers. They had hinted at a possible difficulty, but physical examinations of children in those days were not so well systematized.

One day when my brother was walking down the street, my father asked if he could read a sign in the distance, clear enough to Father. But Ray could not make it out. To my father's astonishment

it dawned on him that there was something wrong with Ray's vision. His eyesight was found defective. He was duly examined and eye glasses fitted, and Ray declared that he had entered a new world.

One of the fortunate things in my grammar school career at Gilpin was to have a splendid teacher for four of the five years—Miss Matie Butler. She moved along with the grades. Whether her grade was a half year behind when I first went to Gilpin, I cannot remember, but I recall a recitation when I was the only one in the class that had solved a rather difficult problem in compound interest. Slipping to my desk, she said: "Arthur, if you keep up this kind of work, I'll skip you half a year." It seemed that most of the class was able to qualify for the advancement and she skipped along with us.

Recently an older worker, who had been with Mother in the missions and evangelistic enterprises years ago, told me that it was a little easier to get around Ray and make friends with him, but that I was shy. I do not consider that I was teacher's pet, but I admired Miss Butler from a distance. I think she would suspect me of mischief at times when I was not guilty, but it never shook my faith in her.

I remember jiggling my inkwell with a ruler against my knee, as if magic were moving it, for the entertainment of boys and girls in my neighborhood. My skill failed me, however, and the

inkwell jumped out on the floor. I grabbed my handkerchief to wipe up the spill but Miss Butler came in on the scene and reproved me for spoiling my handkerchief. However, I was required to remain several evenings after school to try to sand-paper that spot off the floor.

What I particularly remember about Miss Butler is that time and again she would dispense with a recitation and talk to us about life and manners. It may be interesting to our readers to know that in 1946 I had the grand pleasure of meeting her and her husband, Mr. Bert Phelps, in Los Angeles. I experienced a thrill in telling him, as she and Mrs. White sat listening, how of all the teachers and professors under whom I have been privileged to study, I held her in highest esteem. The reason was that I believed she had a heart interest in our progress and I could never feel that she was teaching merely for the money that was in it.

Gracefully she accepted a little gift and my tribute. How I value her letters, particularly one of sympathy for the loss of my brother. She gives a splendid testimony of both her own and her husband's faith in prayer—and may God answer her petitions!

After spending a year in East Denver High School, Mother very determinedly expressed her convictions that I should not go back to resume studies there. I am frank to tell you that my moth-

er and father had a very severe argument over the matter.

It will be generally acknowledged by well-informed people that the social life of a modern high school can be infected with an epidemic of misdemeanor, like a plague. Being only a freshman, coming home immediately after school hours, interested as I was in our Denver building and so many other things, I was not aware of what was going on. My parents learned that there had been seventy cases of young women in serious trouble. Father, a university man himself, was naturally interested in my progress educationally, and thought perhaps I might be guarded, but he yielded to Mother's feelings in the matter. I did not attend any regular school for five years.

However, while at East High I enjoyed studying history under Professor Potter, one of Uncle Charlie's university schoolmates, and I had mathematics, English, physical geography, Latin, and drawing. It was with the Latin I had the greatest struggle. We were arranged in the room in alphabetical order. "W" put me in the rear next to a young Hebrew, Wortham, who made little progress in Latin, and with his annoyance, apparently cared little whether I did or not. I got a bad mark the last month, and Professor Newman told me I should study some during the summer. But this all belongs to another story.

One of the things about the old East Denver

High School that I remember with pleasure was the weekly assembly singing hour. In our grammar school days a prominent figure in the world of vocal music instruction was Mr. Wilberforce J. Whiteman, the father of the popular, swing band "king," Paul Whiteman. His genius made Denver famous for the ability of its young people to sing. He would personally visit our school-rooms, and all teachers were required to be able to teach the do-re-mi methods of part singing. There were pianos in many of the rooms, or two rooms could go together where there was one. If there was no piano, the tuning fork provided the pitch, and the singing excelled just the same.

By the time Denver boys and girls reached high school they were pretty thoroughly trained in sight-reading. With seven or eight hundred called together in a high school auditorium, it took little leading to produce the grandest choral singing you could ever expect to hear. What would I not give to hear that group sing "Jerusalem," and another of which I was especially fond, Samuel Cowan's song story of the sailor lad, "Anchored."

I think to a great extent such group singing has declined, for in these days the musical energies of the young people have been turning toward bands and orchestras, with too many of them prostituting their talents in playing jazz and swing that can hardly be called music.

Surely old Mr. Wilberforce Whiteman could not have been too well pleased when his son popularized jazz. I may be old-fashioned, but old Whiteman days were the days of real singing.

There was one thing I enjoyed immensely and that was Professor Cannon's class in physical geography. I think we could really call it geology because of the skillful way in which he presented the subject. Professor Cannon was a portly, grand looking man, and I believe quite popular in the school. The upper classmen would gather in the great hallway and practice yelling for sport events. The things they could proclaim about rival Manual Training High School were not very complimentary. When they yelled for our physical geography professor, it was "Cannon! Boom!" and who wouldn't want to boom for Professor Cannon! He took us on field excursions to the foothills.

You have read how he taught us to orient ourselves in getting directions with a watch, and of course the sunny days were picked for the excursions. He told us all about the limestone formations on the east side of the Morrison Hogback, where in the early days there had been lime kilns; about how much of the plains had at some time or other been covered by water to which fossil sea shells bore witness. On one occasion some of the boys under a bridge actually unearthed a tusk of a mastodon.

There was one lesson Professor Cannon

taught that I have never forgotten, and that was how to climb stairs. It would seem an imposition for such a large, weighty gentleman to have a classroom on the fourth floor, but he seemed ever hale and hearty and apparently did not mind it. And oh, how he would scold the young girls especially, who in bent-over fashion, complainingly sighed and gasped their way aloft to his laboratory. He would take the time to tell them how they should straighten their shoulders and with proper respiration help themselves up those stairs.

The significance of it all is that progress upward in anything means that we must learn how to climb. Certainly it is true in spiritual matters. You cannot attain any heights of glory without the proper technique. Prayer is our spiritual breath. There is the sacrifice of effort, and you cannot carry too much and ascend comfortably.

There is a personage known as Betty Henderson who climbs stairs for health. She is only seventy but is said to have the vitality of seventeen. Betty is called the "world's stair-climbing champion." She has climbed Washington Monument and notable stairs abroad. Ethelda Bedford, writing about her, says: "It won't do you a bit of good to plod upward resentfully, with your legs sagging and your shoulders hunched so your lungs are doubled over." And that is exactly what Professor Cannon taught.

Says Betty: "Bend forward slightly and re-

lax your shoulders. Breathe through your mouth and nose and press your diaphragm firmly with both hands in order to assist the heart action. Take one step at a time. Place your feet together, rest, then take another step."

If spiritual heights are difficult of attainment, may God help us not to be resentful but with faith and an upward look, press steadfastly on.

XVIII

"ENDURING HARDNESS" POSTPONED

IN OCTOBER of 1904, when my brother and I were wondering what we could do to improve our minds, an opportunity came for a trip to a Chicago convention with Father and Mother. Mother had been experiencing a compelling urge to go abroad, and talked of starting around the world by faith.

About this time two of our own missionaries, Sisters Sadie Wilder and Annie Kennedy, felt a call to India, and were to travel as far as London with workers of another church group also destined for the foreign field. I believe Mother wanted to go to India, if possible, and see them established.

Recently I came across a story about a traveler in the pioneer days who came to the Mississippi River and found that it was covered with ice. It was necessary that he get across to the other side, but fearful that the ice would not hold him, he got down on all fours to distribute his weight over as much space as possible, trembling with every sound. Having gone painfully about half-way, he heard a voice behind him. In the dusk was a colored man driving a four-horse load of

coal across on the ice, singing as he went.

This may illustrate very well the difference in the faith of Christian believers. "Some are timid and tremble, where others, stronger in faith, go singing, upheld by the same Word."

A clergyman some time ago complained that he had never been able to do any traveling, as compared with so much my mother had done. He probably never would have started out, as she did, with little or nothing in her purse, expecting the Lord to provide. I do not know how to account for my mother's faith except to say that she had four-horse team confidence in the Lord.

When the tickets were purchased for the missionary party to go to New York, a first-class ticket both to New York and London was presented by the railroad company as a premium. This was turned over to my mother, and she went on her way.

You will have to read her story how, on the train, she ventured to play a hymn, using a little folding organ which one of the missionaries was taking to Africa. She says: "The passengers and trainmen listened with much interest. When the song was finished twenty dollars was handed to me in three different sums. I had only two dollars when I left Chicago, and this donation encouraged me."

In the meantime, Father, Ray, and I remained in Chicago, expecting to return to Colorado; but

after Mother's train left for New York, a letter came for her which Father opened, to find \$300 on her traveling expenses, coming, it read from someone who had attended her services in Cripple Creek, Denver, and other places, but with whom she had no remembrance of having been acquainted. In the same mail Father received a letter from Grandmother, in West Virginia, containing money for his expenses to London.

I shall never forget my father's excitement.
"Boys, I'm going to London!"

He began throwing things in his grip. Father normally was self-possessed, but when he did get excited, in his preoccupation he could not think accurately of what he wanted. A sock, for instance, might be a "concern."

"Boys, give me that concern!"

We helped him get his "concerns" into the suitcase. Out the door, down the stairs and along the street we hurried to the elevated railway. It did not take long to reach the station. Along came the train, and for the better part of the way downtown, Father talked to the guard, asking him if there was any possible way to hurry it along to the LaSalle Street Station. The man was sympathetic, but felt they could not run ahead of schedule. Father pleaded that he might miss his ship for England, but there was little he could do about it. I can see my father yet, having arrived at the station platform, step aboard a Twentieth

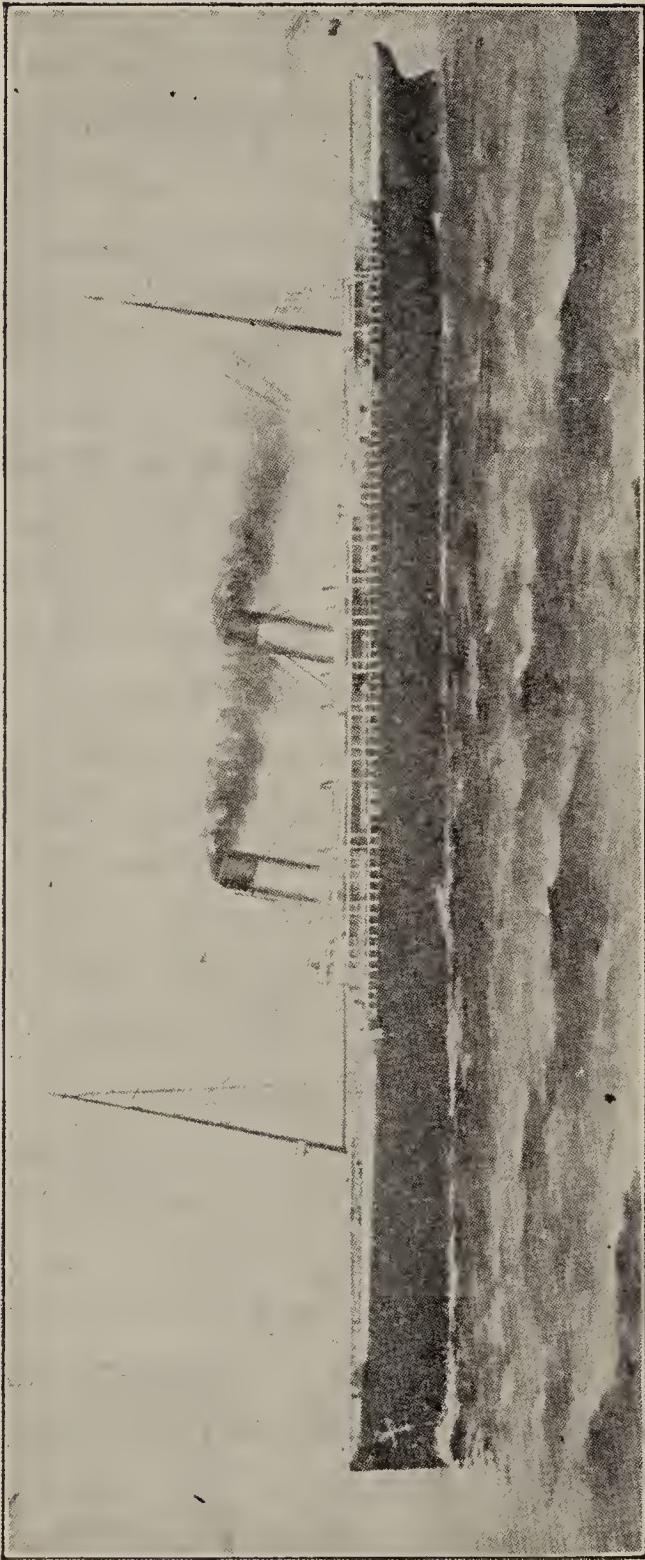
Century train only a few seconds before it pulled out for New York. Mother tells how, twenty minutes before the Baltic sailed, Father came running up the gangplank.

Revival meetings rather unexpectedly opened up in South London, with so many people in attendance that my mother called for help. I have still in my possession, pasted in an old blank book, a cablegram we received in Denver which reads: "Send Arthur Ray Hubbart Bray."

Hubbart and Bray were young preachers. Ray was wanted for his expert playing of the snare drum, and I was needed for the piano. If our schooling had been broken up, we were now to enter on a phase of education, the value of which was to take many years for us to appreciate.

I began at that time to keep a journal, and when I look it over, it is easy enough to refresh my mind on the details of many things that interested us. We were to have now not merely a boat ride on the Lake, but a voyage across the mighty Atlantic. I skip along over all the many details of how miraculously money was provided, and for the journey from Denver to New York.

Hubbart and Bray were enthusiastic workers, but I think zealous far beyond their knowledge and experience. Ray and I were to have a tremendous let-down in the romance of this business of going abroad. When these brethren went to purchase the steamship tickets, they discovered



The old Majestic—"We were to have a trip across the Atlantic"

that a considerable saving could be effected if they bought third-class, or steerage transportation.

Well, you know St. Paul traveled to Rome in chains. They thought that Mother and Father would commend them for being willing to endure a little discomfort—and I say “little” advisedly—to save money. My brother and I were long to remember their announcement of what they had decided in the matter, encouraging us with a remarkable lecture on the nobility of sacrifice and willingness to “endure hardness as good soldiers.”

We went duly aboard the old Majestic—and remember, it was the *old* Majestic. A sister “tub,” I forgot the name, had the reputation of crossing the ocean like a submarine, submerging at about Nantucket Lightship, and not coming up until you got to Eddystone Light, in the English Channel. The Majestic was not considered much better. It was not long until she began her characteristic didos in the waves. But I give you the story as I wrote it, when I was fifteen, for our *Pillar of Fire*:

“The Majestic is an old boat, and an unpleasant odor from the kitchen and dining room scented the whole steerage quarters. We had a four-birth cabin, and as it was rather small we were somewhat crowded. However, it was not bad, and everything went very well until dinner time the first day.

“The dining room would not hold all of the

steerage passengers at one sitting and we made a mistake in not getting there at the first call; so we had to wait until someone had finished before we could get a seat. The ship rocked the food out of the dishes, soiling the tablecloths, and by the time we sat down the tables had an uninviting appearance. However, we finally succeeded in satisfying our hunger and then left for the deck or our room. We spent the day on the deck and in the forenoon we lost sight of land, not to see any more again for seven days.

"Ray was a little sick at night but we had a very good sleep and arose the morning of the second day wondering what it would bring forth. Before breakfast Ray began to feel a little sea-sick again. The rest of us told him to brace up and 'hold in', but he did not succeed. In spite of Bro. Bray's efforts he was the next to fall in line and the two were sick on our hands. However, it was not so very severe and they went to breakfast. Bro. Hubbart and I did not care for breakfast, more because of the dining room than lack of appetite.

"The dining room was not so full that morning, as many of the passengers were too sick to eat. Ray and Bro. Bray ate a little breakfast and came back this time with a better report. Bro. Hubbart finally concluded to venture and get a little something on his stomach. He went to the dining room to get some cooked fruit, but before

the waiter could bring him any, the disagreeable odor overcame his senses and he came running back to the cabin in a hurry, forgetting all about fruit and everything else on the bill of fare. He was the third to fall in line. They waited for me to get sick, but my turn never came.

"Now, Arthur, don't you feel the least bit sick?" Ray would ask.

"To his disappointment the answer would always be, 'No,' throughout the whole trip. [I hope our readers will indulge the boast of a fifteen-year-old.]

"From one end of a passage-way we could see through a portion of a stained glass window into the second-class dining saloon. How nice it looked! If we could only eat our meals there by paying a little more, we would be all right! We could have gotten along in the third-class cabin, but that 'dining room' was too much. As their own medicine got too bitter, Bros. Hubbart and Bray finally decided to go and see if they could make arrangements to take our meals in the second saloon; but no such arrangements could be made. We either had to take the whole second-class accommodations or remain third-class and take what came.

"They decided then to change and go second-class, and came back to the room and told Ray and me to gather up our things and come upstairs. Bro. Hubbart could hardly wait to leave. He asked

the steward if he could not go up some other way instead of having to pass through ‘that horrid dining room.’ But this was impossible. He picked up his valise, leaving us to gather up his shoes and the rest of his clothing. Holding his breath, he flew upstairs, passed the dining room, and we followed a few minutes later. The next we saw of him he was lying on a couch in a second-class state room, looking quite unconcerned, as if nothing had happened.

“We saved five dollars apiece [big money in those days] by the experience, and we believe the Lord was in it to let us see what it was like. Well, Bro. Hubbart said he would not advise anyone to go steerage on the Majestic. But we will leave it to others, if they wish to try it on other boats. Bro. Hubbart said, ‘Let’s forget all about it.’ And so we will for the present.

“We had two rooms with a porthole in each of them. There was much more room in them. We went to the dinner table and relished a good meal—the first one we had enjoyed on the boat.”

And so “enduring” that sort of “hardness” was put off for another time.

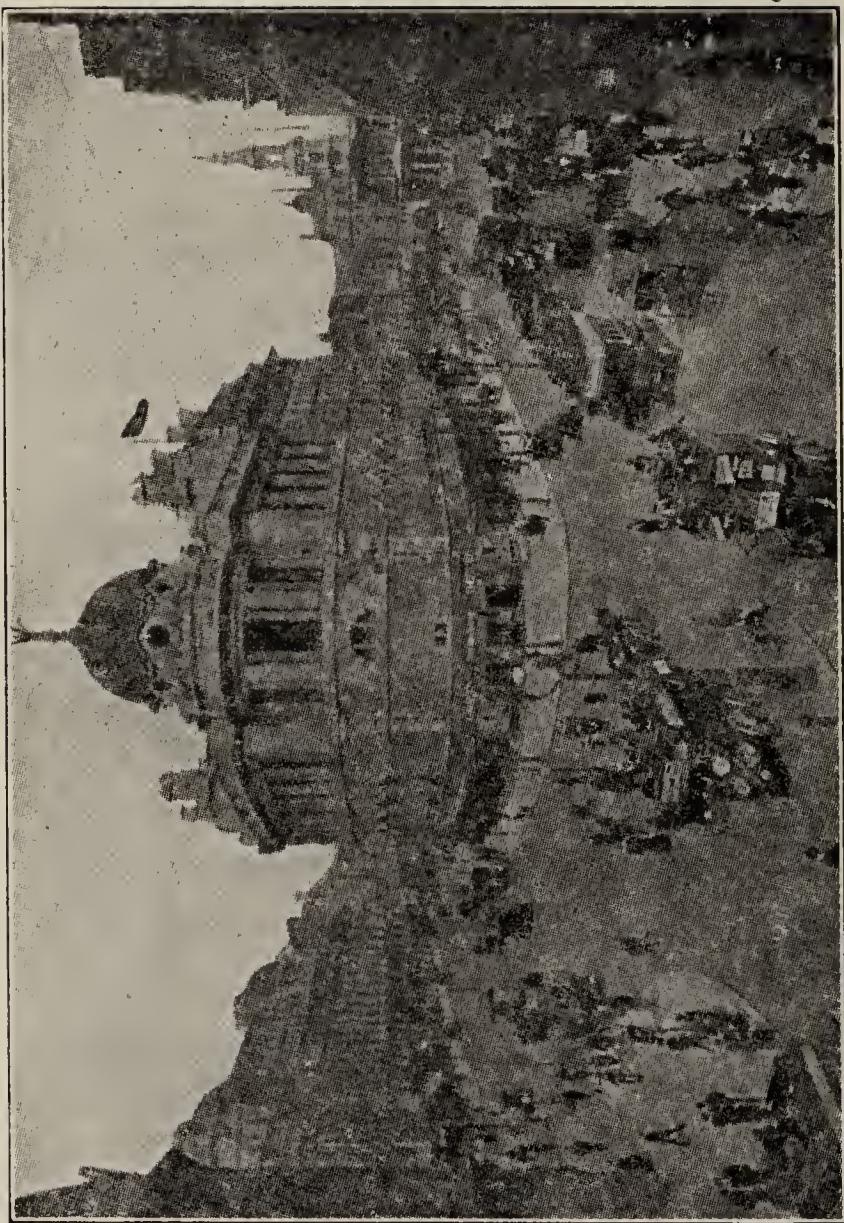
XIX

WHEN MOTHER DIDN'T FAINT

NEVER shall I forget our arrival in the foggy British Capital, about 2:30 in the morning, having come down from Liverpool on the train during the night. We found rooms near the station, as we were weary, and after several hours of rest, started out to find Father and Mother and our missionary party. We had a memorable bus ride through London thoroughfares and across the Thames to Camberwell.

Such interest was shown in the evangelistic services that Mother declared that had they known better how to deal with the British people, they might have filled the famous Albert Hall. My brother and I did what we could to justify our having made the long journey. What interesting things we were experiencing even in the privilege of studying Londoners gathered in a big meeting!

It takes fortitude to handle an English crowd, especially in halls that are not licensed solely for religious services. While the Britishers believe in fair play, they also believe in free speech. I believe it was the great Henry Ward Beecher who was heckled to silence in a public meeting when he



Aldwyck, The Strand.—“We had a memorable bus ride along London streets and across the Thames to Camberwell”

spoke for the abolitionist cause. He managed to win the crowd over by first interesting reporters on the side. Everything quieted down and he delivered his message.

British hecklers especially enjoy annoying political speakers. My scrapbook yields this tale about Lloyd George:

Once in a gathering a heckler called out:

"Oh, you're not so much: your father used to peddle vegetables with a donkey and cart."

"Yes," said Lloyd George, "that is true. My father was a poor man. The cart has long since disappeared, but I see the donkey is still with us."

Of all the speakers in our party, my mother, with her strong voice, familiar to so many, was able somehow or other to hold her audiences, and the meetings received so much publicity that she was said to be better known abroad in the colonies as far as India, than in Colorado. It was a case of a prophet not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin.

Many of our readers will be interested in learning that our society became well established in Britain, with London headquarters located in Hendon, near Golders Green. Here is our extensive Alma White Bible College property, including a publishing plant.

But to get back to South London. My mother hesitated in asking the Britishers for collections. They themselves encouraged her to pass the hat,

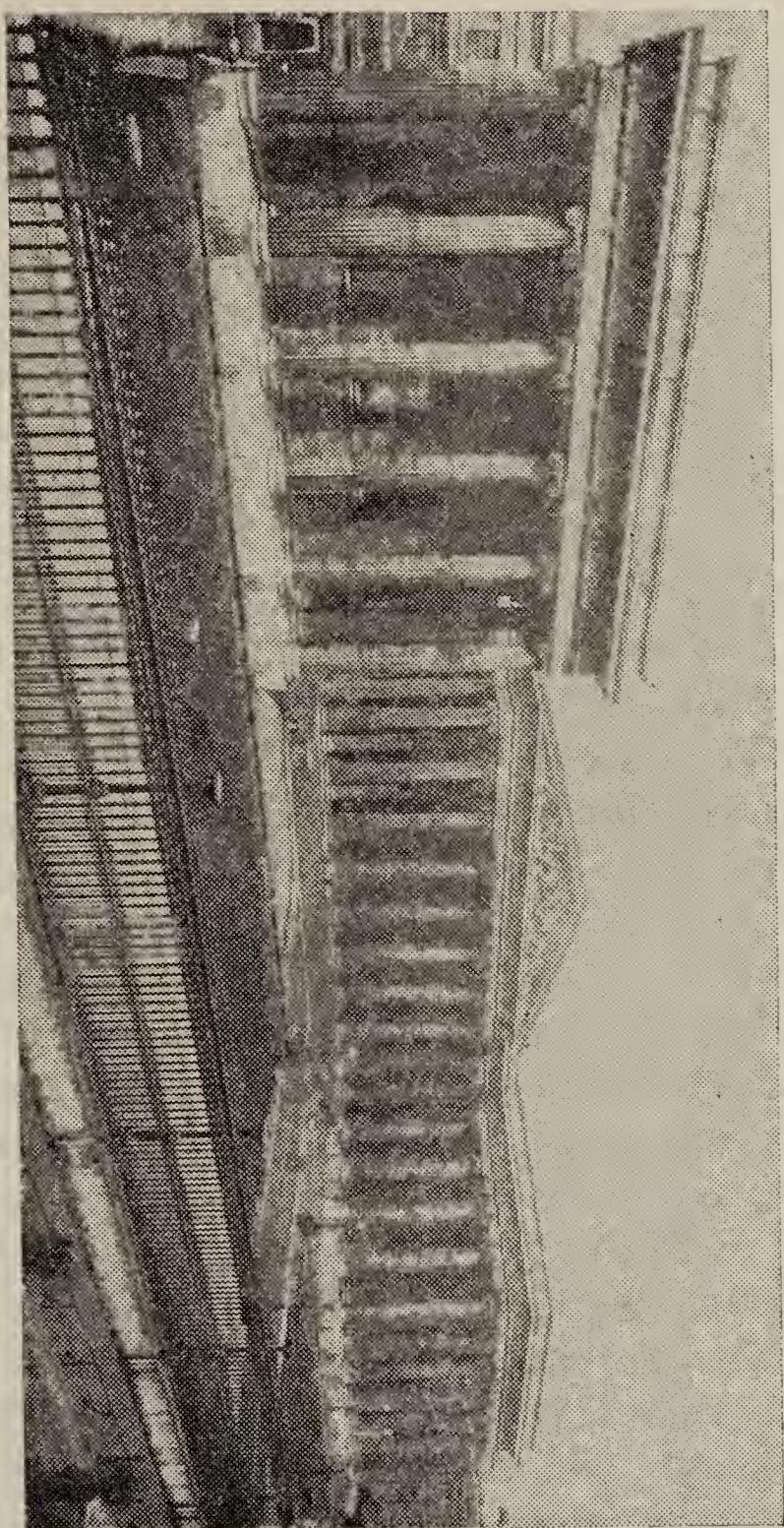
for it is the custom for everyone who attends a service to give a little, if only a penny. My brother and I used to carry home in our overcoat pockets, pounds of large British pennies—and what fun it was to count them! We might keep a few for bus fares on little excursions we wished to make.

Our hostess and her daughter were interesting people. They asked so many questions about America. Brother had carried along a paper-weight on which was a picture of the great skyscraper, Park Row Building—very insignificant now as compared with the Chrysler, or Empire State Building. We were wonderfully amused when the daughter of the hostess—and she was well beyond her majority—ventured to ask if the Park Row building was like some of the buildings we moved around on wheels in America.

Who said: "Oh, London, London! the sights and sounds of her"?

We listened to the hawkers and the beggars, and peered into the windows of the shops, and of course, visited many of the famous places of interest. It was good training to keep notes and try to remember all we were privileged to see.

One day my brother and I asked permission to go by ourselves to the British Museum. Now it is no little thing to make your way from South London, across the Thames to this famous institution on the North side. A policeman would give



The far-famed British Museum.—“A realm as extensive as a modern World’s Fair lies out before you, once you enter the great portals”

you a start in the general direction, and say something like this:

“Go to the top of the road; take the third turning to the right, and go as straight as you can.”

The word “straight” has little meaning when it comes to the circuitous and crooked lanes of old London-town. It must have been a great deal worse in the days of Charles II, before the great London fire in 1666. If they were able to do some straightening after that conflagration, one certainly wonders how the streets of the city could ever have been more winding.

We managed, however, to arrive there. Those old Ionic pillars, dingy with the soot of ages, and the flocks of pigeons on a dank, winter’s day, will imprint something on your memory, seeing it for the first time, that you cannot possibly efface. A realm as extensive, it seems, as a modern world’s fair lies out before you, once you enter the great portals. Here are antiques, souvenirs, relics, art productions from all over the world, many of them as old as civilization.

There were Roman, Greek, Babylonian, and Egyptian antiquities. You had a chance to look at the famed Rosetta Stone, and peer into the sarcophagi in which repose the embalmed remains, not only of people but animals who breathed the breath of life in the Nile Valley millenniums ago. I particularly enjoyed, in the ceramics division,

those wonderful urns made by the Chinese.

Now a boy fifteen years of age, having studied ancient history one year in high school, would have quite a different feeling about all of this than a mere youngster, like my brother, only twelve years of age. I took my time going through these places, hoping to learn something. What did my brother care about inscriptions concerning old Nebuchadnezzar and Tiglath-pileser, or the decorations on some old Rameses' coffin case?

I think I lost him in the ceramics room. Time began to slip by until I decided we must go home, but since I was my brother's keeper, I must find him first; so I started out looking through the Museum, hoping to catch a glimpse of him, but it looked as if either he was just a little ahead somewhere, or I always had the misfortune of being on the other side of the Museum. I traveled through ancient Rome, Greece, Babylon, Egypt, China, and Africa so many times that I lost count, hunting Ray. At last I gave up almost in despair—he simply was non-existent. What would my mother say? I knew I would have to go home and tell her that Ray was lost.

No one will ever know how I felt on that trek back to South London. To walk into that rooming house without my brother and to tell my mother! Oh, what would she do? Poor little Ray, lost in London!

But to my great surprise and relief, my

brother was there safe and sound, having arrived three minutes before I did. I was so happy I would not have complained, even if he had been brought home by the police, or detectives from Scotland Yard. But no such thing! He had not only been able to get home himself, but had decided to make his way across town, down Fleet Street, pass Ludgate Circus, up Ludgate Hill and toward St. Paul's to buy some little toys or trinkets from the street hawkers, and then get on a bus and go home as it suited him, his big brother to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Mama, what would you have done if I had come in here first?" I remember her reply as, "I think I would have fainted."

XX

OUR SOJOURN IN WALES

TWO LADS from Colorado, U. S. A., fifteen and twelve respectively, spent two profitable months in London. Though we had gone there primarily to assist our parents and the evangelistic party in conducting revival services, we had time for visits to many historic places. One memorable trip was down the River Thames with Father, to the old Victoria docks, where he made arrangements for the passage of two missionaries to India on a freighter that was equipped to carry a few passengers. This area was, in time, to become one of the main targets of Goering's bombers.

We had arrived in England at the beginning of the year. Mother decided to return to America early in February. Our people were greatly interested in reports they had heard of the Evan Roberts revivals in Wales, and Father decided to visit this part of Britain. He engaged a hall in Merthyr-Tydfil, in the hilly mining country, north of Cardiff on the Bristol Channel, and called for several of our workers to come and help in revival services. On March 11, having returned to Lon-

don, he arranged for my brother and me to go with him to Wales.

I kept a journal on our London trip, and I read how Father, Ray, and I, having packed up, left our rooming house and went to Paddington Station in a hansom. It was thrilling to ride in the rain in this two-wheeled, horse-drawn contraption, the driver sitting up in the weather, at the rear, with the reins over the roof of the cab.

We went over Lambeth Bridge to Paddington Station. I recorded that we got "on a local, poky train and had to change three times before we got to Merthyr-Tydfil. Papa and Ray walked to 5 Lovers Lane, and I came later in a hack with the trunk and baggage." But you must know the Welsh word for our little street, viz., "Gwalesdy-garth Lane." If the course of true love never runs smooth, such a rough pronunciation is appropriate.

I have many entries of services held in the Odd Fellows Hall, and notes concerning interesting people we met. If at times we may have felt a little homesick for Mother and the States, nevertheless, we put in the time between services profitably. Particularly enjoyable were the hikes we took over the hills, along the brooks, and through the meadows. There was an old ruin with a cellar that an imaginative youngster might think had once been the donjon-keep of a castle.

Sheep were grazing everywhere, but gener-

ally they were shy and kept their distance. On one occasion I walked up behind one of them, amazed that it should seem so tame. What a sensation I had burying my fingers for a moment in its deep wool. The sheep turned her head and saw me. It was evident that she had been oblivious of my approach. She gave a sudden start and ran as if her very life depended upon it, but I long retained the memory of that pleasant feeling of warm wool around my fingers.

One day Father took us on a long walk to Pennydaren, another beautiful mining village. I recall some time spent in a little park there where some philanthropic citizen, at considerable expense, had contrived to gather a wide variety of evergreen trees, unique for such an out-of-the-way recreational place. Up one of the hills to a mine was an inclined railway. The coal cars were drawn with cables. As we stood by watching a loaded car go down the hill and pull an empty one up, the cable between the tracks left a pulley, which continued to spin for some time.

Father made an observation on this order which has remained with me over since:

"Boys, that pulley represents the power of habit; the cable, sin. The power has been broken; but the wheel of habit may run on for a space."

Some people, after being converted, may have difficulties with temptations and infirmities, but in the course of time the victory is won. My

mother used to tell of a revival service in Kentucky where one old brother got soundly converted, and became so happy that in his ecstacy he unconsciously pulled a plug of tobacco out of his pocket and began to chew right there in meeting. Let us believe he was soon able, with the power of sin broken, to dispense with the habit.

We went from house to house advertising our services, and sold some of our gospel papers. The miners' families lived in simple little terraces, but once you got acquainted with them, oh, how hospitable they were!—ever ready to serve you a bit of tea and cakes. Years before I had had the measles, and so much saffron tea had been poured down me as a remedy that I never could bear the taste of even ordinary tea. I managed, however, to show some signs of appreciation for the hospitality, though I think I drank little of this British national beverage.

To while the time away we went out and flew kites, and one day saw a slag car which had gone too far up the mine dump, roll down the incline.

A memorable experience was a visit to the home of Brother Prothero, one of the converts in the near-by village up the hill, known as Dowlais. My journal reads: "At six o'clock we go to Mr. Prothero's house, find his wife and baby at home; he had not returned from the mine. We wait a while and finally he returns all covered with what seemed a coat of the caked coal dust on

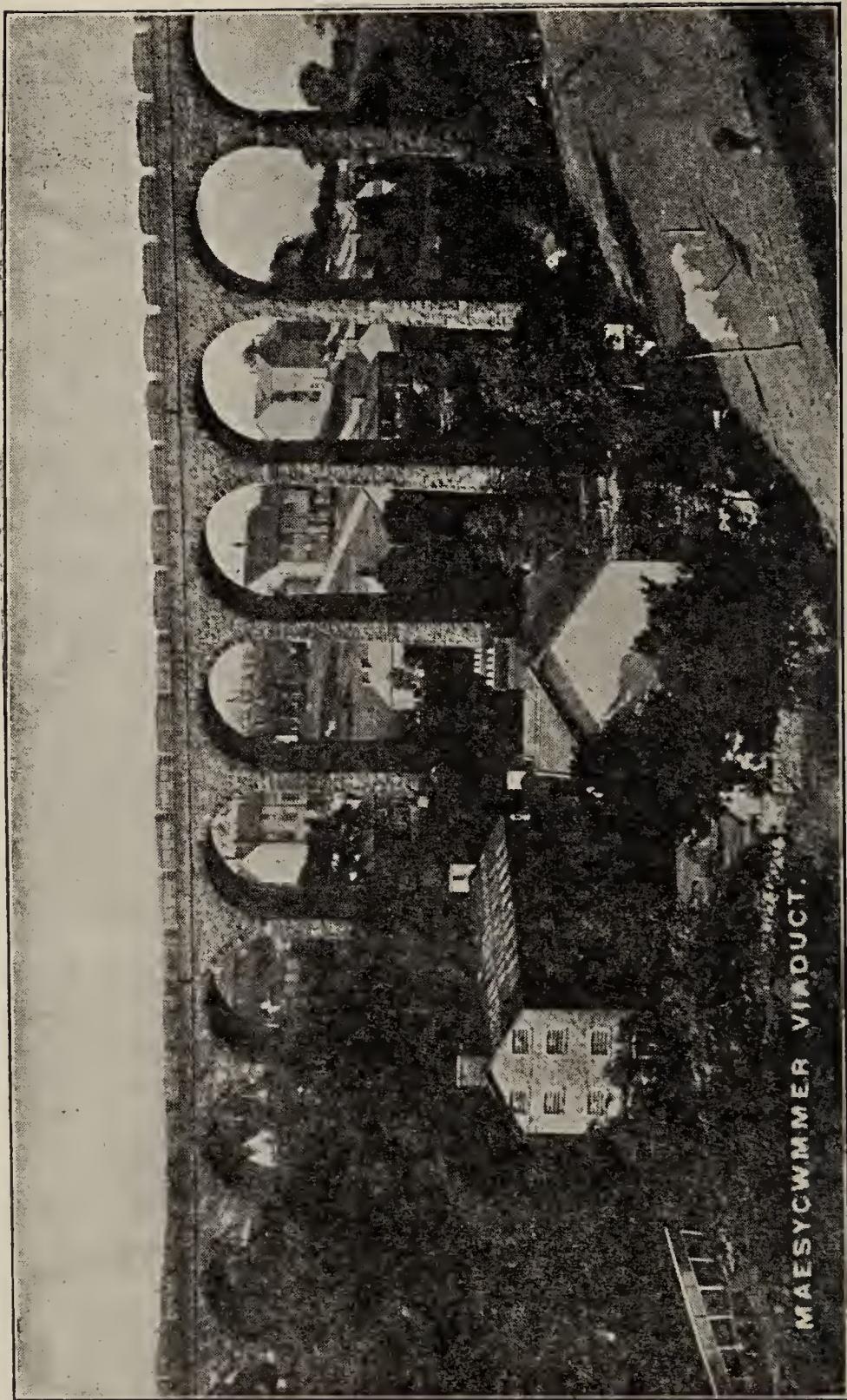
his face. Without washing, he sat down, ate his supper, talked and demonstrated at the same time. After he washed, we went to the steel mills, saw them melt steel and roll out railway tracks."

I can see Mr. Prothero yet, having partaken of his supper, kneel down beside a tub of water in front of the simple little open kitchen fireplace, stripped to the waist, and work at washing off that coal grime. It seemed to me that it was a worse task than digging coal.

At the end of his ablutions there remained two black rings around his eyes. If you were a miner you did not wash them out until Saturday night. One could go about the streets during the evenings and see miners fairly well washed up, with these rings around their eyes. Six days of boring out your eye sockets with soap evidently was too much.

We were greatly interested in the way the women carried their babies. The English baby perambulator or "pram" is a wonderful institution. These little carriages have been traditionally so well made as to find ready markets abroad, but they are not of much use in the hilly towns of Wales where in many of the villages you climb steep grades; and besides, the miners were too poor to afford them.

Your Welsh mother takes a large shawl, and with one fold makes a triangle. The baby is sort of rolled into one end. The baby and the wrap-



MAESYCWMER, VIVOUR.

"There's music in the hills of Wales"—land of bridges and castles

ping end of the shawl are held in one arm. The shawl is drawn over the shoulder with the rectangular point hanging down the back, and the other point pulled around under the other arm to be held, with the free hand extending underneath the baby so that its weight is carried on the back and shoulder. These mothers could carry their babies for miles without too much strain.

Steel rails were made in a Bessemer plant at Dowlais. It was here that I first learned something of the meaning of ingot steel. The blast furnaces from which the molten metal was poured into large ingots, and the rolling mills that thinned them out into long rails, presented an amazing spectacle. In the early stages the rails twisted and curled, and it seemed a dangerous process. Finally they cooled into straight rail bars that could be cut to standard lengths for applying to track ties.

Indeed, working around these steel mills is dangerous, for we saw some men carrying a man away on a stretcher. We learned that he had been crushed and badly mutilated, resulting in his death a few hours after. In my diary I have an entry telling for an afternoon when we went up to see a lady who had invited us to tea. When we got there we found that she was attending the funeral of her nephew who had been killed the day before in the steel works. My concluding remark

was, "She had probably forgotten about us in bereavement for the deceased relative."

The history of the area where we spent the better part of two months takes me back to the times of the Romans. From an old article that I wrote for the *Pillar of Fire* over forty years ago, I clipped the following:

"The history of this place is very interesting. Caesar with his soldiers landed in the southern part of England, 55 B. C., and on a little hill in Merthyr, enclosed by an iron fence, are the remains of an old Roman villa which are now being excavated. Among the foundations of the old houses, quantities of pottery, tiles, choice vases, and brass and silver coins have been found. Tessellated pavements that have been dug out at Pennydaren, almost a mile distant, indicate that the Roman occupation must have been quite extensive. As we walk over the hills surrounding the town, we pass over what are said to be the remains of old Roman roads. Because of the hostilities met with in subduing the country, the Romans traveled on the heights where they could better defend themselves from their enemies.

"Papa thinks it probable that some of the soldiers of the Roman legion who surrounded the cross of Christ may have walked these hills, as their war galleys were continually transferring soldiers over the seas from one part of their world empire to another. Tradition says that Paul landed

on the coast of Wales. This may have been, if he ever reached Spain as he planned to do (Rom. 15: 24-28). The Romans remained in Wales until 410 A. D., when they left to protect their own country from the invasion of the Goths. During the time they were here, there were doubtless many converts made by missionaries from Rome. When the Romans departed, the Welsh were left unprotected and open to attack from the barbarous Picts and Saxons who plundered and murdered many of them.

"Merthyr Tudfil gets its name from the martyr, Tydfil, a woman who was killed by these barbarians in 420 A.D. She belonged to one of the patriarchal families. Her father, husband, and sons were slain at the same time."

You could not spend many weeks or even days in Wales without being enchanted with Welsh singing. In America, people are inclined to hire their singing done for them, even in the churches; but the Welsh, rank and file, throw themselves wholeheartedly into the singing of hymns written in the minor key. Being somewhat of a pianist, I learned to love that Welsh music.

During the previous summer, with a company of young men I had climbed to the summit of Pikes Peak, in Colorado, over 14,000 feet above sea level. For April 18 I record:

"Today we went down a coal mine and were 500 feet below sea level." We had an opportunity

first to inspect the machinery above ground—the pumps to keep the water out of the shafts and tunnels, the great compressor that forces fresh air down into the mine, and an exhaust fan forty-four feet in diameter that draws the foul air from the caverns below. Mr. Bevin, the manager, took us down in the lift a thousand feet, where we were provided with lamps and started on a journey below ground.

Tram cars, as they call them, brought the coal up the inclined tunnels to the bottom of the shaft, where it was elevated to the surface. Every twenty yards were little coves called "refuges" where a person could go to get out of the way of the trams. After walking a mile and a half, we came to the place where Brother Prothero, our Christian friend, was working. He was glad to see us. He was working with the horses which were used near the vein. Ten trams at a time were pulled by cable up the incline, but the horses were used below the cables.

Meeting our miner friend in the bowels of the earth was a thrilling experience. The influence of the Gospel reaches to the heights and pervades the depths. John Wesley did a great work amongst the miners, particularly those of Cornwall. It is said that when Billy Bray went down the mines he would pray that if anybody was to be killed that day it might be he since he was ready.

One of my most interesting illustrations has

to do with the British miner. A Mr. Robson of Shields was once obliged to go down into a coal mine to consult a miner about some evidence he wished immediately. At the bottom of the shaft he inquired as to how he might find him. "Oh," said the man in charge, "you will have no difficulty in finding him. He is one of your blessed Methodists and is sure to be singing." As Robson went along the dreary drift of the mine, he communed with himself; "Surely, if a man be singing here, it must be the hymn, 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair we wretched sinners lay!'" But he had not gone very far when he heard a cheery voice singing:

*"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away."*

Surely there was a happy man!

When I read this story not long ago it seemed to have a world of meaning to me, reflecting the power of the Gospel to lighten and brighten the souls of men. There are people today who have a thousand times less joy living on top of the ground where all of the worldly bright lights and sinful pleasures are available, than one who knows the peace of the Lord, though his work might call him to realms of Stygian blackness. True sanctified light and love are spiritual.

Since our visit to Wales, much water, so to speak, has gone under the bridge in great social, national and world changes. It was Edward VIII who, as Prince of Wales, went down into that mining country and wept over the distress of Britain's mining population. These simple, working people have splendid instincts, and many of them cherish lofty Christian principles. David Lloyd George, from a poverty-stricken home, hardly considered worth saving as a babe, came from these regions.

But what is the trouble? If the miners once struggled under an oppressive landlordism, it would seem that nationalization of the British mining industry has not greatly helped them, for government regulation, much of it being in the hands of uninformed bureaucrats, still makes their problem difficult. What England will do to solve her economic problems remains to be seen. Mothers in the mining regions are described as not wanting their boys to go to the "pits". Mining methods are out of date, but perhaps most troublesome of all is the influence of the public house. Drink competes with the church and chapel to capture the bodies and souls of the men throughout the country, whether they be miners, merchants, or aristocrats.

Alcoholism is no respecter of persons anywhere in the world under any governmental system. It has no regard for spiritual traditions. May

something be done to save those well-meaning, religiously inclined Welsh people for a better day in their deliverance from the "public house"; and is it not up to repeal-stricken America to pray for a revival, practice reform, and set them an example?

XXI

HOMEWARD BOUND

TO THE files of the *Pillar of Fire* of 1905 I turn again to refresh my memory with episodes belonging to an eventful trip home. The history of Britain has always been of absorbing interest to me. It would seem that there is a story to be told about every square foot of the King of England's domains; yet my brother and I were young enough at that time to become very homesick, after spending over four months in England and Wales. We were anxious to see Mother, and it was a glad day when Father decided to embark on the old Baltic from Liverpool for New York.

Ray and I went alone through the northern part of Wales to Liverpool, and enjoyed looking at the scenic valleys and mountains on the way. Father had gone ahead to London, and joined us at the White Star Line office in this famous old British port.

The account that I wrote in the *Pillar of Fire* for the children records our great interest in stopping the following day in the Queenstown (Cobh) harbor. A boat came out with the mail and brought witty Irish women peddlers who came on board and spread their laces out on deck

for sale. We were interested in observing how some of the lady passengers would pay as much as \$15 for a collar, and more for shawls. We looked over the railing and saw several small boats laden with fruit and curios. We were puzzled at first to know how they were going to get their wares aboard. After several attempts they would succeed in throwing ropes up to the deck some thirty-five feet above, which helpful passengers would catch and tie to the railing. Then up would come black thorn canes and shillalahs, the latter described in your dictionary as a stout cudgel. Those hefty, knotty clubs were traditionally used by bellicose Irish to put each other *hors de combat*. Many a skull they've mashed.

Now my brother became quite fascinated with this business of helping the poor peddlers down below, and sold quite a number of canes for one of them, who presented him with a cane for his fun and trouble. Ray would send down the money in the basket, and the man would tie on more articles for him to sell. Those old black thorn canes were known to every native son of Erin. We proudly carried ours all the way to Colorado; and in Chicago an Irish policeman must have had a wonderful spell of homesickness for the "old country" when he saw it, for he waved to us and beamed his broadest smile.

We left Liverpool on a Wednesday evening, and Sunday were well out to sea. We awoke in the

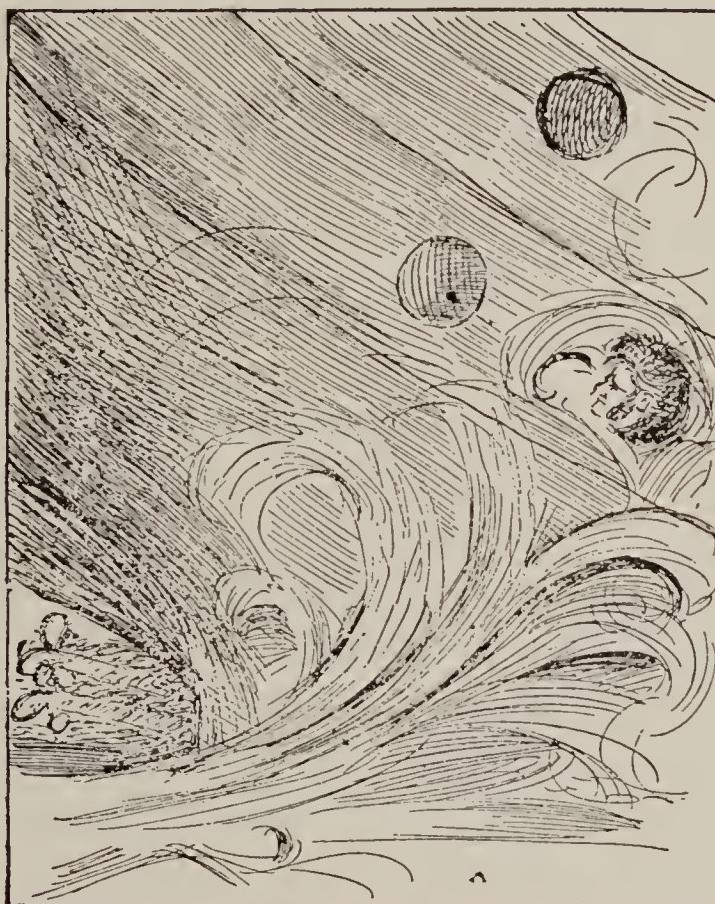
morning in a storm, and now I quote:

"As we lay in our berths we could see from the porthole the great waves dashing against the ship and raising the stern clear out of the water. We could hear the propellers rumble and make a racket when they rose above the water. We finally opened the porthole and began sticking our heads out. As our stateroom was well back we could see the propellers when they came out of the water. Ray and I repeated this several times, when Papa concluded to try it. He put his head out and drew it back in and said he could see them all right. He tried it again, and as he was looking a big wave came along and threw spray all over him. He drew his head in dripping with salt water; with his eyes shut he asked for a towel. He was a funny looking sight. That was the last time he ventured to look at the propellers during the rest of the trip."

But there was to be another interesting experience on that particular day. We dressed and went to the dining saloon for breakfast, though because of the storm, not many were eating that morning, "as they seemed to be under the weather and in the dumps." After breakfast Ray went up on deck to look around, and he returned telling this story at Father's expense:

"I saw a hat coming around the corner, and it looked like Papa's, and the next thing I knew here he came too, rolling and tumbling after it."

Father had been standing on the windward side of the ship holding on to the railing when a strong burst of wind tore him loose and sent him, hat and all, spinning around the corner of the reading saloon. He managed to pick himself up and went downstairs. After a while, it is observed



"He was a funny looking sight"

in our old story, he made a remark about the storm to a man, who answered:

"Ah, this is only a half gale."

"Well," said Papa, "if this is but a half gale, I don't want to strike a whole one."

Nevertheless, the storm was severe enough to put the machinery of the Baltic out of commission, resulting, we understood, from the strain due to the continual lifting of the propellers out of water.

In those days when there was no radio, ocean-going passengers knew little while at sea of what was going on in the world. When we came into New York Bay we were all interested in watching the pilot come aboard to steer the ship safely through the Narrows to its dock. I shall never forget the question asked by the captain, or one of the officers, as the pilot came up the rope ladder: "Has Togo fought yet?"

At that time the whole world was keenly interested in the expected naval battle between the Japanese and the Russians.

What changes are wrought by time! Then western civilization seemed much in sympathy with the Japanese, and eventually was to congratulate Admiral Togo on his great success. Little did we dream that Japan would gather great strength and menace world peace; that Togo's successors would become the deadly enemies of the United States.

Though we had no Empire State Building, or others of the great skyscrapers that make its skyline so impressive, New York has for generations presented a spectacular appearance. Having seen in England so many ancient buildings be-

grimed with the soot and dust of generations, we were profoundly impressed with the relative cleanliness of New York's buildings. Anyway, we were filled with joy in coming home to the great-



An old snapshot of Father, (extreme left), Ray (next), relatives and friends, Beverly R. R. Station, West Va.

est country in the world, and just anything and everything looked all right, whether it was or not.

Father decided, instead of going direct to Colorado, to visit our grandparents in West Virginia. We were to have the opportunity of looking

on old scenes Father had so often described to us—to learn something of the variety of trees, the world of nature that abounded, so different from that to which we were accustomed on the western plains and in the Rocky Mountains. We had heard of nutting excursions, the hunts for squirrels and “coons,” and the many other things that belonged to Father’s early life.

There were cousins living not far from our grandparents’ home in Randolph County—the Scott children—Kent, Lelia, Margaret, Mary, and Robert. The Scott family had come to Colorado for a few months where my uncle Price had thought he might remain, after suffering the loss of his business in a fire in the town of Beverly, West Virginia. But he was to lose his wife, Father’s only sister, Lizzie, in Denver, as a result of an accident when she fell from a street car in 1904.

This was my first experience with bereavement from the death of a relative and it brought me great suffering as I tried to study in East Denver High School. However, we were fond of the Scott family cousins, and Kent, a little older than I, used to amuse Ray and me with his stories of life in West Virginia. He was something of a mimic, and how we enjoyed hearing him imitate the tongue-tied grocer boy whose impediment of speech was such that he began most of his words with a “T.” Kent would go into the store, sit on

the counter and kick his heels against it in order to start the grocer boy talking.

"Trent Trott, trit tricking your treels against that trounter!"

But it was even funnier when he could get the grocer lad to tell where he or someone else had been—down the "trick, to track a troon up a tree."

Now maybe Kent made it up for our amusement, but wouldn't it be fun to go down the creek and track a coon up a tree?

We did go squirrel-shooting, and Father and Ray both holding the gun together, as I remember, brought a gray squirrel down all right; but when Ray picked him up, Mr. Squirrel was still alive enough to bite him, and Ray lost interest in squirrel-hunting forever afterwards.

We went to the Methodist Church on a sabbath, and it seemed after the service that everybody in the congregation addressed us as "Cousin"; so it looked as if we were related to about all that part of West Virginia.

Grandfather and grandmother were not living on the old homestead which we visited, with its graveyard.

"Boys," Father would say, "there belonged to the White family six or seven farms, and so much mountain land that it would take you half a day to ride around it on a horse."

When we thought of the small place and the little house where Grandfather and Grandmother

White now lived, with others in possession of the old estates, we wondered what could have happened.

"Your forebears," explained my father, "came into this country, and through hard work, with patches on their trousers, accumulated large holdings." It dwindled away largely because Grandfather was unable to resist appeals to go security on notes for those he thought were true friends. They promised faithfully to pay. He became sheriff of the county, and being associated with men who drank, took to drinking himself. Grandmother, to keep peace in the family, would sign with him the notes of some of these would-be friends. The rest can easily be imagined. The "friends" defaulted, and one after another of the farms passed out of the White family possession.

I used to speculate on what would have been the outcome had Father not been stricken with asthma in youth and told to leave that country. He might have been instrumental in saving a part of the old fortune. But then he would not have gone west and met Mother in Montana, and so what difference would it have made to Brother and me?

Going west doubtless helped Father's health as an asthmatic, though for many years he continued to suffer with this affliction.

I have often thought that if my brother and I had inherited any considerable portion of that

old White fortune (for there were not many grandchildren) we might have been diverted from the work that we were destined to carry on in preaching the Gospel and helping Mother to establish our institutions.

On the occasion of my visit with Father and Ray to West Virginia, I had an opportunity for the first and only time in my life, to get acquainted with my grandfather. Grandmother had often visited us in Colorado. One day my grandfather called me and said he had something to give me. The elder son of the only son of my grandfather might reasonably have expected something valuable in consideration of all that had been handed down in the family. This gift, however, had nothing to do with real estate, jewels, or money. It was a book—an old sheepskin-bound volume, its pages stained and yellow with age. Grandfather read the inscription on the flyleaf—"J. P. White's book. Left to his son, F. M. White," and added in his own handwriting, "who gave it to his grandson, Arthur White, June 5, 1905."

Readers, my grandfather's only gift was *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. I prize that old volume and have preached from, and about it time and again. You would not wish to look too much at those old wood cuts describing the tortures the martyrs went through. A little of it now and then, however, will help you to appreciate what it has cost the people of God to keep the faith. Surely the

spiritual message of this gift has meant more to me than if my grandfather had given me a farm.

The old nonconformists, heroes of Britain, who did so much to preserve Christian culture through the dark years of moral dissolution and spiritual famine, were said to have possessed three great books—the Bible, the hymnbook, and the *Book of Martyrs*.

What a revival would come to Christian-professing people today to help us in our fight against the evils of the times, if everywhere there could be a new interest aroused, firstly in the testimony of the martyrs who shed their blood to keep the faith; secondly, in the gospel of song and finally and most important of all, in a revival of Bible reading everywhere!

XXII

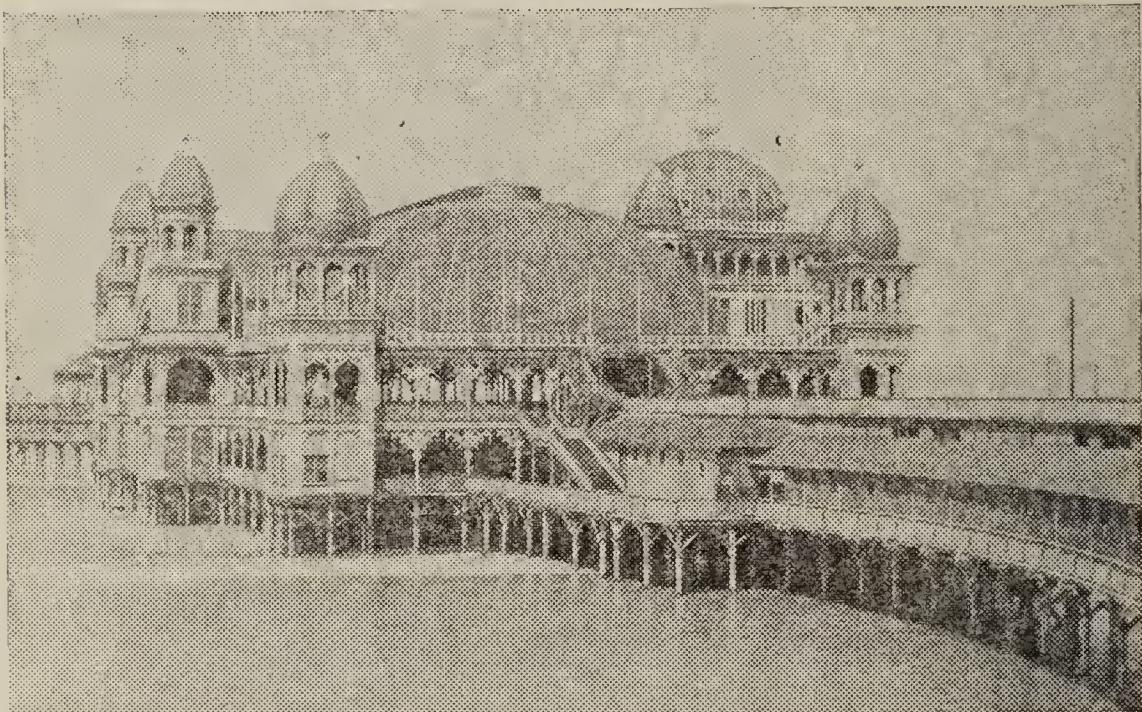
THE MOON PLAYS US A TRICK

WE WERE GLAD to find Mother in good spirits when my father, Ray, and I arrived home in Denver from West Virginia. She had been through some rather strenuous ordeals, with much to look after in our growing Denver Bible School. For years, since she had taught school in the Methodist Seminary, in Salt Lake City, she never lost interest in establishing some sort of work in Utah. In looking over old files I find accounts of revival meetings held in Ogden in June. She had had her attention directed to the East and now it looked as if the West, across the Rockies, was calling for her. So in the latter part of the same month we found ourselves—Ray and I—traveling to the Mormon capital.

I cannot recall a great deal about the activities in which Mother and the workers were engaged. I only wish, however, my brother were here to help me tell the story of one episode that seemed to leave a more indelible impression upon his mind than mine.

Teen-agers like to plan excursions. We must have a swim in Great Salt Lake. It seems that a day was set aside for the trip; when several of

us went on a street car to Saltair pavilion. Although my mother had been notably successful in establishing the work of the Pillar of Fire in Denver, with the erection of a four-story building on Champa Street in the downtown area, we still lived by faith, and money was not always plentiful. We were thankful to be able to muster



Saltair Pavilion—"We must have a swim in the Great Salt Lake"

fare for the trolley ride, but to pay for swimming in the Salt Lake in the regular way, engaging bath houses at the pavilion, was beyond our budget.

So Brother William McCaslin, Ray, and I decided that we would go in bathing free. And of course this meant that we would have to find a

beach sufficiently distant from Saltair, to meet our requirements from any and every standpoint. So the three of us traveled in a southerly direction over the salty sands to find the right location for our ablutions in the briny waters. Finally we felt we had reached our goal. Everything seemed ideal, even the nice dry beach, where in neat little piles we placed our clothing.

Into the water we went, to remain pleasantly for a considerable time. We had never thought about consulting an almanac to learn anything about tides. Time seemed to wait for us well enough, and even lag on our hands. We were to learn that the tide, however, did not wait. Whoever thought that Mr. Moon, while we were bathing, would pull the old lake over to one side and make us so much trouble? But the tide did rise, so that when we were done bathing we discovered our piles of clothes half soaked with water.

It was interesting at first, of course. We would simply dry them out. But that is another story. With the high percentage of minerals and salt in that water, they dried out a streaky white, and as our faces dried, we seemed white also. We felt that the situation was embarrassing and desperate to say the least. I recalled that we had some milk in a bottle, from our lunch. I have heard in times past somewhere, of beauty-baths taken by dilettante folk in mare's milk. We tried

to bathe the encrusted precipitation from our faces with our bottled milk, but with little success, and not the best feeling of satisfaction. Our complexions were not improved. When we put on our clothes we did look rather ridiculous. It was a dark moment out there, far from missionary headquarters, pretty much alone in the world, in the great archaeological, more or less desert basin of what is known to scientists as Lake Bonneville. We might have crawled into a hole and reposed by some ancient fossils, and felt little worse.

But to make a long story short we furtively and self-consciously slipped along to the trolley line and drew ourselves up on the back platform of the car. We imagined that all the descendants of Brigham Young, with all the rest of the world thrown in, were looking and laughing at us—well, if they weren't we had anticipated it just the same. But we managed somehow or other to get home and into clean clothes, restored to some measure of respectability.

Swimming in Great Salt Lake is an interesting experience if you can keep your head up. It is easy to float—in fact, you cannot sink, but you can strangle. So the moral is that if you go out there to bathe, do not leave your clothes where the tide can reach them.

Experiences in Salt Lake City down through the years compose some of the most interesting

in my mother's long story of her eventful life. This chapter is being written in San Francisco. Only a few days ago Mrs. White and I, with some of our workers, paid a little visit to the old Saltair pavilion in Utah, when I recalled our swimming experience. We had gone out there from our missionary headquarters in an excellent section of Salt Lake City. Our society there has two nice buildings and a church, a corps of workers, and a small publishing plant where *The Alma White Evangel* is being published.

Before Mother died she paid a visit to this branch and an interesting article about her work and her early experiences in Utah appeared in the *Salt Lake Tribune*. We feel there is a wonderful future for our society in this state, resulting in so great a measure from Mother's sacrificial work, faith and vision.

It was after this campaign in the fall, 1905, that my mother and father and a party of missionaries went to New York City and later visited the Garretson family near Bound Brook, New Jersey. Mrs. Caroline Garretson's farm was destined to be used as the home of an extensive church enterprise, within thirty miles of New York. The estate has been increased through the purchase of neighboring farms, to over a thousand acres, on which are located the national headquarters of our society, Alma White College,

Zarephath Bible Seminary, and Radio Station WAWZ.

As the fall term came on in Denver, my brother and I felt depressed concerning our education, for Mother was still unwilling to see me re-enter the East Denver High School, intent rather on re-establishing our own school. Classes were conducted in the grades, which my brother attended. Joe Metlen, a cousin, and I did some studying together, but my principal recollection is that we started work in a book bindery Mother established. I consider this experience, though I did not appreciate it at the time, to have been of great value.

It can hardly be denied that the progress of civilization has been measured in literature. Books have been the gauge of culture. Hundreds of thousands of people buy, read, and study them—good, bad, and indifferent—with little appreciation for what is involved in their production. To know something of the art of producing a good book is wonderfully worth while. There is so much to learn about bookmaking that one can easily become absorbed in its history, with book-collecting a hobby, or even a vocation. You are taken back beyond the invention of type to the medieval craftsmen who knew how to sew parchment and bind it together with such skill that we ordinarily cannot compete with them today. And there were men who knew how to tool

beautiful cover designs in leather; and some libraries prize their specimens of hand-wrought books as their valuable and irreplaceable possessions.

This work in the book bindery opened up a new world. One of the first things you learn is that paper has a grain; folded one way the crease is smooth and even, but folded another way you will notice it is rough. Fly-leaves, you learn may be "end sheets." A book section is a "signature" and the back of a book is a "case." A rack or frame was used for sewing the sections of signatures together by hand. These days we use sewing machines for binding the sections. Coming from the sewing machine or rack, the books are only loosely bound together. They must be backed with "super" or cheesecloth. The back must be solid and yet so constructed that the book may be opened without breaking or cracking easily.

Case-making was a fascinating part of the process. Cardboards must be cut to size and the cloth glued to them. It meant something to know how to do this work rapidly and keep the cases clean. Finally, after the cases were stamped with lettering, the books were placed in them and put in the bookpress to remain over night.

All this was the beginning of what may be regarded as a truly amazing development in our work. It would be difficult to estimate, since this first bindery was started, the many tons of books

that have gone out from our Pillar of Fire publishing plants. Before she passed away, Mother had written thirty-five or more books, including songbooks with more than two hundred of her own hymns.

Cousin Joe Metlen became quite expert as a bookbinder, and made up a blank book with cloth cover, embellished with leather back and corners. This he presented to me and I have cherished it ever since. On the fly leaf was written: "To Arthur from Joe." It consists of foolscap paper, about 330 pages. I decided to make some good use of that blank book and it became a part of my early education. I divided the book into sections and in a little index wrote such subjects as: "Literature, History, Words, personal or current, Miscellaneous Science, Rules." Later I decided that I would improve my memory and in one section began writing down little things I would do or was asked to do, but forgot. For instance, here is an honest confession:

January 2: "Sr. G. gave me a message to deliver to Sr. D. I forgot it by putting it off ten minutes."

November: "The worst yet. Went from school in New York to buy Loisette's memory-book and was so interested in getting it that I forgot to take my pocketbook that had my ticket to Bound Brook. Had to go from 23rd Street ferry back to Brooklyn to get it," etc.

I think the Lord endows us with two interesting faculties, one of remembering and the other forgetting. Forgetting may be a very important, happy faculty. If we could not forget, our poor minds would soon become loaded down with enough to unbalance us completely; but I think these experiences did help me to learn, through promptness, not to forget so many things that needed attention. A man's value often is measured not so much by his education or learning as by his faithfulness in the little things expected of him.

Some of the quotations that I placed in this book years ago have been useful of late. Here is one from John Abbott's history which appealed strongly to my teen-age sense of faith and reason:

"It not unfrequently happens that a young man gets the idea that there is something a little distinguished in being an unbeliever. He assumes the air of a skeptic and takes the ground that Christianity is the religion of weak minds; that the reason why he does not believe is, that he has more intelligence and knowledge than those who believe.

"Should there be one here I would ask him, How do you account for the fact that the most intelligent men in the world have been Christians? Were Bacon and Boyle, Hale and Herschel—men whose intellectual renown has filled the cen-

turies—weak-minded men? and yet they were Christians. Was Napoleon Bonaparte a man of feeble intellect? yet he said at St. Helena: ‘The loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel.’ ” And the famous names continue.

Another quotation that had weight in my youth was this: “In speaking of Gibbon, Welsh says, ‘Suppressing the religious instinct he ties the right arm of human strength and puts out the right eye of human light!’ ”

One notation I consider very special reminds me that it is time to bring this chapter to a close. “Of Chaucer, Scudder says, ‘He selected only the significant, and he stopped when he got through, which is one of the greatest arts in the world.’ ”

XXIII

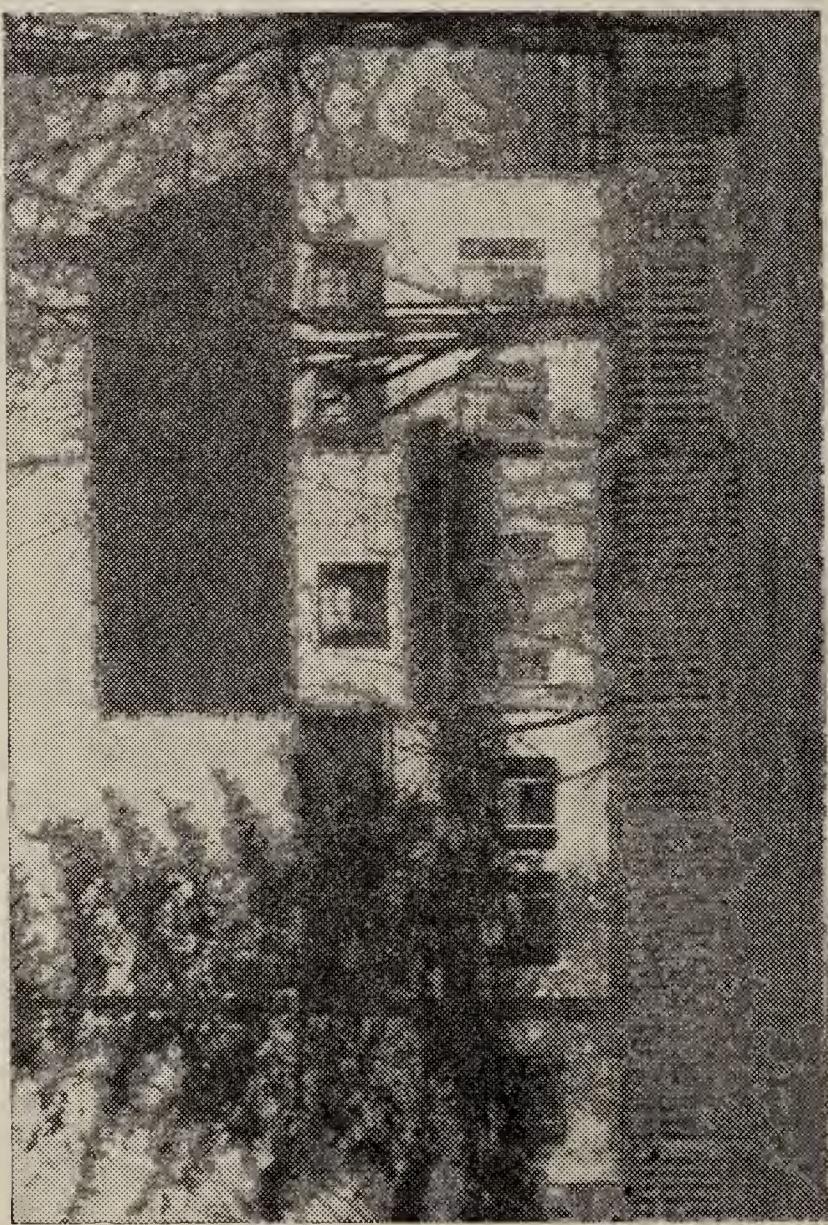
MY FUTURE GRANDMOTHER-IN-LAW

NEVER in the long life of her ministry did Mother permit herself to be bound to any one locality. One might have supposed that having so successfully established the Denver Bible School, she would be content to sit down and administer its affairs the rest of her life. In 1937, when the beautiful Alma Temple building on Capitol Hill was finished, with a great dedication meeting when many were turned away, she preached in it, to be sure; but she was soon on the move, developing extensively, for instance, our work in the great Bay area in California, where a church and other buildings were purchased and schools organized.

I am convinced that if the eastern general headquarters of our work had not been established at Zarephath, New Jersey, some other door would have been opened as the result of Mother's enterprise and faith. But while the Lord was answering her prayers, He was also doubtless answering the prayers of Mrs. Caroline Garretson. I have been told that one of the forebears of the Garretson children who lived on the old farm was a godly man, afflicted with near-blindness, who used to



Mrs. Caroline Garretson



The Garretson farmhouse, around which Zarephath
has been built

pour out his soul in prayer, pleading that rivers of salvation would flow out from the place. So maybe there was a plan in it all.

Some day the interesting story of Mrs. Caroline Garretson of Bound Brook, will be written. I



The new Frame Building—an addition
to the old farmhouse

heard a good deal of it recently on a trip to San Francisco from her daughter Jennie. Perhaps my wife, her grand-daughter, will gather the facts and put them all into a book. Whoever writes it will have a good deal to say about the soul-hunger of this New Jersey lady as a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in Millstone, an old colonial

structure standing in a graveyard, to which reference is made frequently by historians as a splendid example, with fine proportions, of colonial architecture.

As a member of this congregation she took seriously to heart the pastor's reference to the "higher life," but inquiries concerning what it meant only led her into a blind alley. It was an old-time Methodist minister in Bound Brook who enlightened her somewhat when he asked, "Didn't you ever hear anything of sanctification?" and gave her a book on the subject, *The Life of Amanda Smith*. My mother had been personally acquainted with its author in the West.

How she was led to seek and find the experience of holiness is of great interest to us because it resulted in a career of real evangelism for Mrs. Garretson, taking her so far as to visit theological professors at Rutgers University (then an institution of the Reformed Church), with whom she discussed the subject, because of the importance of their influence in educating young preachers. A fuller story would record tragic things that befell a Reformed minister who resisted her testimony, a vindication of what she was professing and teaching.

I cannot go into the details here of how a copy of my mother's book, *Looking Back From Beulah*, fell into Mrs. Garretson's hands, and its influence upon her and four of her children—Carrie, Anna,

Jennie, and George—all of whom were to play important roles in the missionary enterprises and development of the Pillar of Fire.

Perhaps it is enough to say here that since "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and among his own kin," Grandmother Garretson literally testified herself out and away from Somerset County, in New Jersey, into a broader world of Christian service. That eighty-one-acre farm could not hold the family. George had carried on after his father's death, endeavoring to run the old place, but his heart was not in it, and apparently the Lord never intended that it should be. Now, of course, George worked hard enough, but he just did not have the knack of disposing of the crops he produced. He was thinking of Bible study, gospel singing, and along with his mother, the missionary field.

You have heard of the visit of my mother and father at the old Garretson farm, with a party of missionaries. In the greatest story of events down through the ages, one thing has proved over and over to be of amazing importance, viz., hospitality. Think how our western folk felt when Mrs. Garretson opened up her house and invited everybody in, got out some extra four-poster beds, cinched them up, and made room for these people who she thought could help her spiritually. She was like the widow of Zarephath, who hospitably

baked the cakes from her last portion of meal—hence our name.

Mrs. Garretson, sometime during December of 1905, left the old farm with Jennie, George, and Carrie, for our Denver Bible School, while some of our workers took charge of the farm. My diary has a notation that after a winter of study and learning book-binding in Denver: "May 5th: Joe, Walmer, Howard Wright and I walk out the tow-path to Zarephath." My brother came a little later.

Who can ever picture our situation and activities in those early days on what might well be regarded as a backwoods Jersey farm? Perhaps the farm would prove only a springboard for some big development of our society in New York. Mother and some of her workers, however, planned an enlargement of the old farmhouse. In the meantime we youngsters, more in the role of boys spending a summer in a vacation camp, played and worked around, getting along the best we could.

I think some provision was made for Joe and me in an attic corner; but we had lively imaginations and decided that, pending enlargements, we would be independent and sleep in the hay loft in the barn. That old barn was said to have been there in the days when Washington fought his memorable battle of Princeton, sixteen miles away, after which his troops tramped across the country

to Morristown winter headquarters, stopping on the way at Millstone Court House. It has been said, too, that some of his soldiers might have slept in that barn. Well, anyway, what was good enough for Washington's troops should be good enough for Joe and me.

A freight car of furniture and equipment was sent across the country to Zarephath from Denver. In the shipment was some canvas probably used as a tarpaulin, from one of Mother's old gospel tents. Joe and I would have a tent, even if we had to make it ourselves. Out came the canvas, and Miss Frances Fitzgerald, one of Mother's workers, to our rescue. With the sewing machine out under the trees this old canvas was sewn into a homemade tent, which we pitched in the orchard down toward the Millstone River. We made beds of straw and got along comfortably. Leave your shoes around on the ground, however, and you might find them gathering a bit of mold—a new and disturbing experience for us boys of the western plains.

Mother did not like our being so far away, and asked us to move our tent up in the front yard, under the old mulberry tree. A board platform was laid and our house of cloth erected over it. For years I have carried in my album a little snapshot of it, but the picture has become too faded for reproduction.

Building the addition to the old farmhouse,

known as the Frame Building, which still stands on the Zarephath campus in a new location to which it was moved, was slow work. The weather began to be cold, but Joe had an inventive mind. He got hold of an old Garretson forty-quart milk can, into the top of which he fitted a stovepipe. In the side a hole was cut for a door. Somewhere around the place he found an ancient broiling iron which he set on top of a cement concrete base that he constructed. Having cut the bottom out, he set the milk can on top of the broiling iron, and fired up this contraption for heat.

Believe it or not, this homemade stove served admirably to make our tent quite comfortable. It seemed to be about the best we could afford in those days, and I think we thought more of it since we had made it, than if it had been the best barrel stove that ever ornamented a country general store.

We tried, as successors to Brother George Garretson, to help carry on the work of the farm; so we milked the cows, hoed, and plowed corn. We would rummage around some in the attic of the old house, and how I wish now we had saved for a museum many antiques reposing there! We found a supply of old-fashioned choker linen collars. Driving through the corn with old Pelter (you had to pelt him to make him go) and Charlie meant that the long blades of corn would saw our tender necks. We contrived to open up these collars and



Down by the Millstone in Zarephath's early days

fasten them to our shirts so they stood up pretty well around our ears, and protected us from the serrated edges of the growing maize.

One experience I recall that was not so pleasant for me. We were getting an education on that old Jersey farm, learning something of a different world of outdoor life than that to which we had been accustomed in the West. There was a great variety of trees—hickory, oak, willow, persimmon, and even sassafras. We learned how to find the sassafras roots for tea but—beware!

However interesting the woods, there was the ever-present poison ivy. I got it on my hands and especially on one knee. Today I can handle it more or less with impunity, for I seemed to develop an immunity after suffering with it. It is easy enough for anybody to tell you not to scratch a poison ivy rash or swelling. Of course, if we could have lain still like mummies, as good as dead, the poison ivy might not have spread, but advice or no advice, you will scratch in your sleep—and in conscious moments, too.

My knee must have swelled to twice the normal size, and for days I was laid up. When my condition improved I got around on a bicycle, pedaling with one foot. Now there was Sister Della, for instance. I do not believe she ever did develop any immunity. It just seemed that she could look at poison ivy from a distance, and her face would begin to swell. I pitied the victims of this

vicious but beautiful vine. Perhaps there is a type in it all. It is better to leave some things alone, however appealing their appearance.

Joe and I became interested in wiring the new Frame Building and this took up a considerable amount of our time and attention. I had learned a good deal about steam heating in Denver, and undertook to engineer the installation of a heating plant for the old farmhouse, and the new part.

A steam boiler was ordered for the building, after I had figured the radiation. I shall never forget when it arrived. A young worker by the name of Roy Beidelman, and I had taken the responsibility of this work. I recall that late in the evening, when the sections were ready for assembling, several of the older men stood around, looked at me quizzically and suggested, perhaps somewhat as a lark, and even though it was night-time, that we put the boiler together then. They had the strength, and I was supposed to have the brains; but I think they failed me—I mean the brains. Roy and I had a pretty full day's work, and we should have gone to bed, but I yielded to the suggestions of these gentlemen, with the result that before the sections were properly in place one of them was broken when they were being rammed together. I went to bed with a heavy heart. Later on, however, a patch was skillfully put over the broken casting, and the boiler was made to function.

Somehow or other the work and responsibilities of installing this heating plant, and other troubles with it later, wore on my nerves. After fall came on, I began to be greatly worried about my education. I felt that if I were in school somewhere, in a gymnasium, I could build my strength again. Little could I see what was coming in the future on this very spot where I had trouble with the heating plant.

Recently I took an inspector from the State Board of Education of New Jersey through the beautiful building that now stands on this site. I heard him say to a young man student from Cincinnati, having inquired about what course he was taking, "You needn't be afraid of this college; it is fully accredited." But as to accomplishing anything educationally, there was a long road ahead of me, one of doubts, uncertainty, and struggle.

My diary tells me that December 5, I left Zarephath for Denver—"not well physically." I imagine Mother was concerned about me, but kept her counsel in the Bible School in Denver during the winter months. I had appealed to my Uncle Charlie for advice, but my prospects were no brighter—not that he was unsympathetic. Perhaps I was learning more in many ways than I realized.

I continued to write for our *Pillar of Fire* paper. My father and others helped me with com-

position. In the spring was to begin a six months' period—one of the most important in my life. April 9, my mother sent a young man, Ewald Hansen, and me to Los Angeles, and my dairy says, "Very important six months; regain health."

We had a beautiful place on 36th Street in Los Angeles, a block from Central Avenue. It was an old, roomy farmhouse, surrounded with grounds that took up one large end of the block. There were out-buildings with chicken coops, room for gardens and flowers, and a high tower where in the early days had been a windmill for water supply.

For a little while adjustment here was difficult. I needed clothing. I knew my parents, Mother especially (for it was she who carried the principal burdens of our growing organization), did not have much money to spare for any allowance for me. I was even happy to be able to appropriate, from some clothing that was sent in to the missionary home, a fairly good pair of second-hand shoes.

XXIV

"BREAD SHALL BE GIVEN"

PRESENT in the Los Angeles missionary home at 36th and Naomi Streets were Brother and Sister Byler—kind folks who could sympathize with a young fellow struggling along, still in his teens—also George Garretson who married about this time, and his mother, Sister Caroline Garretson, who had been appointed to this branch of our work.

If adjustment seemed difficult, I found in time much with which to occupy myself. I discovered that Charles Porter, who had been in our Bible School at Denver, was engaged in securities business in the city. He had left us for the Southwest somewhere, largely on account of his health. He looked so well and filled out, that with some excitement I enquired what he had been doing to himself. He told of a course of physical culture training that he had been taking in a gymnasium in the city.

Mr. Porter became interested in my concern about rebuilding my life physically, with the result that he came out to our missionary headquarters and taught me the course in calisthenics, including deep-breathing exercises, which he had

learned. I went at them pretty strenuously and faithfully. My chest expansion increased and my neck filled out so that my collar became snug.



Charlie Porter

Charlie gave me \$5, which meant something in those days, and I bought clothing, including a shirt or two.

We had a cow. My outlook on life seemed

more hopeful. Of course I too, along with my brother, years before had learned to preach, and I did a good deal of it in our services held in the large parlors of the old house. I also kept up my music practice.

Another field of study opened up in taking advantage of Ewald Hansen's companionship. He had taken a course in a business college and was an excellent penman. Although my father deserved the commendation he so often received for his beautiful Spencerian curves and fine writing, about all I could do was scratch. Hanson took me in hand. I got a copy book of business handwriting, foolscap paper, and pens. All you have to do is to have someone show you how to hold your hand, and then proceed to make some ten thousand loops, some 3,500 C's, about five thousand E's and about as many of the other letters that are hard.

To say the least, my handwriting went through a transformation, and the experience was more valuable in my training and education than I could appreciate at the time. Other studies consisted of business spelling and derivation of words.

One day while up in my room plugging away, I heard a cry. The old pump house was bright with more light than was necessary in that beautiful California sunshine. Somebody had been warming roofing paint over a gas plate in the tower room which was ordinarily used as a laundry.

It had boiled and run over, setting the place afire. Two blocks away was a fire station, and there was a telephone on the wall in the house; but I felt that I just could not trust trying to get a call through in time. So down the street I sped like Nurmi, the



Close to the source of supply. Left—Bro. Garretson,
A. K. W., Mrs. Garretson, holding everything

famous Finn runner, to that fire station. I shouted my message to the firemen who were alert, and soon I was riding on the truck to the conflagration.

We lost the old tower, but for some weeks, pending insurance adjustments, large, impressive, but more or less harmless blisters ornamented the back wall of the house. It would not have taken long until it too would have been ablaze.

I have thought so often, that when you need

help it is better not to trust too many agents, but make a quick, direct appeal. Here again is the lesson to be learned over, that we can take our troubles straight to the Lord without having to relay them through a long line of saints.

Now, of course, for health's sake and for re-creation, I must have a swim in the ocean, combined with colporteur missionary work around the neighborhood of Venice. But I had no bathing suit.

Here is where my future grand-mother-in-law like a good angel, stepped into my life, to make me one out of some good old serge. I thought she did a very good job, with piping and some kind of ornamentation that I thought would make it look pretty much as if it had been purchased. No, it did not look exactly like a knitted suit out of a men's furnishing store, but I could swim in it just the same.

In the course of time, some man visited our missionary headquarters, for whom I had great admiration as he was so conversant with great writers and poets. He could quote many lines of verse from memory. He must have sympathized with me more than I knew, and made me a present of a knitted bathing suit. Just how Ewald Hanson got his, I do not know, but both of us went to Venice and Santa Monica on a missionary tour. I did some work from house to house taking subscriptions for our *Pillar of Fire* paper.

You traveled down to the coast on electric trains. There was in those days the sedate and unpretentious village of Hollywood, with Bougainvillea trailing around beautifully on porches, but no great buildings with movie lots cluttering up the terrain between Los Angeles and the coast. It was a nice country trolley-ride that one greatly enjoyed.

One of the first persons we got acquainted with was a baker. I had hoped to stay down at the shore for a few days; so looked for a room. The baker told us he had a little two-room house in his back yard. It was well built enough — just a shack. The baker would let us have this place without cost. Very industriously we cleaned and put it in order. Sleeping was comfortable, and eating very convenient. Besides, the baker provided us with breadstuff free so that our expenses did not mount into the high brackets.

Bathing in the ocean every day did something for me, along with physical culture exercises I was taking. Down on the sands one day when Brother Hanson had gone to the city, I had a strange feeling of loneliness. Father, I believe, was in Denver, Mother somewhere carrying on her evangelistic work and Ray struggling hard with little problems—health and otherwise—back in New Jersey. It was a full and interesting experience, nevertheless, and I recall one particular instance that has stayed with me ever since.

One day I was in the baker's shop watching him. He had an old-fashioned oven in which he placed the bread pans with a long-handled shovel-like implement technically known as a "peel." (You may look it up in the dictionary for yourself.) I was fascinated with the operation and encouraged by the baker to help with the doughnuts. You dropped rings of dough into hot grease, and they fried crisp and brown. I suppose I have eaten many doughnuts in my life, but none tasted so good as those I fried myself for the baker. As he looked at me he became somewhat sadly and penitently reminiscent.

"You know, Mr. White, I have sons who went into missionary work, attending the Moody Bible Institute. I was called to do the kind of work you are doing, but you know, I was afraid. I lacked faith. I did not know where I would get my bread."

If I had been inclined to envy the man in his nice little business with plenty of bread to eat, I could see that he was not quite satisfied—he felt that some way he had missed his calling. Yes, there was bread, plenty of bread, but the baker knew that it was the sort of bread that perishes. It gave me a higher estimation and appreciation of working in the Lord's vineyard. I drew great encouragement from his testimony, though in many ways it seemed a sad one, and what a lesson —"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every

word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

To the Lord's workers is the promise that your bread and water shall be sure, and when Jesus ministered to the woman at the well of Samaria, and the disciples asked Him if He had had anything to eat, He said, "I have bread to eat that ye know not of."

We live in a troubled, difficult age—mercenary, gain-seeking, materialistic—and the reason is that too many people called to serve God are fearful of where their bread is to come from. May God help the called ones not to seek bread directly, but to find it in true evangelism, in feeding the hungry spiritually. He will then give us all the bread that we need.

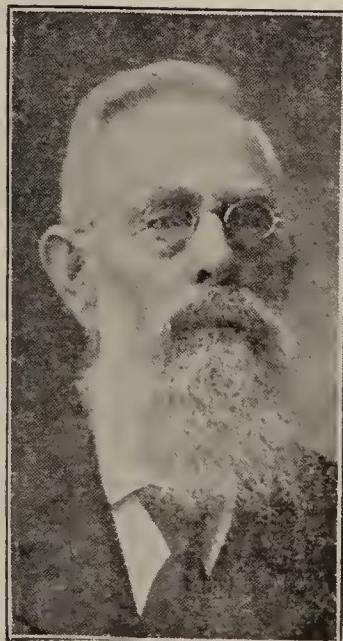
This was an early lesson that I learned from the baker who charged us nothing for plenty of bread while we stayed in Santa Monica. Since the Lord is so good, we had a few cakes and wonderful doughnuts thrown in.

"THIS IS THE WAY WE WASH OUR CLOTHES"

WHEN the six months of my stay in California had elapsed, I left September 30, for Denver. Mother, Father, my brother Ray and Cousin Joe returned from New Jersey, and pending developments in the East where we were to move our headquarters, affairs in the Champa Street building seemed to go on pretty much as before. Grandfather Bridwell, eighty-two years of age, had come from Montana to stay with us.

We all thought much of Grandpa. He took a keen interest in his grandchildren—the Metlens, Whites, and the little Bridwells. He was not fastidious or proud, but neat and orderly, and we enjoyed going to his room.

Grandfather had had a colorful career. Born in Virginia, in Stafford County, he had traveled westward into Kentucky, and on marrying, went up into the woodlands of Lewis County, where there was plenty of bark for his tanning operations. Mother often told how he tanned leather along with the brother, Simpson, and the father of Ulysses S. Grant. After rearing a large family, episodes concerning which have been so interestingly told in Mother's "Story," he went to Montana.



Grandfather
Bridwell



Grandpa and his grandchildren

Grandfather seemed to carry a burden on his heart. I was interested as a young man in his spiritual struggle and victory. He had been a moderate user of tobacco since the days he had raised it in Kentucky, and this troubled him. Yet he gave it up, and at his age this to me seemed heroic. As time went on his bodily powers failed, and he took to bed. It would be impossible to describe that death-bed scene as Mother and many of us gathered around, and she, in great concern, asked him if everything was all right. He waved his hand to her, telling her not to cry, and triumphantly passed into another world, as we sang Mother's song, "The Sky is Clear Above," with the chorus:

*"The angel bands are coming, I hear them far away,
To take me to that city where all is perfect day:
The sky is clear above me—I hear their harps of gold;
I soon shall join their number and see the gates unfold."*

Since that memorable occasion, this song, to those present, has ever been associated with Grand-father's "translation," as Uncle Charles termed it.

My improvement in health and physical vigor, as the result of the six months in California, made such an impression on our Bible School that students, missionaries and others were willing to have me teach them calisthenics, and early in the morning day after day these exercises continued.

May 31 I was appointed to return to New Jersey, and as the different departments of the work were moved (since the plan was to establish our headquarters in New Jersey), it was not long until the members of the White family were on the eastern seaboard again. Father, however, spent some time in Denver, endeavoring to sell our Champa Street building. It would take many chapters for a detailed account of how miraculously our efforts in this direction failed. I believe that in one instance about \$40,000 was expected; but it was not the Lord's plan, as anyone acquaint-

ed with even a little of the subsequent history of the Pillar of Fire in Colorado and other western states may well understand.

By this time not only was the extension of the old farmhouse at Zarephath completed, but another structure was in the course of completion on our Alma White College Campus, known as the Academy Building, now Columbia Hall. Into the basement of this new building was moved a fine Miehle press. I can remember seeing the parts of it standing around ready for assembling. It was an exciting day for me when the erector arrived. He hired four or five men from the neighborhood to assist him. I cannot remember much about them except that they were husky fellows with strong backs, anxious to exhibit their strength in lifting the heavy frames.

What a lesson I learned sitting at a basement window looking in on the scene! The erector used these men all right, but not in the way they had expected. Whenever they would tense their muscles for a big push or a big lift, this master mechanic would check their movements so that they had little to do but stand by and steady a frame or heavy part. With rollers and pinch bar, and a minimum of effort, the press went magically together, for that man understood the science of leverage. Here you learned the power of mind over matter—how thinking can be greater than brute force. Carrying it further still, the power of

the spiritual far outweighs the material, and only in learning this can men and nations find the true road to peace.

The next item in my diary of principal events reads: "Ray and I at Mott's, Asbury Park. Pierce, Cox, and Joe Reedy there." Perhaps, to make an honest confession, my brother and I wanted some vacation down at the seaside where we wished to resume swimming such as I had enjoyed in the Pacific Ocean. The Motts were hospitable and kind to our missionaries, and Ray and I had a room at a minimum cost, and enjoyed our stay there.

Soon Joe Metlen joined us, or perhaps we joined him, and it seems that Ray went home with one of the brethren, or to undertake some colporteur work elsewhere with Brother Pierce, while Joe and I proceeded down the coast to Atlantic City. We found here that our brethren had departed. We had wanted to lean on them for support, and continue our vacation. We went on to Sea Isle City further south, and missed them there, and felt pretty much disappointed. I remember pacing up and down the platform of the railroad station in a blue state of mind.

We did not know what to do about rooms or meals, and we were far from home. Of course, I knew something about taking subscriptions for publications, house-to-house, but not on too grand a scale, whatever little success I may have had

in Santa Monica, California, when I met the baker. Perhaps Joe had resources he could draw on, but it looked like defeat for me. I think we tried to do some business in that coast town, but there was little response.

Sea Isle City was on a strip of land with back-water toward the inland. We traveled out into the country, pretty late one afternoon, and decided to try again. It seemed the people were as different here in the farming community, compared with the vacationists out on the sea coast, as day is from night. It was not long until we not only had a room, but several dollars in our pockets.

I may have written a letter home waving a distress signal. My father, who had been a great book agent and had received a gold watch worth \$135 as a prize for what he had accomplished at the business while attending Denver University, evidently felt that I was letting the family down; so he wrote a letter endeavoring to arouse my manhood to greater faith and effort. In the meantime, however, before the letter of admonishment arrived, we pitched into that farming community and did remarkably well, sending in a record-breaking remittance to the office. When my father's letter arrived, I felt that we had sort of beat him to it. It was not long until a complimentary one from him followed, and my heart was considerably lighter. Our feeling of independence

grew, and we did not care whether we had any older missionaries to lean on or not; in fact, we felt better without them.

My proficiency in meeting people really seemed to improve, if only by slow degrees. Long after I had passed my majority I met a doctor on a train who told me how he had worked his way through Johns Hopkins University, taking subscriptions or selling something or other from door to door. He smiled reminiscently as he remarked how he had never had much trouble. The secret of his success belonged to the manner of his approach: "It did not make any difference how old the lady was who came to the door," explained he, "I always said, 'Lady, may I please see your mother?'"

As I look back over my notes of those days I am keenly conscious that I resorted to no such diplomacy, for I was an earnest missionary.

I remember meeting one lady who at the outset of the interview frankly and pretty definitely informed me that she was not going to take "that paper." I think my diplomacy did go so far as to smile and retort that she would take it before I got done with her. I pitched in with all the eloquence and earnestness I could summon about old-time heart-felt religion and soon she said: "Well, I believe I'll take that paper," and then, catching herself, recalled that I had told her she would. I felt this was something of a triumph.



Our wee little cottage in Wildwood
by the sea

Having gone over our territory very well in the Sea Isle City neighborhood, we went on to Wildwood, where we established ourselves for two or three weeks. Looking over some old correspondence with my parents, I find that some good lady let us have a wee little cottage for only two

dollars a week. It was furnished with two cots, some dishes, and an old stove to cook on. We got everything organized as to study, swimming, eating, and taking subscriptions. Real missionary work we engaged in; but, you know, we had to keep neat and clean, and did not feel that we could afford to take our laundry to the Chinaman or anywhere else. Here is what I wrote to my parents:

“Saturday forenoon we did our washing. I borrowed a wash boiler and put the water on to heat. Shortly afterwards I looked out the back way and Joe was climbing over the fence with a washboard and tub. I do not believe I ever washed anything before on a wash board. By noon we were through and you ought to have seen our line of clothes! We had four blouses, seven pairs of socks, four suits of underwear, four towels, one dozen handkerchiefs, two suits of pajamas, one sack, etc. While they were drying we wore our bathing suits and went to the beach for a bath. I borrowed an ironing board, and we ironed up everything—Joe even found some starch and was fixing up the nocturnal apparel.”

Perhaps it was not so exciting after all for two young fellows to do a washing, but this was not the end of it. What should our parents do but publish that letter immediately in the *Pillar of Fire*. A good many papers were soon coming through the mails to the people of the town, and

when we went to the post office, the interest of some young ladies seemed to apprise us that our washing episode was well known in the village, to our embarrassment; but what could we do about it but philosophically continue our regime of work and play?

In the city of Wildwood was a real estate agent. His name was Yenny, and his signs had his name all around his billboards with the Y's in the corners. In the course of time we had to give up our little cottage to somebody else, and we appealed to Yenny. We must have made good with our reputation for orderliness and clothes-washing to the extent that this real estate man thought we were worth trusting and let us stay for about a week free in a nicer, larger cottage right on the beach.

During our missionary experiences we took time for a good deal of study, and one of the things that I remember doing, and perhaps Joe did it also, was to commit to memory the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. When we returned to Zarephath I was able to recite it, and I think made a grand oratorical impression. Nothing ever stayed with me better or has done me so much good as committing that chapter to memory. I commend it to our readers.

XXVI

THIS IS THE WAY WE BAKE OUR CAKES

AFTER the interesting times Joe Metlen and I had down the Atlantic Coast in the neighborhood of Wildwood during the summer of 1908, we continued with work and study at Zarephath. One task for me was to install a steam heating plant in the new building in which the Miehle printing press had been erected. Having had some difficulties with the first heating plant, because of too much seniority help, I was inclined to go to the other extreme of endeavoring to do almost everything myself. My father realized that I had a relatively large task on my hands; and since he was responsible for ordering the materials felt obliged to moniter my movements a good deal, and his admonitions enabled me to take a middle-of-the-road policy between being too independent on the one hand, and too easily influenced, on the other.

As time went on the heating plant was successfully installed. However, I had trouble with the draft and called upon an engineer in New York, a Mr. Vandeville, who came out to Zarephath and told me how to correct the difficulties. I learned a lesson that has continued to be my

policy for years, viz., to call on the very best men I could find when in technical difficulties, and I have learned that the bigger men are more willing to help, and will do it cheaper, than the second-raters. Whenever you say to a professional man that you have been directed to him as a result of asking for the best man available in the field, it is a compliment that nearly always brings results.

In the summer of 1909 I find that I was busy writing articles for the paper and composing music for Mother's songs. I helped to put together our first hymnal, *Pillar of Fire Praises*. But the heat of summertime stirred longings to get near ocean water, and Ray and I went to Cape Cod.

Railroad transportation, radio, and flying have contributed to such social unification in the United States as to break down many old-time provincial barriers. Perhaps the day will come when it will be increasingly difficult to tell from one's speech that one is from the South, or from New England, or the western plains. We are becoming more or less "Main Street" all over the country, and this may also mean less color and variety in our national life.

We were to find in New England a different type of people, given to wonderful hospitality, and when we came to the little coast towns of Wood's Hole and Falmouth, not far from Martha's Vineyard, with its old Vineyard Haven Methodist

camp meeting center, we were pleased with the reception that we received and the many subscriptions to our publications that we were able so easily to take. People opened up their homes and we were bedded and fed and looked after in splendid fashion.

Finally we chose Hyannis on the coast, with fine bay and beautiful surroundings, as headquarters. Someone let us have a little cabin in a hollow near the shore, surrounded by shrubbery and many never-to-be-forgotten blueberry bushes. It seems that we were allowed to have the cabin on condition that we would clean it up and put it in order. Whether a condition or not, the straightening out had to come and in the end a considerable pile of rubbish was accumulated. We were beginning to feel quite satisfied with ourselves, but of course needed some things with which to keep house.

Whether it was Ray or I who visited neighbor Lansing first, I do not know. But pretty soon down he came, in his bare feet, to the little cottage—retired minister of the more or less dry-as-dust type of New England clergy. You could tell immediately that he was a well-informed leader of men, used to giving spiritual orders and being obeyed. He did not palaver over us but was genuinely interested in helping us, having learned that we were some sort of missionaries

I think among other things he brought us knives and forks.

Now I had a great problem in my mind regarding what to do with the basket full of trash. I did not wish to throw it in the roadway or place it where it would appear unsightly in so nice a neighborhood. But I probably made a big mistake without realizing it, when I ventured to ask the superannuated Rev. Lansing where to put that trash.

"Oh, just throw it down there in the bushes," he said. What else could I do but that very thing, when he was watching and managing us? After he left I looked at the trash and did not like it there, so sneaked back down to gather it up.

And the second mistake was to let my brother see me doing it, for he became greatly amused and said:

"Arthur, what are you doing?"

Now, my friends, that was somewhat of an embarrassing question for my brother to ask me, and I want you to know that I appreciated the old gentleman's philanthropy. He was to remain a friend for a long time. But I had to say something for my brother's benefit, for he was becoming too much amused and a bit tantalizing, so what else could I say?

"Well, the Old Rip! I'm not going to leave it there."

What I ever did with it I do not know. But

until his death Ray continued to laugh at me about the "Old Rip" and my gathering up the trash.

We got along wonderfully in the little cottage, and it was great fun to go out and pick the blueberries. One day a lady came down the pathway and I ventured to ask her:

"What are you supposed to do with blueberries?"

"Oh," she said, "you eat them as they are, or with sugar and cream, and sometimes we stir them into batter-cakes."

Well, there was an idea. I knew how to make up pancake batter, and a good big mix I made; and into it went a large number of those little blue balls. Now the directions were to "stir" them into the cake batter, which I did, until my pancake dough became strangely purple. I began to fry the cakes, and Ray sat down, started in and seemed greatly to relish the first ones. In fact, he relished the second ones, and the third ones, until I said: "Ray, how do you like those cakes?"

Not one word! He relished the fourth and the fifth portions, and I continued to ask him how he liked them, until after he had eaten about ten.

Still pressing him for an opinion he finally said: "Well, you see I'm eating them, don't you?" And that is all the compliment that I got—and maybe all that was necessary—for the blueberry

pancakes which I served my brother with butter and syrup.

Now, of course, if I did the cooking I naturally expected Ray to cooperate with other little duties. I may have expected him to wash the dishes. We moved from Hyannis over to Buzzard's Bay, and some kind friend let us have an apartment in an old building near the railroad tracks, and very near to the bay. It was a wonderful bay, the one in which Grover Cleveland used to fish, living thereabouts in a summer home.

We resumed our colporteur activities and I continued to cook. Ray would go shopping for the supplies, and I think he also continued to help wash the dishes. One day Ray became definitely, fixedly, and steadfastly convinced that I was having the easier part of the work. There wasn't anything to this cooking business anyway. Arthur might just as well do the shopping and run the errands. So we agreed to change places.

While I was off buying whatever was needed, I decided to borrow a sailboat which some man kindly said we could use. When I returned to the upper apartment of the old shack, dear friends, it looked as if the house were about to burst into a blaze. My brother was standing over the stove with smoke filling the room, stirring the porridge and rubbing his eyes. I looked at him in some amazement and discovered that there were sticks

of wood right on top of that stove, scorching and burning, which he seemed not to notice. I think we had laid them there to dry out, but the stove always smoked on general principles before it got well started.

Poor Ray! he had so much salt in the breakfast food we could not eat it, and we agreed to change roles again. How happy I would be if he were around now to come back at me, as so often he did, with his story about the "Old Rip," which seemed a sort of compensation for his smoking the house up when he tried to do the cooking.

Next, we undertook to sail the boat, and so went down to the water to play jolly sailors. If we didn't know how to sail we didn't tell anybody. We went aboard and unfurled the sail. For some reason or other the boat seemed unwilling to leave the shore. The wind was not right, or something or other. But a gentleman off on a bridge, looking at us, had a noble heart. He did not in any rude fashion embarrass us by showing up our ignorance, but in a kindly way ventured a suggestion:

"Now, boys, row out there away from the shore, and then set your sail."

We did as we were told, and getting out in deeper water tied one end of the sail down so that it began to fill with wind. The boat began to move and we discovered that we could actually steer the thing with the tiller, and away we went.

We were pretty close to having our heads knocked off with the boom, learning to go about, and when a strong gust would come we would pretty nearly ship water; but as we gained experience we sailed all over that bay. We could swim, of course, but I must confess that when I look back and think of that big bay, with the iron bars for ballast in that boat, I wonder what we would have done had it shipped enough water to sink it. Maybe the Lord knew our work was not done, and helped us to get back safe to shore, with more thrills than we had had in a long time. You will hear more about a sail boat later on.

The day was to come when we were to have branches of our work in New England. Not long ago, after becoming well established in Providence, we purchased a beautiful building on Lawrence Street, not far from Yale University's Peabody Natural History Museum, in New Haven.

Our workers have traveled throughout the length and breadth of the New England states, and we have many friends, readers of our publications, and in the lower part of that territory, even listeners to radio station WAWZ at Zarephath. We look for still greater enlargement in this historic part of our country.

My brother became so in love with the people and country that he frequently returned for rest and vacations to the neighborhood of old Cape Cod, to the land of wonderful blueberries, where

people eat beans cooked as only they know how to bake them, but where, more important still, are fine, gospel-hungry, Bible-loving friends.

And now I think I have said enough about this business, and a very important business too, of house-to-house visitation. As I look back over long years of study, I feel that the education I received in learning to meet people was more valuable to me than anything else in which I was ever engaged. Someone has said that eighty-five per cent of business must be solicited; fifteen per cent may come to your doors. Jesus said to go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come in. The professional preacher today who regards himself in the light of one who must sit in his office and be sought for, is not a true winner of souls. The church prospered spiritually in the days when pastors and evangelists moved freely amongst the people and visited their homes.

XXVII

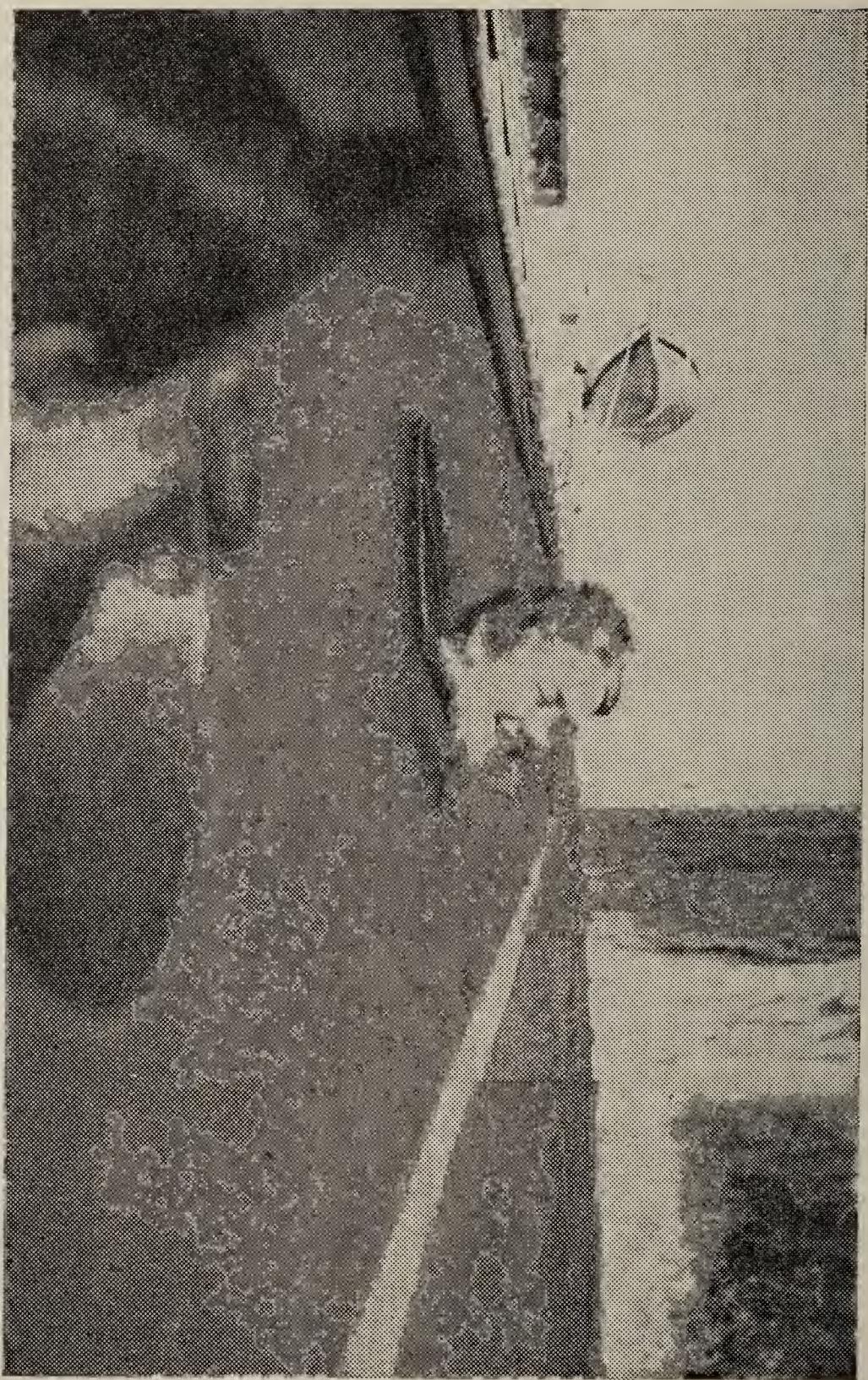
WE SEE THE KING

AFTER our experience on Cape Cod, the next memorable event in our lives was another trip abroad late in the fall.

November 11, 1909, there was a notable wedding at Zarephath when my cousin, Gertrude Metlen, and the Rev. Albert Wolfram were married. On the 13th of November, two days later, my diary records: "Arabic party embarks for London. Wolframs, Joe, Carrie Garretson, Inez Hubbard, Misses Park and Jarvi, Messrs. Hadeen, Stevens, Hanson, Galloway and all the White family."

This was another of Mother's faith ventures, not that we started out with forty cents in our pockets, for this time, as a matter of fact, we were pretty well equipped, even taking along a Campbell cylinder printing press as ship's baggage, with the idea of establishing a publishing plant in England.

In a previous chapter I told of some porthole incidents, presenting a pen sketch of Father looking at the propellers when he was washed with spray. We took pictures on the Arabic, and one of Mother looking out of a porthole I have prized



Mother looking out of a porthole of the Arabic

ever since. In keeping with her calling, as a spiritual leader, she was conservative about any published pictures of herself. This belongs more to our own family affairs, but it shows Mother so well in her prime that I submit it herewith.

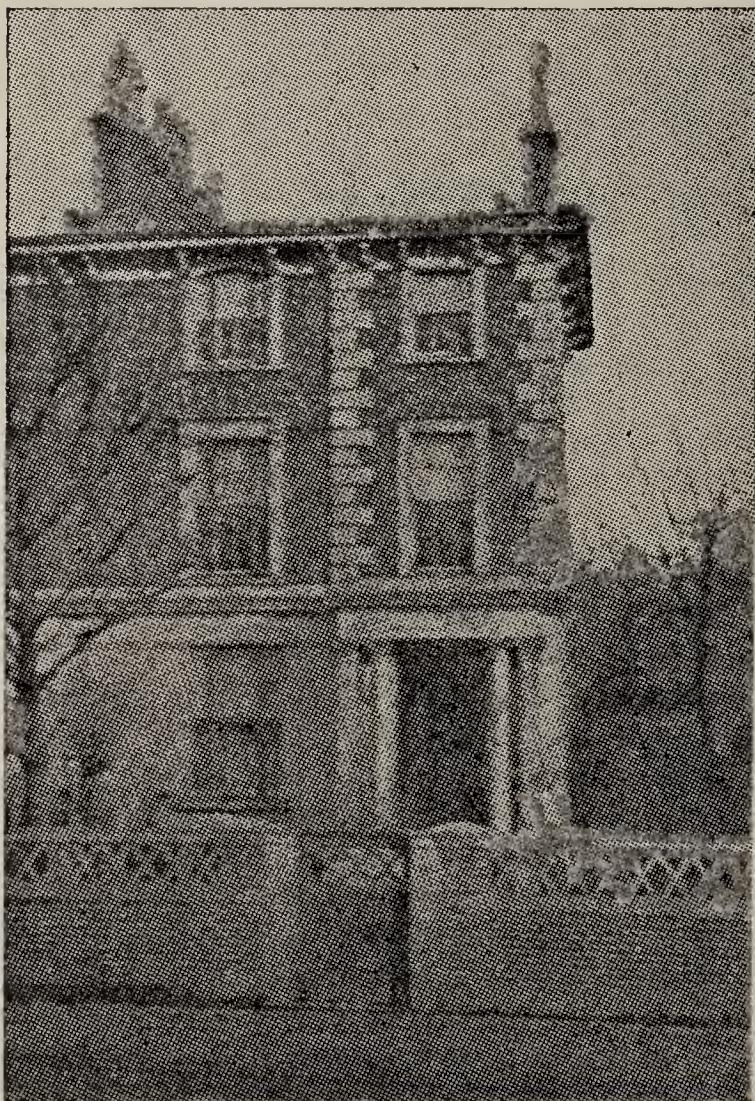
There are millions of Americans brought up along "Main Street," so to speak, who never have experienced the strange feeling that belongs to landing in a foreign country where so many things are different, a good number of them inconveniently so.

It is a wonderful opportunity to learn patience and tolerance. And, after all, interesting as our own land may be historically, you must pay with some bother for the privilege of visiting world-famous places in their old settings.

If you land at Plymouth, for instance, and observe men coming up on the ship in long lines for the mail, to earn their pittance wage, you think: "Why don't they have automatic chutes of some kind instead of employing so many hands?" I saw one man carrying a bag almost empty, in an attitude as if it weighed a hundred pounds. But had Henry Ford come in to try to transform it all according to American standards, you could let him go only so far, or everything that was romantically Old-World pleasing would be ruined.

We had considerable difficulty finding rooms for all our party; but it was a good experience to get acquainted with the English hostesses.

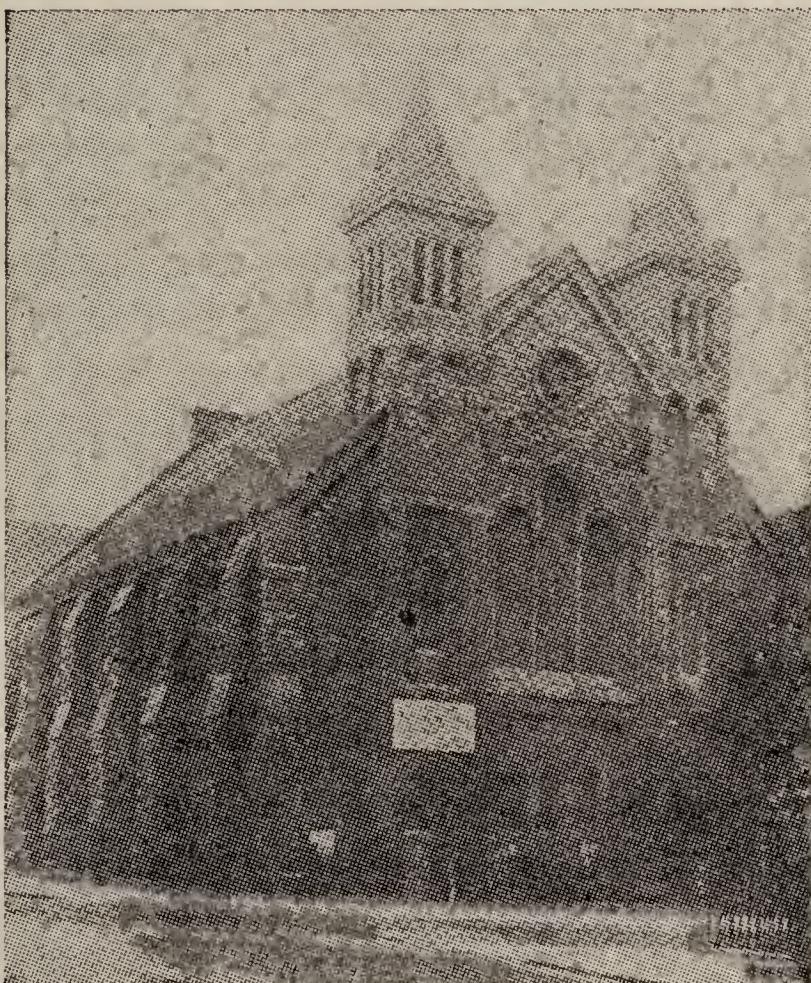
Finally a place at 12 Gloucester Road, Camden Town, was leased as our headquarters, a fine middle-class dwelling, not far from Regent's Park, with its famous zoo. At one side of Camden Town



First missionary home in London—12
Gloucester Road, Camden Town

was an old church building known as Bedford Chapel (destroyed in World War II), where it was said John Ruskin used to worship. This was

not in use and was engaged for evangelistic services. There was not the great publicity given to Mother's meetings this time that had been accorded to her on her visit in the winter of 1904-05. Our work was now rather to establish a foot-



Bedford Chapel, Camden Town, was engaged for evangelistic services

hold on the British Isles — and *work* it was!

As a part of our evangelistic program there was some street marching and considerable advertising. The going seemed hard and discouraging. There was a young Britisher amongst our con-

verts who limped, and he was ordinarily faithful in the marches. One day he did not show up to join the procession; so Joe Metlen took it upon himself to limp along that day, thanks indirectly to that good lame brother. He went along silently with his pantomime until all of us became amused. Yet he never smiled or ceased his imitation during the whole march. Our amusement developed into cheerfulness; in fact, I think some of us were really convulsed, and it helped to break a spell of depression. The only explanation you could ever get from Joe was that he felt he had to do something.

If I had been worried about education I was able to carry on some profitable studies. I became particularly interested in such places as Westminster Abbey, and the Tower, and while I would not call it research, did go deeply into the history of the Abbey, writing for our *Pillar of Fire* paper.

There is a particularly long royal tomb, and enough could be said about it to require a whole article. In it repose the bones of "Longshanks," that six-footer monarch Edward I, knight and crusader, with great courage and convictions, who ruled from 1272 to 1307. His treasured motto, "Keep Faith," was no mockery on his lips. Immortal was his testimony: "Though my soldiers and countrymen desert me I will go alone to Acre with Fowin, my groom, and keep to the death my word and my oath," so determined was he to res-

cue the Holy Land from the infidel Turk. Another tomb well worth visiting was that of Henry V, to whom I shall refer in a later chapter.

About this time the newspapers were full of talk about the scandalous treatment of natives on the rubber plantations of the Belgians in Africa, with sensational accusations against King Leopold II. Father wanted me to tell some of this in an article for our paper. For some reason I had great difficulty in composing the article, but my chief reason for mentioning it is that Father took me through a course of composition, and I can never forget his admonition not to let an article "sour," but to hold on to it until I made a success of it. I had been interested in the stories, but perhaps not enough to write it up well. The ordeal was beneficial.

On one occasion Joe and I went to visit the House of Commons, and we sat in the gallery for the better part of an afternoon. The Conservatives were trying to switch the Liberals off the track with reference to taxation, by whipping up a war scare with Germany. Stories were told of what preparations for war the Germans were found to be making secretly. A great deal of peace talk was popular in those days, and I was to hear much of it later at Columbia University; but I always declared that Joe and I observed enough animus that day to be convinced that if war ever did come it would be bitter. Thereafter, peace:

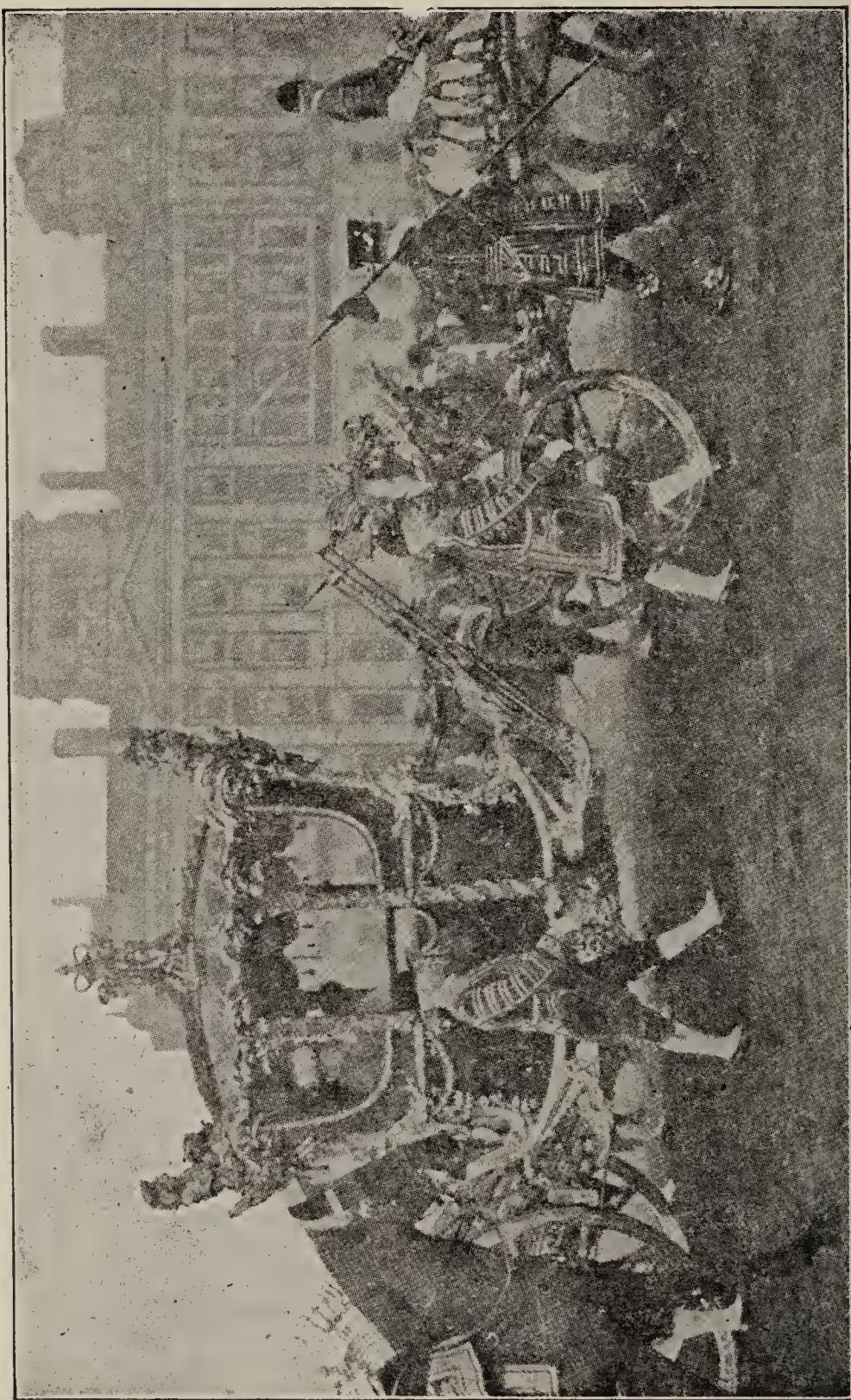
propaganda never made too much of an impression upon me. When I remembered what those Members of Parliament felt down inside.

Perhaps it would be well to tell something down another "inside." When the old Arabic left New York, a young lady was standing on the dock participating in farewell felicitations. She showed such a kindly, sympathetic interest in the party that I wondered who she might be. She proved to be Helen Staats, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Anna Staats, one of Mrs. Garretson's daughters, and Sister Carrie Garretson's niece. I can recall conversations with Miss Carrie about her sister Anna and all the Staats children. There were Helen, Kathleen, Carolyn, Ruth and a little fellow—William—the only son. Every one of these children, in the course of time, were to come into our work. Later I was to go to the same school that Carolyn attended. I cannot explain altogether what possessed me to catechize Sister Carrie so particularly about all these young people, but I wanted to know something especially about one whose age was so close to my own—the second daughter of the family. But there were other things to think about, and so we went to see the king.

On a book shelf in my New Jersey home I find an old English history by George M. Wrong, on the fly-leaf of which is my name, with our Denver, Champa Street, address. In blue pencil on the title

page appears this note: "This history has had quite a history itself. It was gotten in Denver. I studied it and recited it to Uncle Charles and Brother Tomlin with Joe. Re-read it going to London. Ray studied it and recited it to me. I carried it with me to several places of interest—Westminster Abbey, Whitehall, etc. When we went to see the king going to Parliament, there was a great crowd and Sister Carrie couldn't see well, so I put the history on the ground and she stood on it and saw King Edward." Appended in pencil years later in another handwriting is: "I gave it to Kathleen to read when she was Kathleen Staats."

To stand along the Mall in Hyde Park and see the king and queen go to Parliament, in the old royal state coach, affords the thrill of a lifetime. Every detail of that experience was interesting beyond description. It is a sensational spectacle that invariably draws the crowds. My record tells how an innumerable multitude of spectators lined up both sides of the Mall long before the appointed hour, "patiently waiting to get a glimpse of the state coach and its royal occupants." Next to the spectators was a row of policemen, and in front of them a line of armed soldiers wearing high, bearskin hats, ready to present arms and salute their Majesties. You saw drivers and footmen of royal coaches, richly attired in fantastic suits of velvet with gold trimmings. They wore



Old Royal State Coach. We saw the King and Queen go to Parliament

powdered wigs, cocked hats, knee trousers, and white stockings.

We were so impressed that we felt that had King George III himself appeared on the scene we would not have been much surprised. In fact, the royal golden coach belongs to that old king's reign. What a museum piece it is, built in 1761! For over a century and a half it has carried British sovereigns to Parliament. An American artist valued the painting on its panels, executed by Cypriani, at \$500,000. One of the scenes represents Britannia seated on a throne with a staff of liberty in her hand, and Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valor, Fortitude, Commerce, Plenty, and Victory presenting her with garlands of laurels.

This historic vehicle weighs four tons but is so lightly swung on its great C-springs that a child can push the coach back and forth with his hands. King Edward VII could afford eight cream-colored Hanoverian horses to pull this royal carriage, but that belongs to a glory that is past. They were disposed of during the first World War and inferior steeds took their places. While the attendant beef-eaters, as they were called, and all of the equipage made a fascinating attraction, after all, you were more interested in seeing the king and queen themselves, who smiled graciously and bowed to the people, delighted to respond with greetings of cheers.

The populace was carried away for the mo-

ment with all of this show; but if you were well enough informed you could see behind the scenes, and understand how superficial much of it was. My record describes the immense amount of work required on the part of numberless servants and attendants to prepare for such an event. Democratic Americans usually regard all this display as so much waste of time and money; but the average Britisher thinks it necessary in order to impress the many heathen countries belonging to the British Empire. Doubtless England has carried this too far. When Edward VII passed away and George V was crowned, it was said that enough jewelry was worn by the aristocracy to have purchased the entire British Navy.

In her book, *The Titanic Tragedy*, my mother described it all, and prophesied that great calamity was coming. The two world wars that followed the coronation shook the British Empire to its very foundations, and the civilized world today wonders whether or not Britain can retain the prestige of her empire, or as a matter of fact, survive at all as a first-class nation.

In her spiritual ascendancy, England gave the Bible to the world in great missionary enterprises, but her established churches became empty; and pleasure-seeking on the Sabbath, the rule. Surely America, with repeal and kindred extravagance and worldliness, seems even to be outrunning Britain in many respects, and the only hope for

either is a revival of old-fashioned religion. Can either country get along without the other when the world still needs worthy national leadership?

While thrilled seeing the king go to Parliament, I could not but think of the great hope in the breast of every Christian, as he envisions the time when he will be able to look upon the face of the King of glory in another world. In his heart is the cherished sentiment that the poet has put in that beautiful song, "We Shall See the King Some Day."

You see only a human being when you look upon the face of such a one as Edward VII, reputed to have been quite a world diplomat, yet weak in character. As we think of Britain's Empire problems, with so much trouble in India, and Palestine, it is safe to say that an exhibition of sterling character, and an exemplary adherence to great Christian ideals on the part of England's political leadership would mean more in holding the respect, even of the heathen peoples, than so much gilt and tinsel.

When we behold the Lord of lords and King of kings we shall see One who has triumphed over all evil, Who conquered for us death, hell, and the grave. There will be no disillusionments.

XXVIII

MONKEY NUTS

IN APRIL my cousin Joe and I were called home to the United States, and my diary records that we left on the Steamship Zealand from Liverpool. On the train to Liverpool we became very much interested in a young American who revealed to us that he was discouraged with the failure of a business enterprise abroad.

"What kind of business are you in?"

"Well, I am an agent for vending machines."

It turned out that he had tried to introduce in England half-penny, salted-peanut slot machines; but he complained that he just could not get the Englishmen to take to peanuts. According to his testimony he would eloquently explain how good they were with a snack, or a drink, but to no avail. John Bull would take three or four of them in the palm of his hand, pick one up, bite it in two, put the rest back, and then remark that in his country they called them "monkey nuts," which belonged to excursions to the zoo.

Now this salesman was of the go-getter type, even though he had failed in his venture. He had one of his so-called vending machines right there in the car, or "carriage," as your English-

men call them. He opened it up and offered us some. In the good old American way we ate them quantitatively, which seemed to make him very happy. Soon an English guard came through the train and he was offered some of the peanuts, our American giving him his usual line of sales talk. Just as he said, that guard took up one of the little nuts and I believe actually ate half of it. The poor salesman's only hope was to go to Canada, where he said that the Canadian penny was about the size of an English half-penny and he thought he could sell them there.

As I remember, his name was Mr. Kent, and across the aisle on the steamship he shared a cabin with a Mr. White. I thought it strange that there I should be on one side "Arthur Kent White," with a Mr. Kent and Mr. White on the other side. We were glad to leave the land of monkey nuts and get back where Yankees were not ashamed of their good old "goobers."

We landed in Boston, which was an interesting experience for us, and by train and Sound boat came down to Brooklyn and reported to Mother and others of our people who were holding services there.

This trip to England seemed to mean the turn of the road for me, particularly with regard to my aspirations concerning an education. I had wanted to attend classes in the old Working Men's College near Bedford Chapel, in London, es-

tablished, it was said, by John Ruskin; but the way did not seem to open. I had been studying the life of Dickens, and when I learned how, without formal education, with great handicaps and disadvantages, he had triumphed, I felt determined to improve my talents whether I went to a university or not. I had made progress with piano music, study, and writing, and became reconciled to fighting pretty much alone the battle of learning. People who dedicate their lives to Christian service often find that once a state of resignation is reached there comes a surprise—a door is opened. Abraham, you know, received Isaac back again with much greater meaning, after he had shown himself willing to sacrifice him.

One of the first announcements that Mother made to me when we returned to the United States was that our church was to establish a school, and that Joe and I were to go to college somewhere and prepare toward carrying it on. It was something of a shock at first and now I had to consecrate to go back to school, having been out about five years.

The fall term found Joe Metlen, his sister Genevieve, Ray and me at Warren Academy, the preparatory or high school department of Denver University. The chancellor at that time was Dr. Butchel, who had been pastor of Trinity Methodist Church years before, when my mother sang in

the choir there. He had served a term as governor of the state, and one opinion prevailed concerning a minister as Governor, viz., that he was too much of a politician to suit the church people, and too much of a preacher to suit the politicians. Nevertheless, he and Dean Howe, noted astronomer and professor of mathematics, who had known Mother and Father well in the early days, received us hospitably and we registered for classes.

Two interesting experiences, among others, stand out with reference to our work there. I signed for an academy course in English. For a year or more I had been studying Josephine Turck Baker's drill books in Correct English. She published a magazine by that name, and was conservative and a purist, but you just could not help learning something if you practiced her drills.

One day I showed some of these books and magazines to Miss Fraser, high school instructor in English. There was a mingled look of surprise and pleasure on her face—but something suddenly happened. Joe and I found ourselves up in "Old Main" attending a college English class conducted by a Vassar graduate, Mrs. Ida C. Mac Farland, well known in Denver social and university circles. Her class was very popular. We did well, but at the end of the year I remembered that I needed those preparatory credits and went

to Miss Fraser to arrange for examinations. She said,

"Mr. White, I have something to tell you. When you came into the class with those Correct English books I began to feel that you might know more about English than I did, and I didn't want you in the class. I am not going to have you take any examinations; but will just give you your high school credits."

I had had such a complex of ignorance, lacking, as I supposed, so many conventional opportunities to learn, that her comment whether justifiable or not, had a heartening effect. If it was flattering it did give me courage.

I had purposed to clear up that old last month failure in learning Latin, and plunged into Caesar's Gallic Wars under the strict discipline of Professor Harrup, who conducted his class for both young men and women up in "Old Main." Having been out of school for so long, though I had tried to study Caesar alone, mine were a thousand misgivings that I might not be able to make good. Besides, Professor Harrup seemed at times impatient with our dullness and I shall never forget his staunch endeavor to fire us with zeal as he repeated at some length from memory a Shakespearean passage, Henry V's war speech to his soldiers.

I have mentioned visiting the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. Near Edward the Confes-

sor's tomb and the Coronation chair lie the remains of that doughty king, and up above in the shadowy rising pillars of the Cathedral is a beam on which rest Henry V's shield, saddle, and helmet. To hear Professor trying thus to arouse us to greater effort, gave my visit to that old King's tomb a new meaning.

If you ever try to fight with Julius Caesar in "Gallia," and then listen to the burning words of King "Harry" of England as he addressed his soldiers on the battlefield of France "before Harfleur," perhaps you will have courage to win out with the old Roman general. Indeed, it is an unforgettable passage:

*"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.*



Westminster Abbey, shrine of the British Empire. Burial
place of kings, poets, and other notables

*Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!"*

At the end I receive a good mark which I felt was better than I had deserved, but Prof. Harrup very kindly told me that I had won my spurs.

I was able to clear up some other credits, taking examinations in English History and Physics, studies which Joe I had pursued by correspondence.

Perhaps it is pardonable for a moment to step out of this old Denver University scene and come down to modern times. Just now the world is pleading for peace, and some argue that we need to eliminate from our thinking everything that pertains to warfare; but can we get away from it? Young people need some militancy in attacking problems in school. Not so long ago on the train I met an officer who told me that he had gone to Columbia University to give young men military instruction there. According to his testimony, in a conversation with Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the latter mournfully observed that it was paradoxical that he should come there to establish an officers' training corps, while he himself was the president of a great conciliation society. It is interesting to note that before he died President Butler should be willing to greet a soldier, General Eisenhower, as his successor.

One trouble with much modern religion is that the old-time idea of soldier sacrifice, and warfare against sin and iniquity, has died out of it. If we had more Christian soldiers in the churches fighting the devil, more militancy in Christian education, there might be more hope for world concord, and people everywhere would not be crying, "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. The Apostle Paul told the Ephesians to put on the whole armor of God, and surely a fitting end to this chapter is a verse from S. Baring Gould's famous song:

*"Onward, Christian soldiers! marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see, His banners go!"*

Let us stretch the end a little further with Isaac Watts' "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

*"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord."*

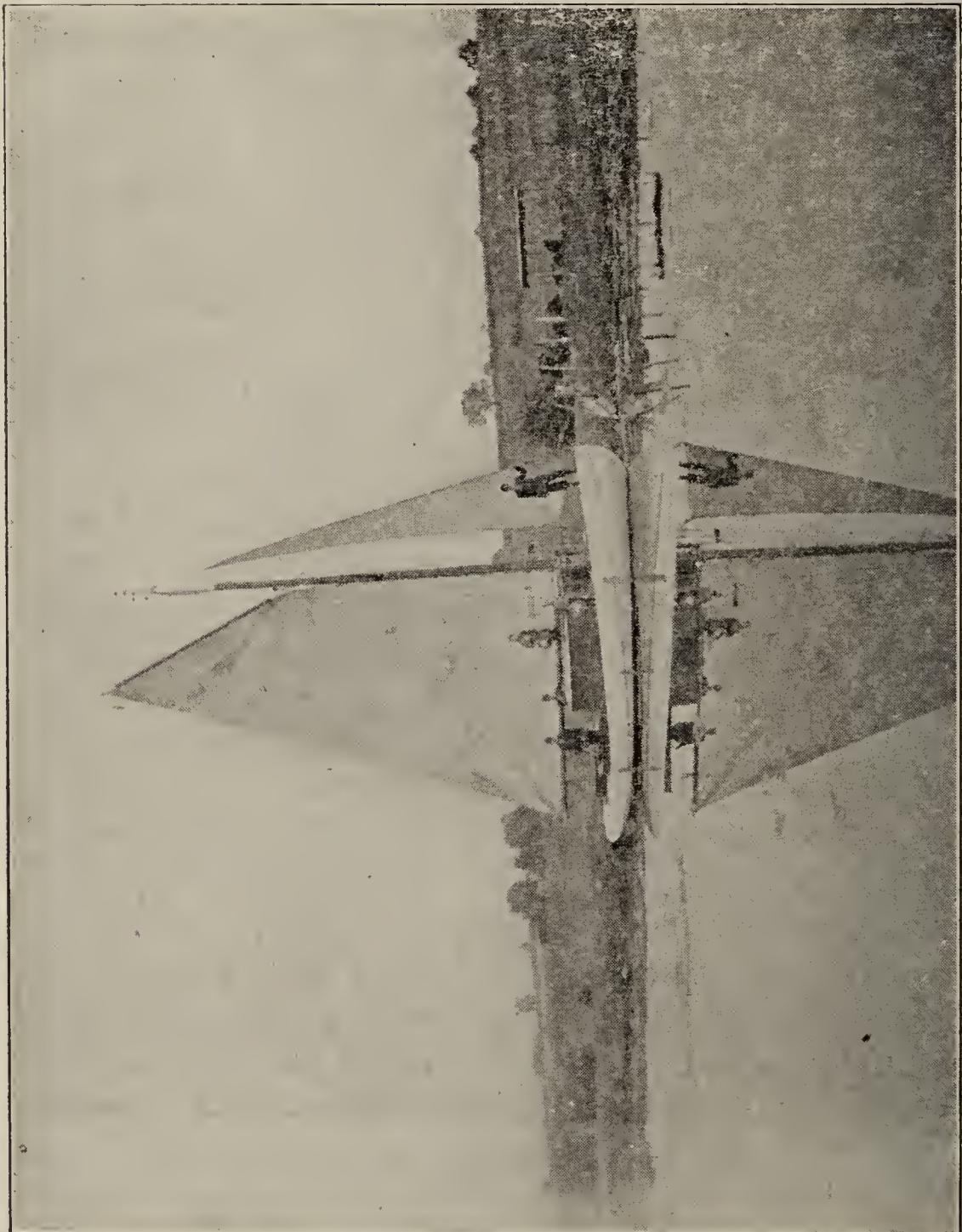
XXIX

CAPTAIN HOPKINS GOES OVERBOARD

WHEN the summer after our attendance at Denver University came around it was time for more missionary activity, and my brother and I found ourselves down at Atlantic City on the eastern seaboard, taking subscriptions from house to house. As already narrated, we had a little experience sailing boats at Buzzards Bay and other places. We became interested in the houseboats and yachts that seemed to make their owners wonderfully independent, cruising about from one coast town to another. Why not get some kind of boat and use it as sort of traveling missionary headquarters?

We began to dream about and talk boats I think more or less from morning till night, and found one for sale at Atlantic City, a 33-ft. cat-boat, 13-ft. beam, with a nice double cabin, a galley for preparing meals, mast and sails, all for \$400. It would be easy enough to have one of our men—say Brother Allen Driver—take such a boat in hand, and we could go up and down the coast, with living quarters aboard, and enjoy ourselves while doing missionary work. Here again, I think to a great extent my brains failed

We bought a sailboat. Next problem: How to get her home



me. Perpetual Motion, as you have heard, had tried to teach an old dog some tricks ; and however it got into his mind that he could take a Texas cowboy and make a sailor out of him, I do not know.

There are "ships of the desert." Nomads can rock around on them pretty much as if they were at sea, and your cowboy is at home in the saddle ; but putting him in a boat to ride is quite another thing. Brother Driver was willing enough, and even for a while enthusiastic ; but my disillusionment came when the sea got rough and he went below to hold his dinner and the boat down, not succeeding very well with either. *

I think it an opportune time to rest a little from my literary labors and let my brother carry on from here. He would have wanted a part in this, I am sure, so we quote from his article written for the *Pillar of Fire* of August 30, 1911, under the title : "The Initiation of the Pillar of Fire Boat." And now, without bothering to use quotation marks, the following is from Ray's pen :

Ray's Boat Story

The story of the initiation of our new boat in the Pillar of Fire service may be of some interest to our readers. After it had been decided that we should purchase the boat, which had lain in dry dock at Atlantic City for over a year, the next question of importance was how to get her

home. It is no trifling matter to sail a boat of seaworthy size from such a far-off point, and dock her safely in the canal at Zarephath. To attempt to do such a thing without an experienced sailor on board would be futile.

It so happened (in the providence of God) that we had at Zarephath Mr Hopkins, a visitor from New Haven, Conn., who proved to be an old sailor of eighteen years' experience. After hearing of our boat he readily offered to accompany us to Atlantic City and bring her up. Then we looked about us for a man who could go along, and learn the knack of sailing a boat, and who, in the course of time, should be able to take charge of it. The decision fell upon Allen Driver, one of our own brethren, a fine young man, exceedingly careful in all things, capable of doing the work of three ordinary men, and moreover, very enthusiastic over things pertaining to the boat.

After a few days' delay we managed to get off to Atlantic City. Brother Driver and I did missionary work on the way. My brother Arthur had gone down the day before, and Mr. Hopkins followed the day after. When we arrived we found Arthur embroiled in boat troubles. He had just got the boat launched and everything on board was turned inside out and upside down.

Soon Mr. Hopkins came on the scene. He was somewhat surprised when he looked at the boat from the dock, and discovered that she was com-

pletely unrigged. This meant three or four days of unexpected work. However, no one was to blame because we, who tried to acquaint him with boat matters, did not know enough to tell him.

But Mr. H— is not a man to be baffled by difficulties. After a little deliberation he proceeded to come aboard. The minute he came on board he discarded his “land legs” in exchange for “sea legs”; he ceased to use ordinary land language and discoursed only in phrases common to sea life. Moreover, he took upon himself the command of the vessel and we readily conferred upon him the title of “captain.” Thus things suddenly assumed a ship-like air.

We need not give in detail the happenings of the three or four succeeding days. Captain H— had some problems to solve in rigging her that he would not have been bothered with had he unrigged her. But all went well, considering the circumstances.

Our first night on board was exceedingly interesting. Happily, it fell to my lot to sleep on one of the two pneumatic mattresses on board. I found it somewhat uncomfortable and concluded that my brother had pumped it too tight, but I could not find a place to let the air out. Physical culturists are continually arguing as to the advantage of having plenty of air at night, but I do not agree with them on all points.

Captain H— also found it hard to sleep in

his new quarters, and was awake a good part of the night. Every now and then he would break the silence by commanding us to "pull aft the main sheet, let loose the jib," and a half-dozen other things that could not be done at once. Of course all these terms were Greek to us, and it was well they were, for the other boys were trying to sleep on the jib sheet in the next cabin, and had they known what the command meant they might have obeyed and let it loose in preference to sleeping on it. I am quite sure I should, after I had slept on it once, for I found it pretty hard. But there is a verse in the Bible which says, "Endure hardness as a good soldier" [sailor], so I bore it patiently. Saturday night came and we got things in pretty good shape for sailing. Sunday we rested and waited anxiously to start for home.

Monday we were ready to sail by noon. We had the boat pretty well stocked with provisions, for we did not know but we might haul up at some unknown port by mistake. A few improvements of minor importance were made, such as exchanging the jib sheet for a straw mattress to sleep on, etc. I secured a chart from a sailor about a block from us, after I had spent nearly a dollar and a half carfare searching for one elsewhere.

It was a happy moment when we hoisted the sails to the wind and slowly moved away from the dock into the harbor. Captain H—, greatly

to his inconvenience, found that the steering gear worked just the opposite from that of other boats he had sailed. However, he managed the difficulty by saying over and over to himself, "Put her down to keep her off, let her up to let her luff," whereas before it was, "Let her up to keep her off, and put her down to let her luff." We amateurs soon found the meaning of several of these expressions, but it was not until we had got into some tight places.

Our course from Atlantic City to Barnegat, half way to Sandy Hook, was an inland waterway. Such routes are hard to follow unless one knows them perfectly. We got along quite well, though, as the wind was in our favor. We were so well pleased with our success that we began to discredit a statement made by a man before we left Atlantic City, that we would go aground three or four times before we were through with it. Suffice to say, we did go aground a number of times.

The channel in the inland waterways is marked off by little trees stuck in the mud. At certain junctions, these branch off in different directions, which is very confusing. We managed, however, to make about thirty miles up the coast in a few hours without much trouble. About five o'clock in the evening we entered a large expanse of water, and after cruising about a little while, left the channel. There was nothing to do but keep her up to the wind and let her find the channel

by chance. The water became shallow as we drifted on—steering had become impossible.

After we had gone on this way for half an hour, the boat suddenly came to a standstill. We had run aground. Luckily it was low tide, so there was nothing to do but lie there until the tide should lift us up. We were all in good spirits and sought to pass away the time in the most interesting way possible. As we came to realize our condition, suggestions of various kinds came to our minds. We thought of sea pirates and other catastrophies we might be subject to while aground in such a remote expanse of water.

In a short time, a man who was treading for clams near by—and who happened to be the only one—purposely treaded toward us. We eyed him with suspicion through our glasses. He circled around the stern of our boat and we opened up conversation with him, endeavoring if possible to find out to what class of fishermen he belonged. He proved, to our gratification, to be an innocent young man of about eighteen, who was trying to make a living searching for clams. Mr. Driver had watched him closely for some time, and suddenly became struck with the idea of treading for clams also, whereupon he proceeded to take off his shoes, and suggested that I do the same. I was not slow to second the motion, so in a short time we were both clad in our bathing suits.

We jumped overboard and sank in the mud

up to our knees. A peculiar sensation came over me as I was sinking, and I thought of treading on everything else but clams. We questioned the young man as to the safety of our toes and found that he had not lost any of his up to that time, so with our fears quelled we followed up the business quite energetically. I accumulated six clams which I decided to use for bait if perchance we should have the opportunity to fish. Mr. D— made a similar haul, but gave them to the young man.

The rest of the evening after we had betaken ourselves to the ship was spent in paying close attention to a band of mosquitoes who were holding open-air services on deck. We found that we could not get away before midnight, but about dark we noticed Barnegat Light flashing off to windward, so directions were taken on the compass for our course.

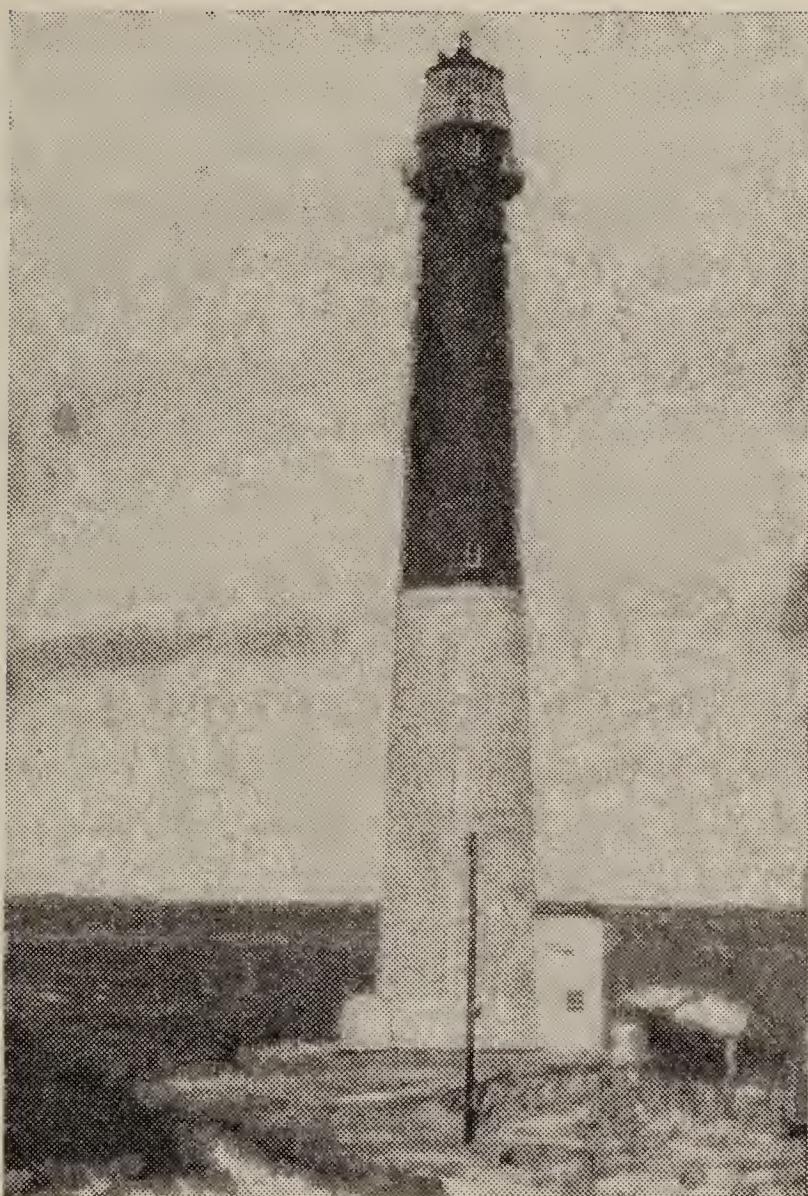
In the morning I found that the others had got the boat back into the channel during the night, and all was well. There was a dense fog, however, and we could not go on. This was the first time we had got into water deep enough to fish when not moving, so I said, "Now is a good time to get some fish for breakfast." I baited a hook and cast it overboard, waited some time for a bite, but was disappointed.

Finally it came time to have morning prayers. As we thought over our adventures we felt that God knew all about them, and was taking care

of His own boat. After we had sung some hymns we knelt down and prayed. Captain H— led in prayer, and was fairly lifted up in the Spirit. In the meantime I heard a noise somewhere around my fishing tackle and grabbed hold of the line. I was very cautious in trying not to disturb prayers, and looked nervously around to see if I were being observed trying to catch a fish. I hauled away on the line and saw that a large fish of good eating was tugging away at it, but just as I was about to lift him aboard, he fell off. I looked around with an air of disappointment and found that my brother had seen the whole thing and was greatly amused. Mr. D— also noticed me, but Captain H— prayed on as if nothing had happened.

The fog lifted about eight o'clock and we took to sailing once more. We expected to reach Barnegat in an hour or so, but the channel was hard to follow and it was not until late in the evening that we anchored in the harbor. The day, nevertheless, was not a bit monotonous. Mr. D— and I succeeded in pushing the boat off on one occasion when she went aground. Another time the channel took a sudden turn and again we went aground; this time we had to wait for the tide to rise and make navigation possible.

About evening we came in sight of Barnegat, but left the channel again and went aground. The feeling that comes over one on such occasions is similar to the one a carpenter has when the ham-



We were not long in getting to Barnegat
lighthouse

mer flies off the handle. The steersman jumps up from the wheel and puts his hands in his pockets, the sails are suddenly released of their strain and the boat lies dead and still. But the Lord helped us to get off miraculously, and we headed back in the direction from which we had come.

After a little while we went aground near shore, but some kind men came out to us in a boat and with poles they pushed us off. They gave us explicit directions how to reach Barnegat, and we were not long in getting there. I went ashore about seven o'clock with books and papers, to see what I could do. Insects are accustomed to gathering around lights. This fact we found well demonstrated around Barnegat, for one could not open his mouth without getting a mosquito in it. This is a hard thing for a book canvasser to confront, but the people were so hospitable that I was not obliged to be exposed to mosquitoes. I visited only four homes, and did unusually well.

The next morning the wind was fair, and we hoped to make Sandy Hook by the open-sea route before evening. On our way out of the harbor we got into contending waters, and the boat rocked so hard that our legs were of no service to us. If we wanted to get in or out of the cabin we simply made a plunge in that direction and got there the best way possible.

When we got out into the open waters, sailing for two or three hours was a delight. Captain H— said we could not have had a better wind if we had ordered it, but along in the afternoon it blew quite hard. The waves began to roll and the boat plunged and surged like a broncho. Water from beneath the floor rolled to and fro about the lee-ward cabin. Cupboards flew open and dishes

tumbled about in confusion. We discovered at this time that Mr. D— had provided plenty of salt, for a good-sized sack was thrown from its lodging place and burst on the table.

Before we became thoroughly accustomed to it, things looked a little serious. For a minute or two I tried to call to mind various promises in the Bible, and some comforting hymns, but I had a hard time trying to remember them. I do not know whether Mr. D— thought the boat needed ballast or not, but he spent most of the day in the lower quarters. The rest of us were a little more accustomed to being rocked in the cradle of the deep, so were not so easily put out of commission.

All afternoon we held a steady course by the compass toward Sandy Hook. We kept off shore five or six miles most of the time, but we could tell where we were by familiar coast towns as we passed them. Toward evening we were overhauled by two large steamships heading for New York harbor. They seemed to take notice of us and we felt much obliged.

At six o'clock we sighted Sandy Hook. Mr. D— had by this time emerged from the cabin and was taking a lively interest in affairs. My brother and I kept close watch with the glasses for the buoys and we rounded the Hook safely about 6:30 p. m. Seeing some docks to our leeward, we made for them and found they belonged to the U. S. Batteries. Permission was given us to tie up

for the night near a large U. S. mine planter.

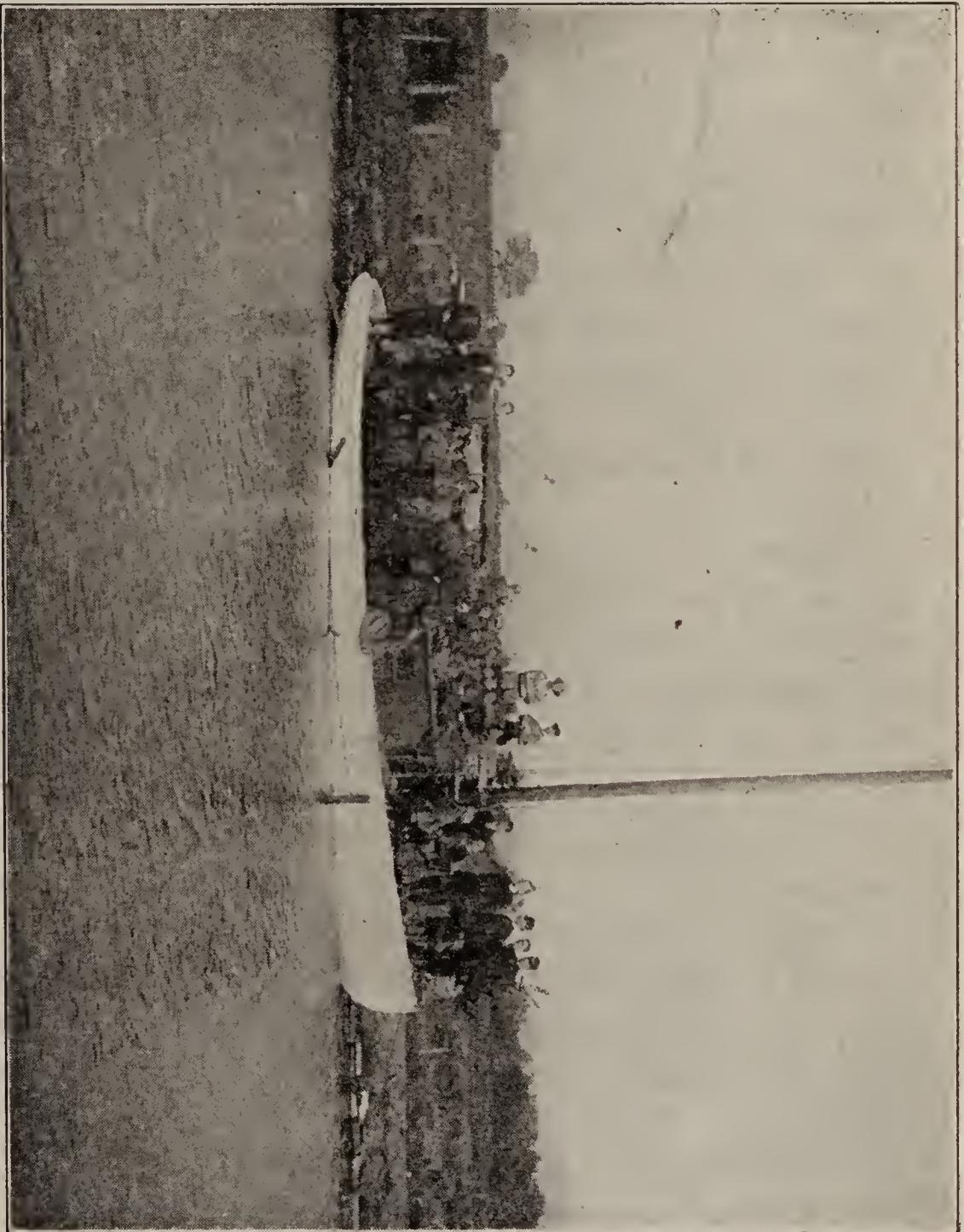
It was quite a relief to haul up in such a quiet harbor after the day's voyage, and we thought of the time when the old Ship Zion would pull into the harbor of the New Jerusalem after life's long, rough voyage. There were a number of soldiers about the wharf who seemed to be much interested in our craft. Captain H— was proud of her conduct, and complimented her freely. It was about this time that we took a visitor on board. A lusty horn-shelled crab ventured to the surface of the water and was taken aboard by surprise. I found him to possess an unusual amount of strength, for he took hold of a stick I had with one claw and our dish pan with the other and held it up high in the air.

Another incident of unusual significance happened that evening. Captain H— was strolling the deck attending to a few little things, and the rest of us were in the cabin preparing for supper. We could hear him scuffling around up above, but of course paid no attention to him. Suddenly we heard an extraordinary noise and then a loud splash, whereupon one of us called out, "What's that?" There was no reply for the space of a second or two, but when it did come it was a rousing one.

"I am overboard, fellows!" cried the captain.

We rushed to help him on board. He had tried to get out without our knowing he had fallen

There was quite a scene when the boat arrived at Zarephath



into the water, but failed. We found him in good spirits about his mishap, and the matter took a funny turn, so we all laughed heartily. The captain said he would not so much mind drowning out at sea, but to come in and drown in such a sequestered place would not do.

The next morning a large ship pulled in to the docks, and towed out some target floats that were lying near by. When Captain H— was informed of it he immediately jumped up from the breakfast table, saying he was not going to lodge there with shot and shell flying around. So it was not long until our sails were hoisted and we had struck out across Princess Bay for the mouth of the Raritan River. We reached it in an hour or two and sailed up the river to New Brunswick, where the canal that runs past Zarephath flows into it.

As sailing is not permitted on the canal, and the boat was not provided with an engine, a horse was sent down from Zarephath to tow her up. A few of the folks came down also and rode back on her. When we hove in sight of Zarephath there was quite a scene of reception. The boat was soon loaded with Zarephathenians, a view of which we give in one of the foregoing pictures.

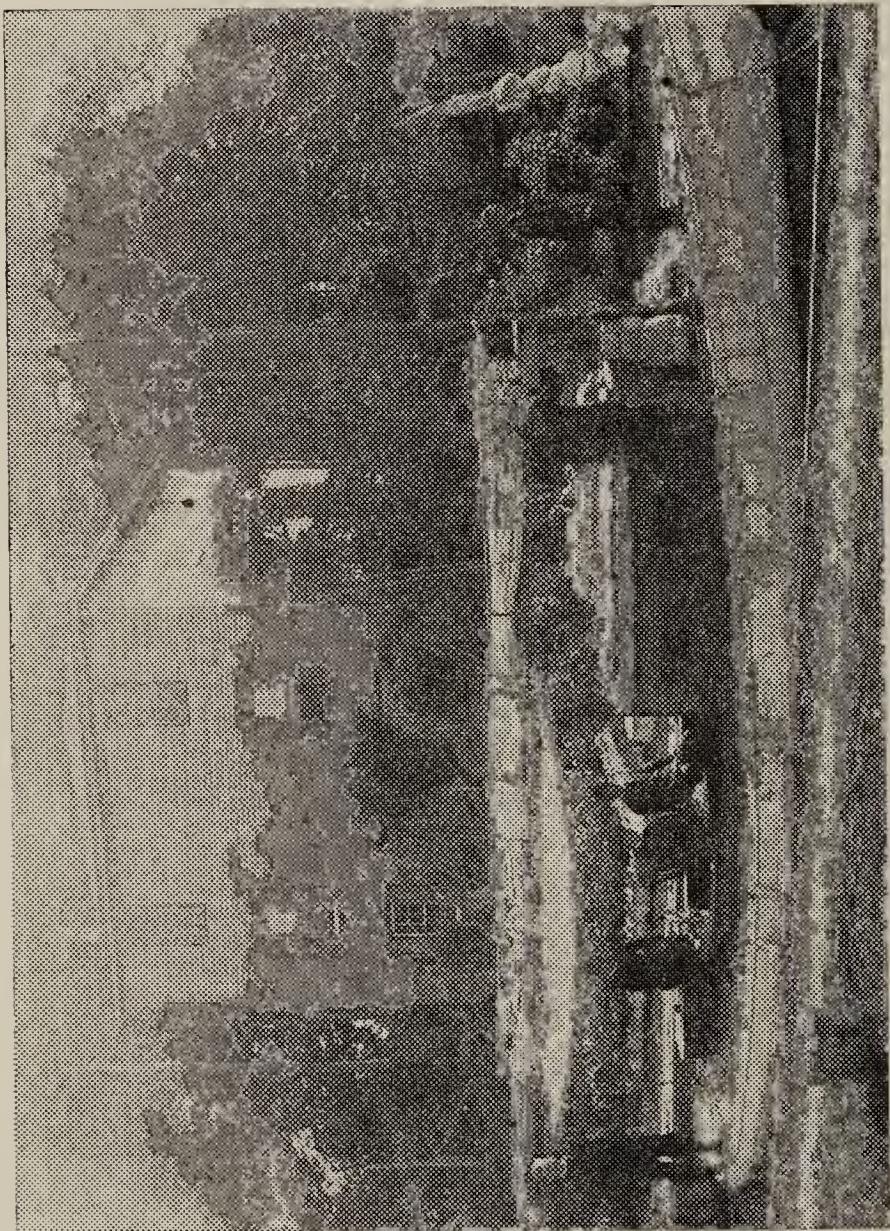
At the present writing an engine is being installed in the boat so that we shall be able to convey the people from Bound Brook to Zarephath for the camp meeting.

XXX

MOTHER BUILDS A HIGHWAY

MY BROTHER, in his account of the initiation of the Pillar of Fire boat, mentions installing an engine. My father and I went to a factory in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and purchased what was much in use in those days, a two-cycle marine motor. Jay Ingersoll and I were the principal ones who engaged in the work of installation. There is what is known as a stuffing box on the propeller shaft, which keeps the water from leaking into the boat. It seems that part of the work to complete the job necessitated getting out in the water and thrashing about in a bathing suit. While this occupation was going on and I was thus attired, with the boat lying peacefully in the canal near the Bound Brook lock, whatever possessed him I do not know, but when I was out of sight somewhere, Jay Ingersoll looked up and remarked, "There comes Kathleen."

In the course of time our boat was to be a great means of entertaining friends and visitors, but this seemed untimely, and how to meet the situation I did not know. My sudden strain was quickly relieved, however, when I looked up and found that "Kathleen" was another boat.



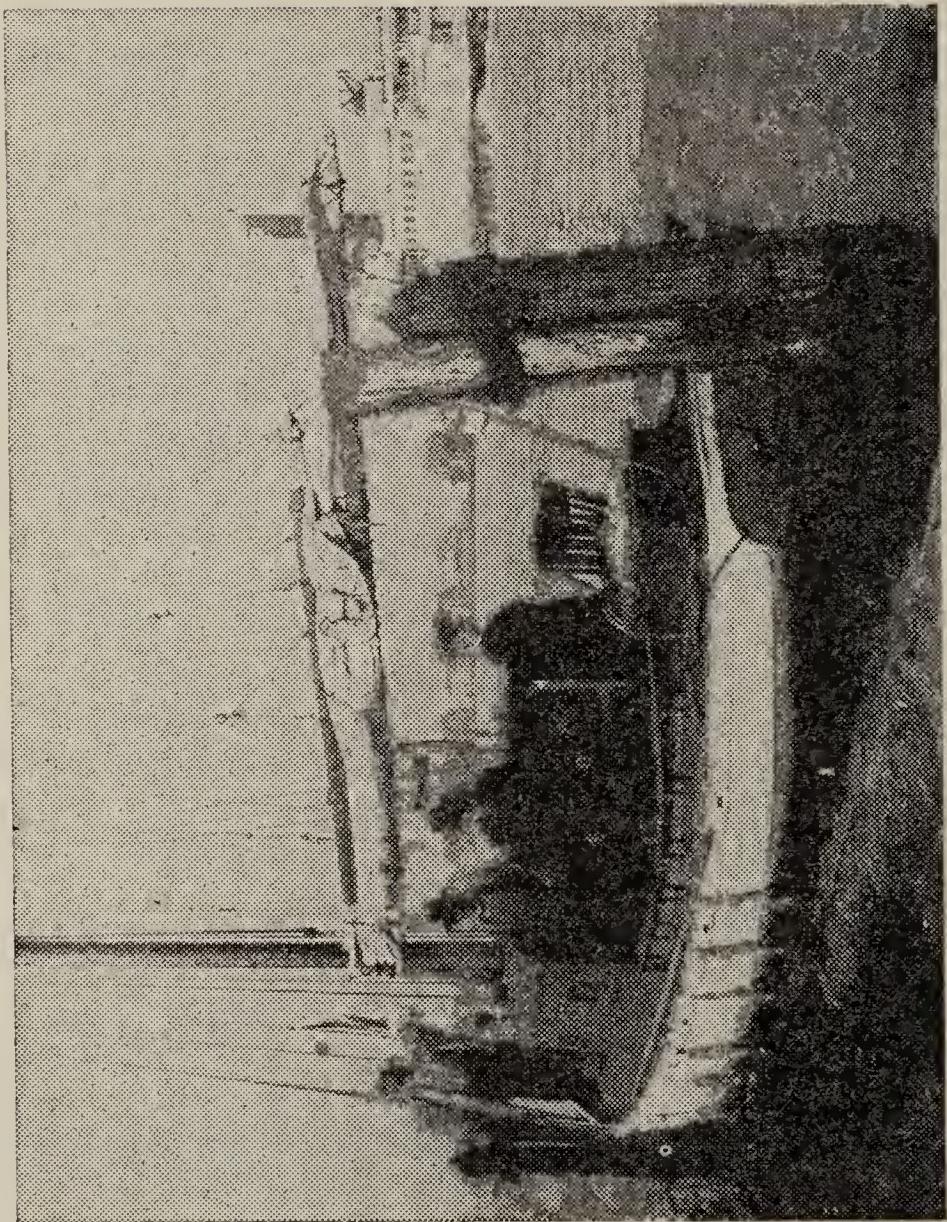
Pillar of Fire boat in Five-mile Lock, Delaware and Raritan Canal

The Pillar of Fire boat had been called the Idler when we bought her. As time went on we gave up the idea of using it up and down the coast as our floating missionary headquarters. It was to fill an important place with respect to our transportation problem.

When Zarephath was established, the road to Bound Brook, three and a half miles away, was of the old dirt variety—gumbo when wet, and dusty when dry. For about half a mile there was a sandy stretch, making travel so difficult that an automobile agent, in the early days of Model T's, discouragingly informed some of us young fellows that an automobile would never be practical on that road.

Horse-and-buggy travel was indeed tedious; but the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that controlled the Delaware & Raritan Canal, kindly gave us permission to navigate our boat through the lock between South Bound Brook and Zarephath, as much as we liked. During camp meetings and on special occasions we could carry as many as fifty or sixty people, and our friends and students greatly enjoyed the ride through this beautiful stretch of water.

After the engine was installed we decided on an excursion to a little place known as Squatters Island, in the Shrewsbury River, South of Sandy Hook. We got down there after many thrills and a few difficulties. For Ray and me, the busi-



Tied up at Squatter's Island. Father, Mother, and Jay
Ingersoll in cockpit

ness of sailing with Mother and Father along took on a rather serious aspect, but we did have an old sailor to help us—one Peter Schweickhardt. He knew little, however, about the engine. We ran aground before we arrived at our destination and a coast guard cutter came and pulled us off.

We tied up at the island, set up a tent, and began our vacation. It was quite nice to have our meals from the galley, row around in the river in our dinghy and bathe in the ocean. One thing that afforded me pleasure on the island was walking along on top of a row of piles, stepping from one to another. One day Mother, with a strange look of disconcertion, came back from a walk, wet all over. She smiled and said, quoting Brother Hopkins, "I am overboard, fellows."

"Why, Mother! what in the world have you been doing?"

"Well, I saw Arthur walking along on those piles and I thought I would try it."

You can imagine the rest. The water was just deep enough not to leave her a dry stitch. But she took it all as great fun and apparently felt none the worse for the ducking. The pictures presented herewith were taken on this cruise.

In the fall it was decided that Ray and Ira Ingersoll should continue their preparatory studies by attending the Bound Brook High School. I had matriculated at Rutgers Preparatory School but later found that I could go along with Ray to

Bound Brook and make up credits in two courses of Latin, and some French. Ray and Ira had gone ahead of me to this school and it was not long until Ira, as a Freshman, ranked first in his class, and my brother, as a Sophomore or Junior, ranked first in his. The Latin teacher, a brilliant instructor, told me one day that Ira knew his Latin



A. K. White

so well that if his grammar lesson book were destroyed he could rewrite the whole volume from memory.

During the year there was an essay contest and the principal of the high school paid the three of us quite a compliment when he said: "We do not wish you boys to have a part in this contest.

We do not understand it, but you have had such experience somewhere in writing that it would hardly be fair for the others to have to compete with you."

While we may have been somewhat disappointed, still this was another heartening comment.

My brother and I extended an invitation to the high school people to have a ride out to Zarephath in our boat. At first they were hesitant, but decided to trust us to take them there and bring them home safe. A large number of students, teachers and their friends, on a beautiful day, came aboard. We had ice cream and cakes ready, and entertained them as best we knew how, showing them over the grounds when we reached Zarephath. We knew that the event was a success, for later on they asked to come again and I believe about three trips in all were made.

In the spring of this school year, May 25, Theodore Roosevelt made a speech on the property where we were soon to erect our Bound Brook Temple. My brother stepped on the running board of the car and asked the famous Teddy if he could shake hands with him.

"Why, certainly."

What a thrill for Ray!

During the summer the White family spent some time at Ocean Grove, and in this connection you are invited to read Ray's diverting story of

"Hank" in his book, *The Legend of Manitousa*.

In the fall I registered at Columbia University, with Ray continuing his studies at Bound Brook. Attending this great university meant a crisis for me. I had studied a little Greek under a private tutor, a Princetonian Christian professor, who warned of the grave dangers young men faced in attending the larger institutions of learning because of the influences that jeopardize one's faith.

Still, my mother had felt that if we got an education at all it might as well be at Columbia University, the largest in the land. Perhaps the influences of hidden apostasy and unbelief can be more hazardous in a denominational college where the standards have been let down than in one admittedly more secular. But I will confess to being frightened, and in another book have written the story of my encounter with the theory of evolution in a class in philosophy in which I brought up some objections, with the result that the professor frankly admitted that the theory was a very poor one and he hoped some day we would get a better one. This was revealing, and shattered to bits the dogmatism of this doctrine in my own mind, and I believe in the minds of most of the others in that large class.

I have always been willing to admit with gratitude that what sustained both my brother and me through our university careers in this

large institution was Mother's faith in us, and the prayers of the church. I told her and my uncle on one occasion, early in the school year, of some of the things I had been hearing. If she was alarmed (and I think she might have been to a certain extent), she disguised it and looked at me with the greatest show of confidence, say-



"The Dunellen Special"

ing, "You go back to that university. If they can make you believe those things now, the sooner I find it out the better."

But there was this to my advantage, that I was about five years older than the average student.

In June of 1913 I was to have a little experience, and never to hear the end of it as long

as my mother and Ray were alive. We purchased a small, 2-cylinder, used Maxwell car with a little bucket seat on the rear. We never did much business subsequently with the man who sold it to us, for it was not a very good bargain. Still, it was an automobile, our road of mud, dust, or sand, to the contrary notwithstanding.

We painted and polished it until it looked very formidable, and drove out to the neighboring towns. One time at the wheel, coming from Plainfield to Bound Brook, I must have felt so important, with Mother riding beside me and my brother in the bucket seat, that I said, "Ray, have we passed Dunellen yet?"

That little, old slow-poke of a thing had not neared that little city, as I recall, but my mother and brother never got over it, and in deep tones of mock seriousness I was ever to hear, when the occasion was good for plaguing, "Ray, have we passed Dunellen yet?" I scarcely go through that Jersey town now without thinking of it. But if I could have Mother and Ray back I would gladly get in the old Maxwell, were it available, and try it again. Our next car was a second-hand Chalmers with which we traveled as far as Cincinnati.

It was possible in those days for townships to receive a little state aid for improvement of roads. My mother actually took the contract for stoning our road from South Bound Brook to

the Weston canal bridge beyond Zarephath. We borrowed a steam roller which our Bro. Neidlinger knew how to operate, and a new day dawned for Zarephath.

In 1947 some New York business men, operators of the radio station with which we divide time, visited our headquarters at Zarephath. The new transmitter for Station KPOF was being assembled and made ready for shipment west in one of our own trucks. Our friends looked at it all in no little amazement and finally one of them remarked: "Is there anything you Pillar of Fire people will not attempt?"

My mother, it seemed, never hesitated to do anything that she felt would be to the honor and glory of God and contribute to the upbuilding of His kingdom. Perhaps, after all, as we look back on so much that she achieved, it was only to be expected that she would build a highway if she thought it necessary.

Road-building was in keeping with Mother's mission. She was always pointing out the right way, and surely no one in modern times preached more about the way of life, the true way, than did she. One of her favorite texts was: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isaiah 35:8).

XXXI

THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE OUR BEDS

WHILE reminiscing on events back in 1914, I am presented with a book by Henry Morgenthau entitled, *Germany is Our Problem*. Just what western civilization can do to solve it remains to be seen.

While Ray and I were attending Columbia University, we felt that a sojourn in Germany would help us greatly to learn the German language, which was our problem. Early in the summer Mother became interested in making a trip to Germany, and engaged passage for England on the St. Paul for herself, two of our teachers—Professor Noblitt and Miss Wolfram—one of her helpers, Miss Freda Nahr, born and reared in Germany; and my brother and me.

From my published accounts of the voyage, I find that we foregathered in our Brooklyn missionary headquarters before embarking. It was to be the first voyage for two in our party, and the conversation at the dinner table turned to the subject of seasickness. There are many conflicting ideas as to how to avoid *mal-de-mer*.

My advice was that the two persons who were in considerable doubt as to how they would

get along—Professor Noblitt and Miss Wolfram—eat as usual before they went aboard, dismiss the thought of seasickness from their minds and drink plenty of water. But Mother had been on more voyages than I, and knew a good deal about seasickness from experience. She advocated something like fasting before well under way, and strongly opposed my suggestion of drinking plenty of water. Stress was placed on the power of suggestion, and some disapproved of bringing up the matter of seasickness all of the time. Bro. Borough, who was present, acquiesced with the remark, saying, "Yes, that is the chief thing about seasickness—bringing it up—isn't it?"

Maybe it is best to forget it, for I think we had on the whole a very pleasant and restful voyage to Britain. My brother and I were placed in a very nice room on an upper deck, 11-A. We were soon curious to know why our room should have an initial letter attached to it. If there was 11-A why shouldn't there be 11-B or 11-C? In the passageway across from us were rooms 12 and 14. Now you guessed it. Too many superstitious people wouldn't want to cross the ocean in any room numbered 13. And so this seemed to be a concession to the folks who spend a good deal of time knocking on wood, avoiding black cats, and trying desperately never to break a mirror. But we suffered no ill fortune during the voyage.

We enjoyed hearing our waiter talk. Now your English servitor may not always think too highly of some Americans' eating habits. I think we drew him out, at some expense to our fellow-countrymen, for nearly any one of them might write a book on *People I Have Met*, or he may mean *Americans I Have Met*.

For instance, one waiter said the most incomprehensible thing he ever witnessed was seeing an American eating pudding with a fish knife or fork. Our waiter told of one who wanted maple syrup on nearly everything he ate, even meat. Soup is supposed to come first, but one American missed his only when about three-fourths finished, and accosted the waiter, saying: "When am I going to get my soup?"

"Right now, if you want it," the waiter replied.

The problem with the world abroad, after a devastating war, is not so much the order in which different dishes are eaten, but to get anything to eat at all. Surely Americans should be thankful for the relative plenty that they enjoy.

One thing about meals on trans-Atlantic steamships is that they are included on your ticket. We were to learn to our dismay of a different custom concerning transportation across the North Sea. Our party purchased tickets for a voyage to Hamburg from Harwich, on a small ship called the *Ortolan*, owned by the General

Steam Navigation Company. My brother gives an interesting account of this chapter of our summer ventures, when it looked as if we should miss connections in making the ship.

An expressman was hired to take our baggage to Liverpool station in London. He appeared about 5:30 in the morning with his wagon hitched to what Ray describes as "a valiant bob-tail dray-horse," which "we afterwards learned he had just purchased that day." After the expressman had left with the trunks, Ray and Professor Noblitt decided to take a walk. Not far from our missionary headquarters they met with a little excitement, for there stood our little Englishman trying to hold the said "valiant bob-tail" steed, which was prancing about at the rear end of the wagon with no intention of pulling it to its destination.

The expressman, it seems, knowing what was demanded of him, decided to get another horse. Within a half hour he returned, bringing the same aforesaid bob-tail animal back to try again. Off went the wagon with the baggage; but two hours later, just about train-time, we proceeded about three blocks and found the express wagon hauled up on the side of the street, this time with neither horse nor driver anywhere in evidence.

"It was far past time," wrote Ray, "to trust the legs of any horse to get our baggage to the other side of the city." Matters took a serious

turn, crowds gathered, and the scene became dramatic. English people, he observed, are always ready to stop and lend their eyes and ears to anything out of the ordinary groove of operation. They exclaimed: "What's the matter with the 'orse? Americans! Where are they going?" Ray laconically observes that "it didn't look as if we were going anywhere for a while." Cabs were hailed, and baggage piled on top, and off we went post haste to Liverpool station, happy to arrive in time to make the Ortolan sailing, but sorry soon to learn, when the ship was out to sea, that tickets purchased to Germany on the General Steam Navigation Company's vessels did not include meals.

It looked as if Mother had budgeted the expenses of that trip with not enough surplus funds to enter into a contract for meals. Somehow or other we were able to purchase some loaves of bread, a little evaporated milk, and get along, half "piecing" and half fasting.

But here is a paragraph from Ray's own account:

"So much for the food. Other things on board the Ortolan were of interest. The Ortolan is a small craft of 2,000 tonnage. She is about fifteen years old, and though renovated and newly equipped, bespoke well her venerable age by the stomach-rending fumes which ever and anon greet one's nose about her various apartments.

Notwithstanding the fact that the sea was very calm, she seemed unwilling to ride at ease, and kept up a steady heaving and groaning nearly all the way. As a consequence of her behavior, nine-tenths of the passengers became ill-disposed and hugged closely to their bunks in their rooms. Two of our party seemingly became oblivious to the world—the world outside of their stateroom at least—caring nothing about food or sympathy, and having their eyes dreamily set on the *puse* (land) ahead of them. It became apparent to us that the steamship company profited very well by its meal contracts."

Our problem of German and Germany, particularly for Ray, seemed to increase. I had studied the language some, but Ray knew scarcely any of it, though he had taken considerable French.

About nine-thirty one morning we arrived at the Hamburg docks; and why not let Ray tell what happened? Wrote he:

"I never saw a more industrious port in my life. Anyone asleep would surely be awakened in this living, noisy place. There was the sound of thousands of hammers, pounding away on new ships in dry dock; hundreds of boats were loading and unloading passengers and cargoes; scores of little tugs were scouting around the river, puffing and pulling and pushing. We could plainly

see why the Germans are so rapidly ascending in maritime affairs.

"As we drew up to the dock I realized that our expedition to Germany was just commencing. The novelty of visiting a people of different tongue began to dawn upon me. I asked myself, 'Will the people and the customs be the same as ours? will they differ only in language, or will everything be new to us?' I saw big, broad-chested Germans tying our boat to the dock. They did it just as they do it in England or America. They looked perfectly normal, to me. But withal I realized there was a big barrier between them and me—I could not understand a word they were saying. When once we landed this barrier became almost tangible, as you will see.

"Once on the shore the fun began. With leaving the ship, we left our English-speaking friends. Now, I had anticipated trouble for myself, as I was the only one in our party who had no knowledge of German; so I resolved to learn a couple of brief emphatic negative declarations with which to greet any aggressor by way of self-defense, should occasion arise. I will quote these declarations for the benefit of my English-reading friends: *Ich kan nicht Deutsch sprechen*—(I cannot speak German.) *Ich verstehe nicht Deutsch*—(I cannot understand German.)

"Hardly had we been on German soil three minutes until I was suddenly beset by six or seven

bright school girls about twelve or fourteen years of age. They came at me with formidable tongues and pleasant smiles. I instantly felt for my weapons, but alas! I could think of only one word: *Ich*; so all I could do was stand and grin at them. The more confused I got the more amused they became. I was afterwards told by one of our party, who, by the way, stood off and to her own great enjoyment let me flounder all alone, that the girls asked me nearly every conceivable question.

"When the foregoing scene was over, I called to my brother and said, 'Arthur, we are foreigners; do you know it?'"

Hamburg impressed us as being really a wonderful city, rivaling in cleanliness and convenience any of our modern American municipalities. We were able to find very good rooms and enjoyed visiting the places of interest and studying the people. The policemen with their uniforms presented an odd spectacle. Quoting from my own story of the trip they wore "helmets of burnished steel or nickle, with brass trimmings and a spike in the top; gray coats with dark blue trousers, a sword dangling at the side and mustaches with points turned *nach dem Himmel* (up to the skies)."

I thought that of all the German oddities, the Deutscher's bed took the medal. You slept on an ordinary bed, to be sure, in Germany, but with a bag of feathers, or a big tick, on top of you.

What a wonderful thing was this bag of feathers, which can be adjusted to furnish any degree of warmth required. If you are cold you can pat and fashion the thing until there is a heap of feathers directly on top of you sufficient to make you perspire. On the other hand, if you are too warm you can pat and fashion it until the feathers are driven off to one side, and little remains but the tick or bag itself. Miss Nahr came in and demonstrated the process of making up such a bed.

The pillow is flattened out right in the middle of the bed, and the feather tick is placed on top. This feathery thing goes through something of the following ordeal as I described it then: "They begin to punch it, and pound it, and hit it, and round it, and fashion it, and rub it, and stroke it, and smooth it, until every ripple and wrinkle disappears and it lies a perfectly modeled thing before you. 'This is the way', says Miss Nahr, 'the Germans make their beds.' "

My heading for this chapter reads "This is the way *we* make *our* beds," but Sister Nahr was one of us, and we were trying desperately to be Germans. We wanted to be able to speak and sleep and eat and think in German.

But how could you learn German except to converse in German with the Germans? Here we ran up against an obstacle. The Germans seemed just as much interested in learning English from us as we were German from them. We

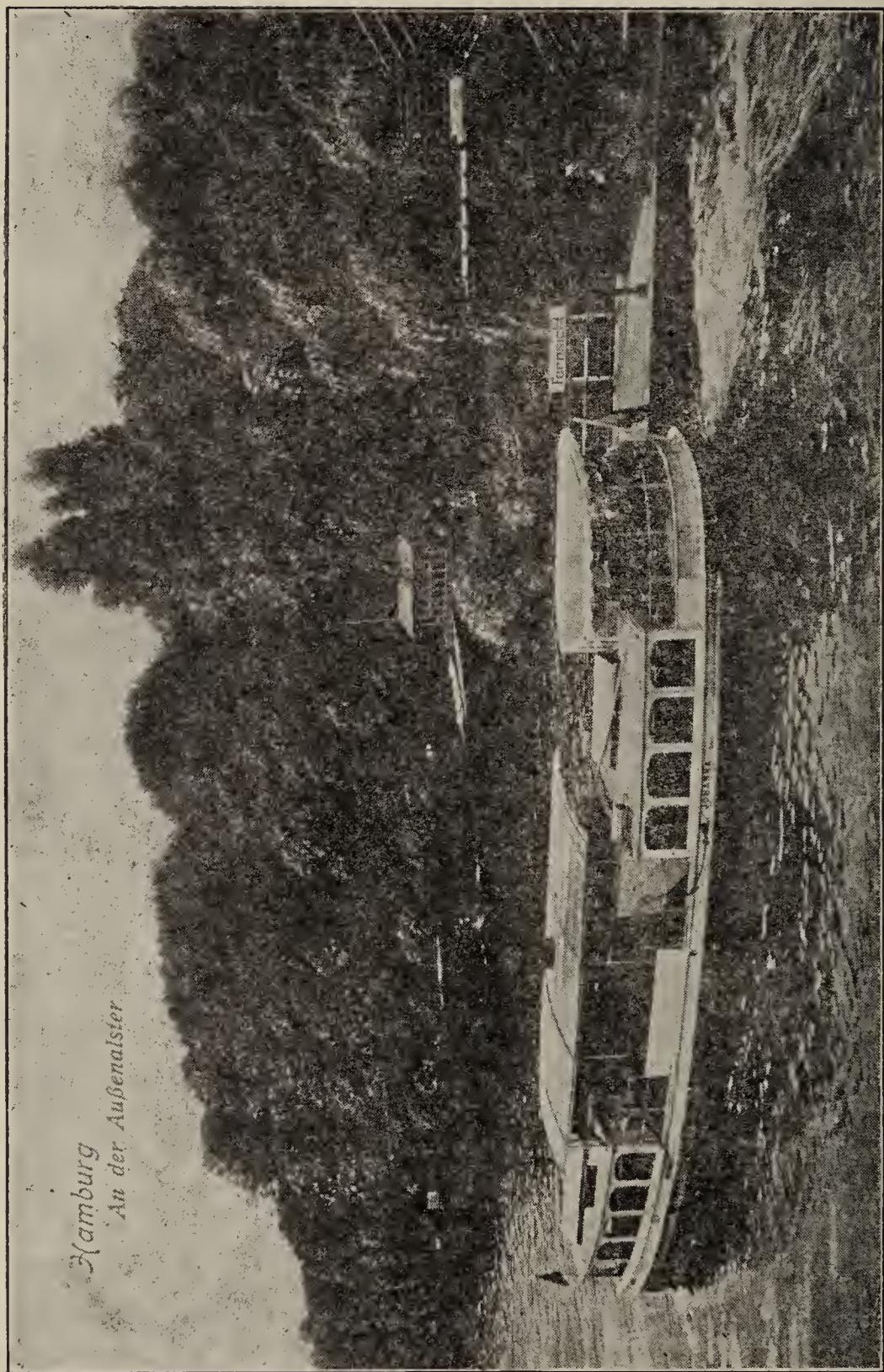
wanted to keep them Germans, while they wanted to keep us Americans, to their own advantage. Professor Noblitt was approached by a young man who said, "Excuse myself!" He did very well, however, in talking to our professor, who went about for several days after that, laughing and repeating, "Excuse myself." But doubtless our blunders in German were just as amusing to the Deutschers.

Particularly enjoyable were rides on the beautiful Alster Lake, on the little passenger steamers that gave a forty-five minute trip for about four cents.

Had we been able to stay in Germany long enough, I am sure we would have won out with the natives in mastering a good deal of the language.

But those who knew Mother can understand. We were there only about a week when she felt she had definite leadings to leave the country. She was generous enough, however, to tell Ray and me that we could stay on if we liked; but I did not want to see her go back alone to England, and felt that if the Lord showed her to leave, we would better leave with her.

So back we went across the North Sea, knowing better this time what to expect. Strange to say, we had not much more than landed back in London than World War I broke out in all of its fury. Mother, indeed, seemed to have had a



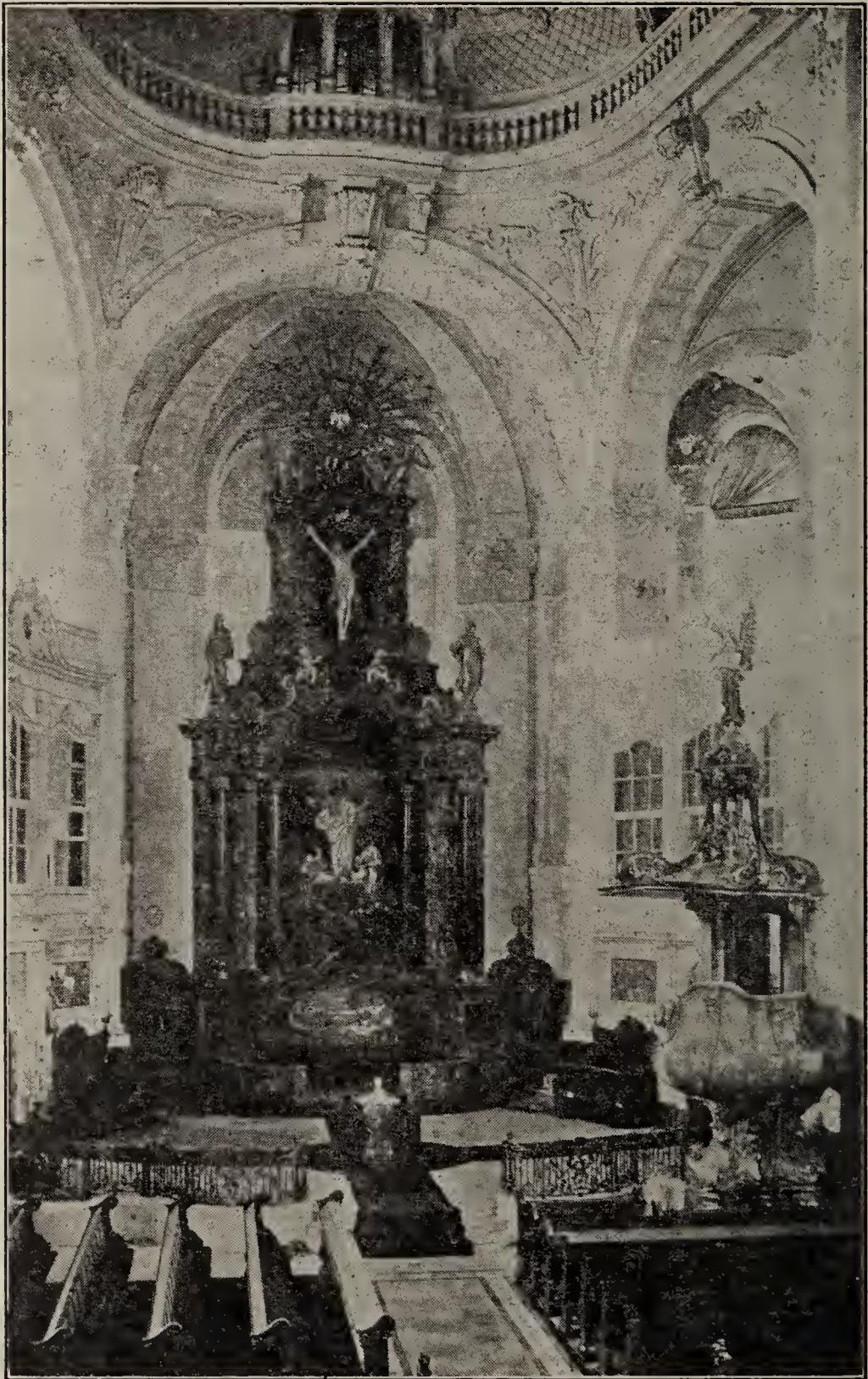
Hamburg
An der Außenalster

Enjoyable were rides on the beautiful Alster Lake

heaven-sent prompting. What had appeared as an untimely and hasty ending to our vacation in Germany now loomed as something providential.

Safe in England, we looked back to recall numbers of troops and artillery passing through the streets of Hamburg. Great preparations were going on of which we as tourists were unaware.

Oh the trouble that Junkerdom began at that time to pour out on civilization! Perhaps some spiritual explanation for it may be found in an experience we had visiting famous St. Michael's Church the day before we left. The decorations of this building were astonishing for their beauty. The interior was finished in white, with every nook and corner suggesting wealth and splendor. The floor was a beautiful white marble, as was also the pulpit, surpassing in elegance anything I had ever seen or expected to see. At that time it was supposed that this church had the largest pipe organ in the world. The display, which beggared description, brought thoughts to my mind about the spiritual life one might expect to find in such a temple. One of the clergymen who took us around seemed to exult more in one fact than any other that could possibly occur to him, viz., that the Kaiser had honored with his presence the dedication of the rebuilt structure and had sat in such-and-such a chair. The regard for that militaristic emperor



"Every nook and corner suggesting wealth and splendor"

was much akin to the worship on the part of the Japanese, of Hirohito as divine.

Could the German people have departed from the God of Luther, and set up the Kaiser and his coterie of warmongers in His place? Whether or not our feelings in this marble church, which belonged to splendor and idolatry, were a reflection of the general attitude throughout the country, I cannot say; but it is safe enough to remember, whether we be Americans, English, or Germans, that God should come first in our lives. Any people that forget Him can only expect to suffer a perdition of national ills and misfortunes in accordance with His Word.

My mother ever thought well of her German friends, and hoped to establish a branch work in their old homeland. Perhaps this will yet come to pass for our society.

PRESSED INTO MOVING THE PRESS

MENTION has been made heretofore of a cylinder printing press, quite a large one, which my mother took to England as baggage on the ship when a large party of missionaries went along with her. Our printery was installed in a small rented building on Park Street, in Camden Town, London. We had purchased a property not far away which would accommodate the printery, if we could get it all moved.

For some reason or other, the professional services required for dismantling the press and erecting it in the new quarters seemed more than our people could afford at the time. Some of us young men began to wonder whether or not we could accomplish the job. For amateurs to take a press apart and attempt to put it together again so that it would be properly timed and in adjustment seemed presumptuous, but it occurred to me that if we were careful and marked all the parts, we might succeed.

First, we had to lay a cement floor in the new place, but this was not so complicated, and we saved quite a sum of money. The press-moving

job intrigued me to the extent that I thought I would write a little drama for the benefit of our *Pillar of Fire* readers, and a few quotations will help us to recapture the spirit of the venture.

Dramatis Personæ:

Reverend Garretson, a Pillar of Fire parson in London, tinkerer and mechanic.



Cement mixer crew. Left to right: Sidney Mombrun, George Garretson, A. K. White, Ray White, Prof. Noblitt

Reverend Ingler, preacher, printer, pressman.

Ray White (Bob), boy preacher, spectator.

Professor Noblitt, Zarephath Academy pedagogue, tinkerer and inventor.

Sidney, Bible School student, missionary, apprentice to Mr. Ingler, clerk of present undertaking.

I, brother to Bob, Jack of all trades, elected chief tinkerer.

Ladies of Missionary Headquarters.

Citizens of Camden Town.

Movers, Helpers.

His Satanic Majesty, Beelzebub.



Time out for lunch

Moloch, Infernal Provincial Prince.

(These last two characters were described as trying, of course, to hinder the work.)

Chief Tink.: All right. Now, gentlemen, let's to the work.

Parson G.: That's it, I am ready.

Chief Tink.: Now everybody must pay attention to just how his part comes off or we will never get it together again.

Prof. Nob.: My! how are we going to get that big cylinder down? It must weigh a ton.

Chief Tink.: Oh, we will worry about that when we get to it. By the way, I think we had better number these parts as we take them off.

Prof. Nob.: Yes, that would be a good idea.

Chief Tink.: Here, Sidney, suppose you be clerk and mark these pieces. Have you any cord and tags?

Sidney: All right, sir, I'll see.

Parson G.: Here, Sydney, mark this fountain.

Sydney: All right, Sir, Number 1.

Prof. Nob.: Mark this wheel, Sydney.

Chief Tink.: Hey, Sydney, give me the monkey wrench.

Sidney: Sir? (He stands hesitating).

Bro. Ing.: Perhaps he doesn't understand what you mean by a monkey wrench; they call them screw hammers, here.

Chief Tink.: Screw hammers! Well, well! That's the British of it, is it? Very well then, please pass the screw 'ammer.

Parson G.: This thing is going to pieces pretty fast.

A good deal of amusement was furnished over the names of tools in England, for the Brit-

ishers never seemed to have heard of a monkey wrench.

Prof. Nob.: Hey, Sidney, where is the er. . . er. . . monkey hammer.

Sidney: Te-hee, hee-e, ha, ha! Screw hammer, Sir.

Prof. Nob.: O yes, screw hammer—screw hammer, to be sure.

Parson G.: Here then, Sydney, mark this cog roller, please. Now how are we going to get that carriage off?

My brother had faithfully helped with the concrete job; but not being mechanically minded, went off on a trip to Wales. When the press was apart we were obliged to hire a boss mover, helper, and truck to cart the large pieces to the new location.

Prof. Noblitt furnished us a good deal of diversion, wearing a woman's dust cap, which was not so conspicuous inside the building on Park Street, but he thoughtlessly went abroad with it, to the amusement of outsiders.

Chief Tink.: Hey there, Professor! My! my! take that dust cap off. You will set this town wild. People will think you are demented.

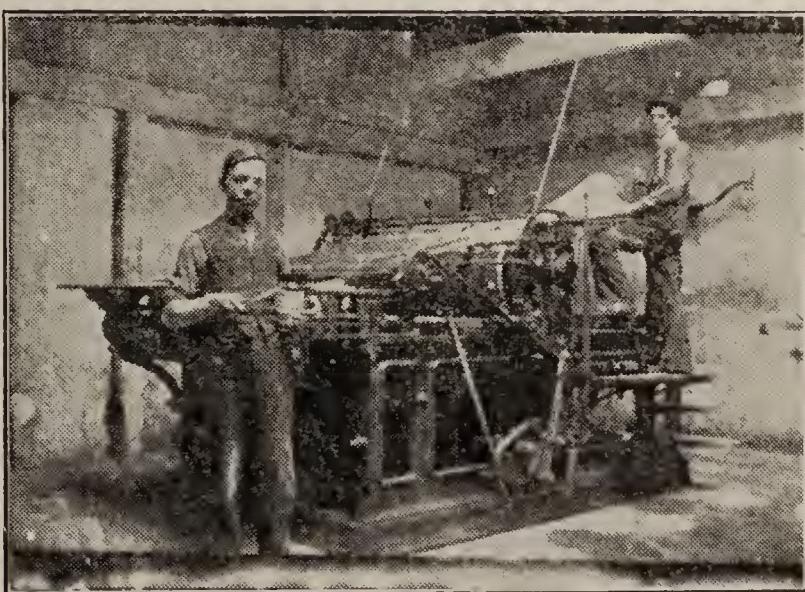
Prof. Nob.: Ho! ho! I wondered what the people were laughing at, especially those women in that bake shop. I have been wearing it inside and forgot I had it on. Oh, well, what's the

difference? After going this far I may as well keep it on now.

Boss Mover to Tink (aside): Your friend seems to enjoy himself.

Chief Tink.: Yes, and we may as well leave him alone at it.

Parson G.: We'll let Camden Town know



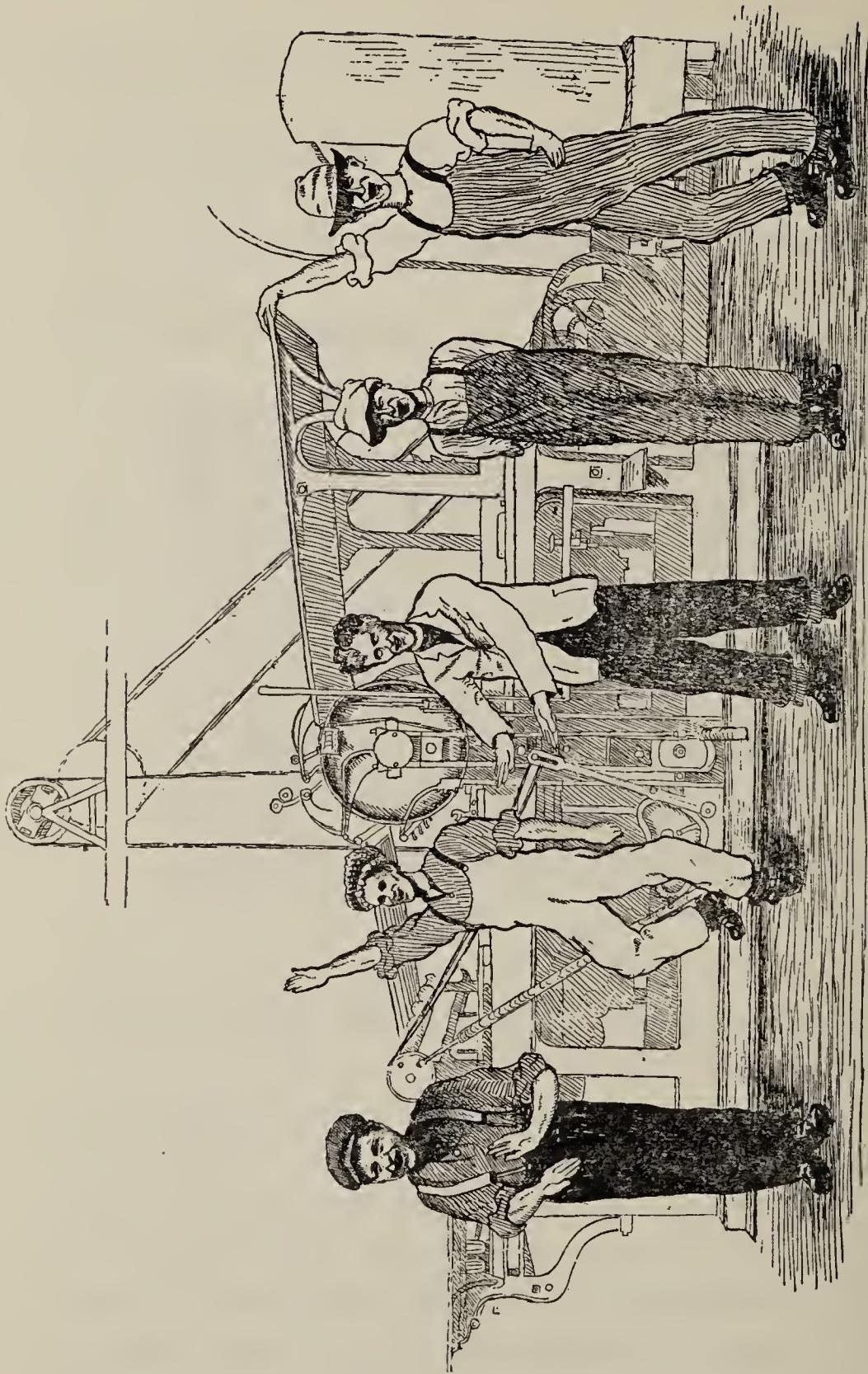
The press erected

we are not afraid of hard work, or ashamed of workingmen's attire.

Chief Tink.: Or working women's dust caps —from Noblitt's appearance.

Bro. Ing.: You know, I believe this is helping us out in Camden Town more than we imagine. People seem both surprised and pleased.

So the work went on, and in the course of time, we had the press moved, erected, and if



Bro. Clarke's Victory Sketch. Left to right: Sidney Mombrun,
Prof. Noblitt, Clifford Ingler, A. K. White, G. W. Garretson

we do say it ourselves, with some repairs that were made, it seemed to run better than before. Our Brother Clarke, who was in London at the time, became interested in the operations and drew a victory sketch presented herewith.

In New Jersey we had erected a new building, and it was necessary to move our large Miehle printing press from Columbia Hall into what was known as Liberty Hall. It had been expected, of course, that experts would have to be engaged to do this work, but when Jay Ingersoll heard that Arthur White had undertaken the responsibility of moving the London press, he said he felt he could move the Miehle. Thus our work inspired other activity and meant the saving of more money, for the Miehle was successfully moved by our own people at Zarephath.

As I sketch through the old *Pillar of Fire* file containing the articles, with all of the conversation that was involved, I notice headlines announcing, "The War in Europe." While this work which occupied our minds much of the time was going on, we were nevertheless, like everybody else, under the strain of the great conflict, and I quote a couple of paragraphs describing what was current at that time.

"No doubt you wonder what it feels like to be in England with the war growl of the British lion in our ears. When war was first declared here, all London suddenly grew painfully

restless. People seemed under a great nervous tension and wandered about excitedly. There was a sudden jump in the price of food and many were alarmed at the prospects of famine.

"A few days' time tended greatly to restore a normal feeling of repose among the people at large. Parliament enacted a law against the sale of food at abnormal prices and there was a general quieting down of perturbed public spirit. The mobilization of the army has continued quietly and we as Americans are impressed with the serious demeanor and self-restraint of the British soldiers. They are to be seen everywhere. Their brown uniforms distinguish them, singly or in groups, on the streets, in the omnibuses, tramcars and in battalions and regiments in the parks where they are encamped.

"The little Britishers are more eager and full of war-like inspiration. Little ragged boys armed with wooden weapons voiced their shouts of war against the German foes. I wish I could have taken a picture of two little warrior urchins Professor Noblitt and I saw down on the Strand. Out of yellow newspaper bulletins they had made themselves some leggins, paper caps, belts and gauntlets. One of whom I took particular notice carried a wooden sword. He was ragged and dirty as could be, his trousers so wretchedly torn as to be scarcely recognizable as such; yet he was brim full of patriotism and public spirit. He ran as

fast as his little legs could carry him—as if he were rushing right to the front; and woe betide the German who fell in his way!

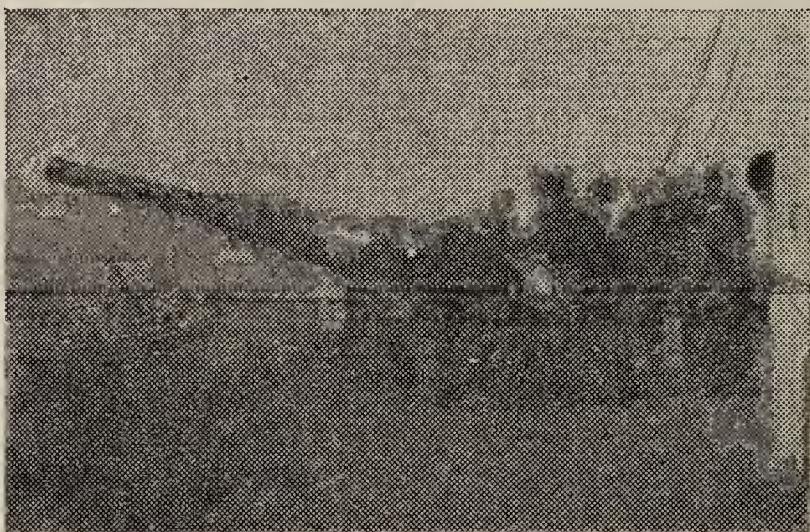
“A very remarkable organization known as the American Citizens’ Committee, sprang into existence when England declared war. It headquartered at the Savoy Hotel. Prominent Americans formed it to aid our Embassy and Consulate here in rendering assistance to stranded Americans. The committee issues a daily bulletin and is doing much in a very noble and creditable way to relieve Americans in trouble, going so far as to furnish many who have lost their baggage in their rush from the Continent, with clothes and grants of money.

“A very fine class of people throng the great committee room daily, and a stranded American feels comforted and much at home when he steps in among them after wandering about through London streets. We have been keeping in pretty close touch with what this organization is doing. Though our work here is badly in need of finances, the Lord has not permitted us as yet to suffer for want of provisions. Our table has been bountifully enough supplied, for which we are thankful, and His work continues.”

We spent a good deal of time going down to the Savoy Hotel headquarters of Mr. Herbert Hoover who had so generously taken it upon himself to look after every American abroad. His

wife had to check his concern and generosity, or he would surely have "gone broke," but he did the American aliens a remarkable service in sympathizing with them and making them feel that they would be able, sooner or later, to get home. We often wondered if we would have to be taken to America on a United States war ship.

Our original party broke up, Mother, Sisters Clara Wolfram and Freda Nahr getting back to



"The ship had guns"

America on one ship, while Professor Noblitt, Branford Clarke (our young English artist convert), Ray and I went aboard the S. S. Scotian, Tilbury Dock, London; its destination, Montreal, Canada. It was a memorable voyage. The ship had guns newly mounted on her decks and we were on the lookout for enemy vessels; but the only exciting objects were some small icebergs.

There was talk of trying the guns on them, but I think it was decided that the noise would work more damage to passengers' nerves than the shells would do to the ice; so this exhibition was called off.

After we left England, and all through the war, our missionaries there continued with their open-air services and talks to the soldiers. When some bombing was done in England, nothing happened to our property except that one of our people found on the roof of the house one day a package of gauze bandage made by Johnson & Johnson Company of New Brunswick, New Jersey, not far from our national headquarters.

W.F.H. 21

XXXIII

JULIET STREET

AFTER returning to the United States from Germany and England, in the summer of 1914, my brother and I continued with our studies at Columbia University. The school year was comparatively an uneventful one except that the students and faculty were under the strain of the conflict abroad. This university had been the seat of a great conciliation and peace movement. Its intellectuals had hoped on a basis of science and reasoning to prove to the whole world that wars do not pay, and they suffered tremendously from an overwhelming sense of disillusionment.

It is strange how often men trained in the lecture room and laboratory have a circumscribed outlook on humanity. Sometimes I think that many professors can be the narrowest sort of people—with all their theorizing, unable to understand powerful human trends.

We, too, were depressed with the war, but it affected us in a different way, for being students of the scriptures we were not so much surprised.

It was a happy day for me, however, in the

spring of 1915, when I received a diploma. I felt spiritually victorious in having been able to keep my testimony and hold to my faith. As has been said before, there were many prayers sustaining us. The way in which our Pillar of Fire friends expressed their congratulations made me feel more inclined than ever to do whatever I could in carrying on the work of our organization, especially with reference to the establishment of schools.

In taking my bearings at this turn of the road I was aware that I still had a faith to defend, a heart to guard, a head to keep, and a God to serve. I was soon to learn, however, that for me commencement was to mean starting out on a voyage with the sailing not always too smooth.

Speaking of my head, I was grateful for all of the processes of improvement to which it had been subjected. An education is supposed to save one's head, so to speak. My son-in-law tells of a jingle he saw, to the effect that one should not lose one's head to save a minute, but to keep one's head, for one's brains are in it.

When Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler signed my sheepskin, it seemed to be a compliment in the direction of my having a head and being able, in some manner, to concentrate on whatever was at hand, or in other words, to keep it. How immediately successful I was remains to be seen.

July 14 of the summer after I was graduated, my diary records that we started on a motor

trip. Characteristic of mother's inability to sit very long in one place in a rocking chair, she decided to inspect some of our branches and visit her old home in Kentucky. She took Miss Freda Nahr along to help her and with Jay Ingersoll at the wheel, we started in the direction of Baltimore, remained there only one night and then continued toward Pittsburgh. In those days touring on unimproved country roads was slow and we had to spend a night somewhere before reaching the city of iron and steel. My diary records, July 17: "Stay at Jacob Bender's"

A few weeks later I contributed an article to the *Pillar of Fire* concerning the trip, entitled "Constancy Beautiful." The inspiration came from what I felt was wonderful loyalty and sacrifice on the part of so many of our workers stationed at their various appointments. It was Mrs. Bender, our kind hostess, however, who impressed me with remarkable constancy at her given task, and so I take a couple of paragraphs from the story:

"We were quite tired the other evening with a hard day's run, and were about thirteen miles the other side of Cumberland. It was getting dark and our nerves were pretty well keyed up as we came rolling down a steep grade. The brakes were hot, and we felt that one more climb and descent would be just one long climb and descent too much. I jumped out of the machine

at a turning to inquire the distance and the nature of the road into Cumberland. I was told that there was one more mountain to go over. I asked if there was a place near by where we might put up for the night, and learned of a family a mile or two down the road where it was certain we could get good accommodations at very reasonable rates. After thanking our kind informant we sped on, eagerly looking for this family, and hoping soon to find a haven of rest.

"We met first the good lady of the house, a rather heavy-set woman who impressed me as having a fine, good nature, somewhat concealed by a sober expression arising from the fatigue of a hard day's work. Satisfactory arrangements were made and we enjoyed the night's rest.

"In the morning I had a better opportunity to observe our hostess, and was very much aided in forming an opinion of her by the testimony of an old gentleman who said he had worked on the place for some twenty years. His wife had left him nine years ago, and the family had provided him with a little cottage near by. He told what a hard worker the hostess was, how he tried to help her all he could by carrying in the wood, water, etc., how when she awoke in the morning she would be sore with rheumatism so that she could scarcely get up, yet she would arise and light into the day's work like a girl

of sixteen, and keep it up until night. As we were about to leave she bade us a kind good-by and smilingly brought us some apples to take along." I wondered if her husband and family appreciated her.

The next evening we duly arrived in Pittsburgh at our church headquarters on Juliet Street, where one of our older workers and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. G. D. Walker, were living, with Miss Kathleen Staats, who had been instrumental in finding the place, furnishing it and was mainly responsible for having it in running order. I thought that wonderful constancy and faithfulness were in evidence here too. Perhaps I gave it more than a passing thought; my interest developed into what I might call a deep appreciation and sympathy. As a matter of fact, my sympathy grew until pretty much everything else was crowded out of my mind.

Elderly people, like Brother and Sister Walker, might like some sympathy, but I am not so sure that Miss Staats felt in any particular need of it. She did not ask for any; everything was all right. As a matter of fact, I think she was very happy and very successful; and yet I could not stop my flow of sympathy.

We traveled on in the direction of Kentucky and the further we went the more sympathetic I became. There was living in Portsmouth, Ohio, across the river from Vanceburg, one of

Mother's elderly cousins whose daughter had died. Just as if he were a son, a Dr. Test, who had been engaged to this daughter, still solicitously cared for her who would have been his mother-in-law. In my state of mind, so pregnant with sympathetic feelings, I was peculiarly affected on learning that the bereaved mother time and again had told the young physician to forget her daughter, go out into society and find himself another mate. But he was adamant, and would reply that when her daughter was buried his love was buried with her and he would never look upon another.

It was in the home of this cousin that I told my mother about my feelings concerning Juliet Street. She took it all, it seemed to me, as a matter of course, with no objections, and as if she were not surprised; but she seemed to have no uneasiness concerning whether or not Miss Staats needed any immediate help or relief. There was nothing for me to do but continue the journey, trusting that nothing dire or cataclysmic would happen in Pittsburgh in the meantime. We were ferried across the Ohio River to Vanceburg and on up the Kinniconick River to visit another of Mother's cousins, William Harrison and his wife, who lived only a short distance from the old home place where Mother was born.

In a subsequent article I had a good deal to

say about the land of "cane and turkey," which some have said belongs to the origin of the name "Kentucky."

We held services in the old schoolhouse where Mother was converted. Mother was able to review much of the history of her life and enjoyed hearing stories of people and places she had not seen for thirty-five years. One of the incidents related by Cousin William had to do with a somewhat good-hearted and simple-minded fellow who had attended revival services years before. The preachers would call for "joiners" about every night, and as the tale goes, this good fellow would come forward every time, to give the preacher his hand. After he had gone up on a number of occasions someone asked him if he had joined the church yet. His answer was, "I have joined some."

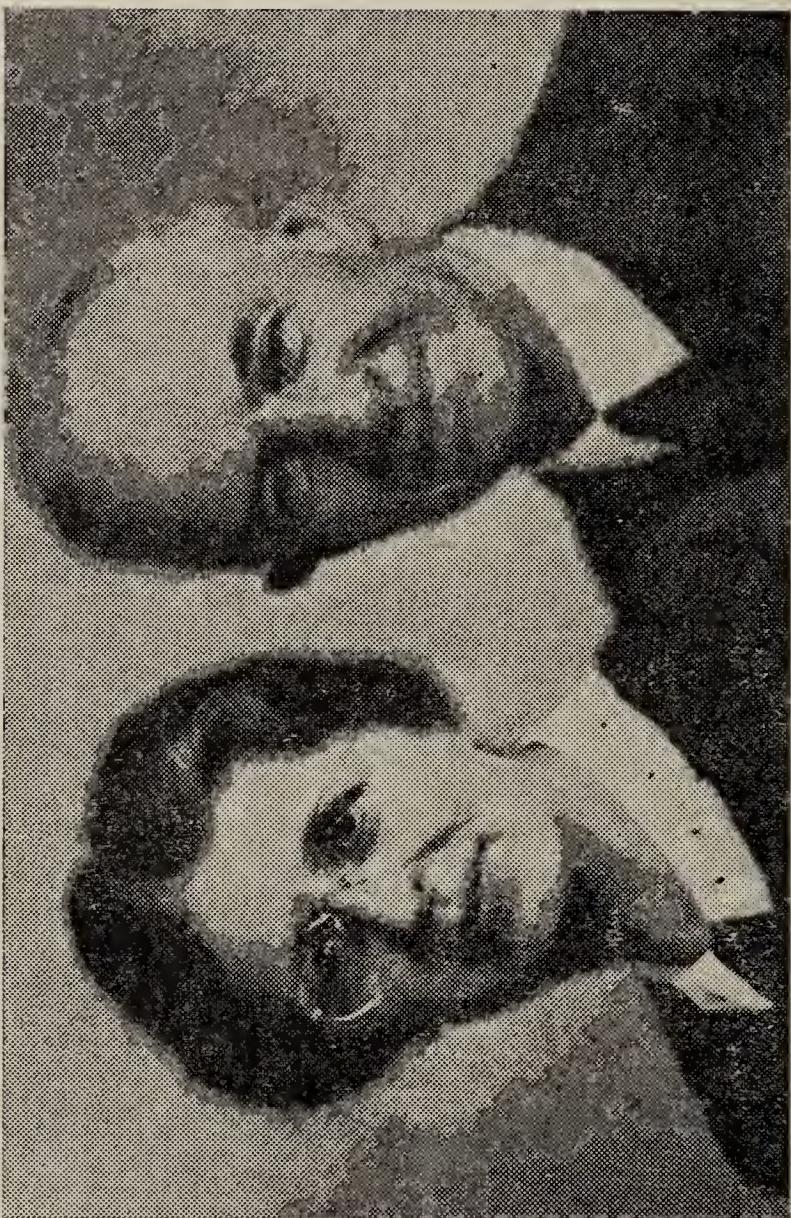
It was interesting to learn that school terms down through the Kentucky hills lasted from August until February. What about March, April and May? School was practically out of the question during those months on account of the rains which made it difficult for the children to ford the creeks. You will recall that my grandfather had gone up into that timber country, where bark was available for his tanning enterprise. Brother Godbey came to this same schoolhouse to hold revival services, and after Mother was converted under his preaching, her whole

family, with Brother Godbey's aid, was moved to Millersburg, where the young people could attend college. Bro. Godbey had been the president of a college and was wonderfully well informed—a teacher as well as a preacher.

In the course of time, though the miles seemed long and the hours passed slowly, we made our way back to Pittsburgh and to Juliet Street. No earthquakes had shaken the house down, no cyclone had blown it away; our people were still there, safe and sound. My sympathy grew, but I said nothing; and on we went toward home.

It was not long until workers were coming in from all of our missionary points to our annual convention and camp meeting at Zarephath. The young lady from Juliet Street came also. No, it was not a whirlwind affair. We had known each other for quite a while. It was a different camp meeting, however, than any I had ever gone through, or so it seemed; and on the 6th of September Kathleen Staats and I were married in the Zarephath chapel, my Uncle Charles officiating. Oh, yes, I had duly presented myself to my future father-in-law, who consented to the marriage, though he himself was not a member of our society.

Now here is the strange and interesting thing. It was a little difficult for me to understand my mother on this occasion for she seemed



Bishop and Mrs. Arthur K. White

overly solicitous about me. When Kathleen and I started on our honeymoon trip to Philadelphia, in a little car lent us by a kind friend, she wanted to go along, which she did in another car, as far as our missionary headquarters there. It seemed that she did not trust me as able to take care of myself.

How strange! Wasn't I of age? Hadn't I been out in the missionary field alone or with just one person, independently making it go as I pleased? Hadn't I been in perils in the mountains and on the waters? Hadn't she trusted me even to attend a university, believing I could keep my faith and survive? It seemed hard for her to compose herself when I started off with my bride in the direction of Wildwood, where Joe and I had spent so many pleasant days; and would you believe it? that same kind Mr. Yenney, whose name ran four sides around so many billboards with Y's in the corner, provided us a place to stay! But there was that strange concern on the part of my mother. It was to dawn on me in the course of time what the trouble was and it can be very simply stated: Mother, with her uncanny penetration, knew that in addition to losing my heart I had lost my head.

XXXIV

TANKS AND REINFORCED CONCRETE

A DAY or two after Miss Staats and I became engaged to be married I decided to inform my brother who at the time was in Denver. He and I had studied French in college and I decided to paraphrase a passage from Moliere's *L'Avare*.

Mon cher frere:

Je brulais de vous parler, pour m'ouvrir à vous d'un secret. Bien des choses, mon frere, enveloppees dans un mot: *j'aime!* . . . Je vous prie de ne me point faire de remonstrances. . . .”

For my readers who have never studied French it is enough to say that I pasted a tiny picture of Kathleen in this part of the letter for I knew he would understand.

Recently I found this epistle—a rather lengthy one concerning our trip—in a safe in which both of us kept some papers, and my cousin discovered his reply to Mother and me. It seems that in some way word had gotten to Aunt Lillie Bridwell first, and she had asked Ray if he had heard about Arthur. His imagination

leaped to wild conclusions that I might have had a car accident and run over somebody. For Ray, according to his response, the French, of which there was considerably more than I have copied above, produced something like hysteria for a few minutes. His letter has many question marks and exclamations, but all of these signs conclude with an "O. K." and a few more very pronounced exclamation points.

My reason for going into this is that the affair did seem to produce quite a turmoil in my brother's mind.

Though I was a little more than three years older, Ray never allowed me to maintain an ascendancy very long in anything he thought pertinent. Perhaps it was a case akin to dividing the Salvage store peanuts, "One for you and one for me." I was not to be a married man and Ray a bachelor too long, for in the following year August 29, my diary records: "Ray and Grace are married at Zarephath." Grace was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Port Washington. She had been in our work for some time and I must make this observation, that my mother felt rather possessive about both Kathleen and Grace. They were *her* girls and we must never forget what we owed her in having them.

When Ray and Grace went on their honeymoon trip down the Atlantic Coast, we sent them

some garden produce from Zarephath. I happened to be on hand when the package was being made ready in our store. In the candy case were some licorice whistles which gave me an idea. No, I wouldn't cast any reflections on Grace's cooking ability; but you know, even a rhymester like a poet, must be accorded a little license, and here is the note that I tucked in the shipment:

We're sending legumes by express
Enough to make you quite a mess;
Potatoes, beans, and ears to roast,
Some eggs will travel parcel post.
In the box among the greens,
Below the corn and things and beans,
A yellow spool box may be seen
Containing whistles long and lean.
Now if these green things disappear
Too soon, or spoiled by Gracie dear,
Who never cooked like this before,
Just whistle loud, we'll send some more.

Art.

And now, such matters having been taken care of, both Ray and I must settle down to the work in hand. The nature of much that concerned me can be introduced by an interesting experience which I had late in 1919.

I had been on a trip to St. Louis with Mother to help her open up a work there. Not many

people were in the sleeper on leaving Cincinnati, and I observed an old man with burnsides who looked as if he would not object to a little attention. I handed him a *Pillar of Fire*, and also another paper published by my mother, entitled, *The Good Citizen*, devoted, as the title page read "to the educational, political and religious interest of the nations."

What I supposed would pass as a simple gesture of friendliness developed into an interesting acquaintance. The old gentleman motioned me to sit down where he could talk to me. His suitcase was lying on the seat in front of him. I put it aside a little so I could sit for a moment on the end of the seat, but he said: "Now, take that suitcase and put it down under the seat, for I like things ship-shape."

I soon realized that I was in for a course of catechizing and questioning which called for everything I knew how to muster. The papers, with the pictures of our institutions and the themes discussed, seemed to make a strong appeal. He introduced himself as having been at the head of some forty institutions in the Methodist Church. He was none other than Bishop J. C. Hartzell, on his way to a meeting of the officials of his church, in Philadelphia. I was privileged to accompany him to the dining car and he let me pay his dinner bill. When he got off the train at Philadelphia I was able to help him

to a taxicab with his bags. He thanked me profusely, and expressed the wish that when I grew old someone would help me in a similar way.

One of the questions Bishop Hartzell had rather pointedly put to me was why my mother had left the Methodist Church. I said, "Bishop, you know she was a public speaker and a preacher, and the Methodists never licensed women to do that."

"That was because of our conservatism," he replied. Then repeatedly he wanted me to know that he heartily bade godspeed to mother's work, remarking how the famous Bishop Taylor had had to work outside the jurisdiction of the church. Eventually, we were to receive a letter from Bishop Hartzell which Mother prized greatly. There was a special reason for her pleasure in hearing from him, for she related how, as a young woman years before, she had heard of the sacrifice he had made in going to Africa alone, his wife being willing to give him up for the space of four years, at least, in order to establish a work on the Dark Continent. And here is the letter:

December 27, 1919.

Rev. Arthur K. White,
Zarephath, N. J.

My dear Friend:

Please express to your mother my sincere thanks for the books which you

were kind enough to send. I shall read them with pleasure and pass them on to others whom I am sure she will be glad to interest in the Master's cause.

Certainly her life has been a remarkable one of divine leadership. Please give her my Christian greetings and God's blessing that her life may be long spared to carry forward the work of the kingdom.

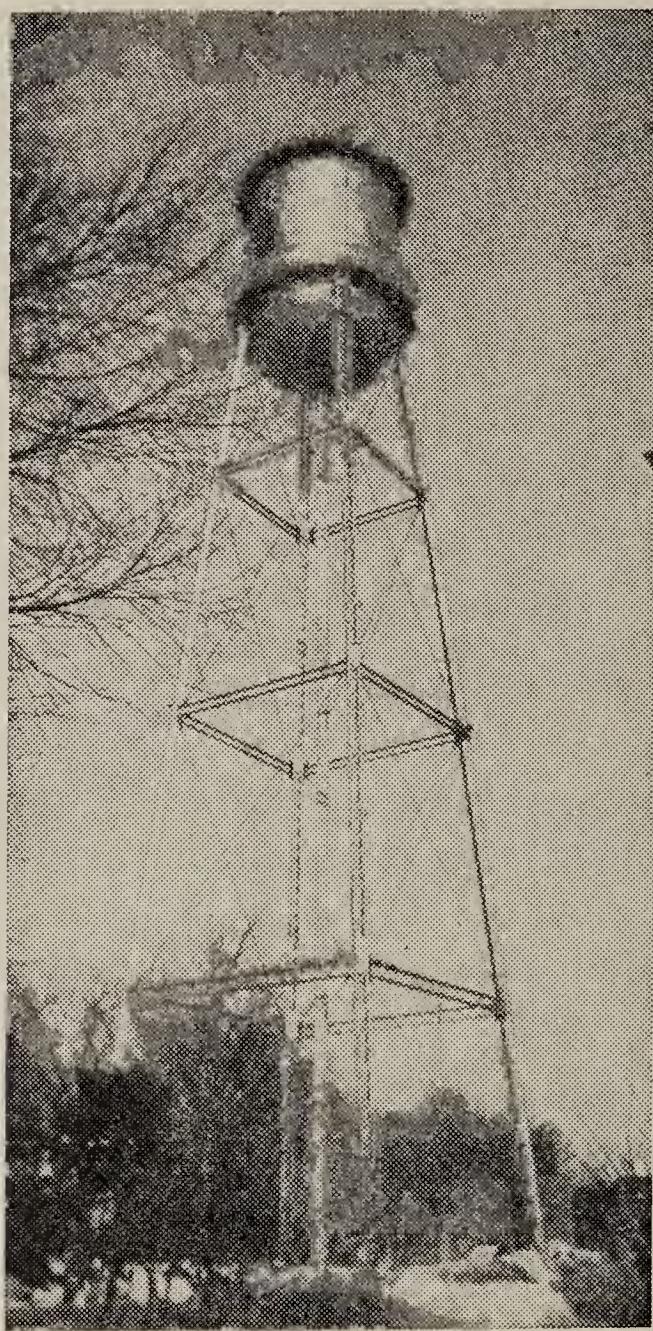
Sincerely your brother,

JCH:FC

J. C. Hartzell.

One other thing that seemed to impress Bishop Hartzell was the evidence of the good deal of engineering work that had had to be done in the operation of our school and headquarters at Zarephath—such things as pertained to power plants for supplying light, heat and water.

In line with my work, it seemed that I was so everlastingly concerned with tanks of one kind and another we required that my middle name must be "tank." The climax came, in the need of a large storage tank for general water supply and fire protection. An old wooden one that had been erected in the tower of our main building was too small, and not high enough to provide adequate pressure. A solution to the problem would be the erection of a large steel tower



Brother Kubitz put it up so it
didn't leak

and tank, but during the war these were not available. I was offered, however, a used one that had been erected somewhere at the Panama Canal, near the Culebra Cut. It was a 50,000-

gallon container, being shipped back for resale by a Chicago firm.

I learned that the Chicago Bridge and Iron Company, with branch offices in New York, had fabricated it. In the course of time we were able to purchase it, and procure from the Bridge company extension sections for heightening the tower. Imagine my telling the company engineer in New York that I believed we had a man who could erect this tank! It made little difference how much I told him of Brother Kubitz' experience as blacksmith and as constructor of lifts that were used in copper mines, he steadfastly maintained that only trained experts could erect a steel tank, for they had to be calked in order to keep them from leaking.

"Why, Mr. White, not even the men who put up these steel buildings in New York know how to put a tank together."

He might have become quite impatient with me for continuing to believe that we could manage the job, but he knew I was a minister, and business men will often tolerate a good deal from a clergyman that they would not take from a sensible layman, supposed to have better judgment in such matters.

I went ahead with the arrangements, and when the time came for Mr. Kubitz to proceed with the work I learned that a tank was being erected somewhere near Phillipsburg, New Jer-

sey. It occurred to me that if I would write a letter to the foreman, introducing Mr. Kubitz, informing him that this brother was not engaged in commercial work and would he please tell him how it was done, I might get results. The gentleman was very kind, and Brother Kubitz came back with the secrets of the profession well in mind. How much we owe to kind men who are willing to help a work like ours, when ordinarily nothing could pry the tricks of their trades from them!

The tank was erected. I had heard that in Panama it had leaked some, but if there were any leaks when Brother Kubitz got done with it I never heard of them.

Now a tank on a tower may not be such a sightly thing, and time may bring better arrangements, but it is eminently practical. I had heard of pressure tanks in the ground that had failed to supply water in great emergencies. If the water is up there you will have it, I was told, when it is needed. This experience enabled Brother Kubitz to dismantle and erect another tank of equal size at our Bellevue College, Colorado.

I was ever fearful of the destruction of life and property through fire hazards. It means continual vigilance, an everlasting battle. I learned in the technical studies of fire-prevention, that experts are rather wary of the use of the word "fireproof." There is nothing that is really proof

against fire. Steel safes are manufactured and adjudged fire-resisting to the extent of from one to four hours. In the great Baltimore fire men observed that steel plates from a burning building would fall red hot on another building and set it afire.

There is a spiritual lesson to be learned in all this. Many fires are due to disorder and to accumulations of rubbish. There must be an unending battle to rid a home or a campus of so many things that can contribute to the danger of fire. Amos Wells brings home to us the meaning of this when in his poem he says:

Things! Things! Things!
Things of value, worthless trash,
Things preserved or gone to smash,
Ancient things or things just bought,
Common things and things far-sought,
Things you mean to throw away,
Things you hope to use some day,
Cellar, attic, all between
One exasperating scene
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Let me cease to be their fool!
Let me fly their crafty rule!
Let me with unsparing knife
Cut their cancer from my life!
Broad and clear and all serene,

Let me make my mansion clean.
Now and ever more to be
Calm, unfretted, grandly free
From things, things, things!

Alarming statistics today describe the increase of home and forest fires caused by careless smokers. It would look as if we lived in an age when civilization is doomed to destruction by fire, and again I say that Peter has it right, especially when we consider atomic bombs, in saying that "the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

Surely we can afford to take time out for another moral observation here, viz., that after all, the only things that will endure in time and eternity are the things which are spiritual. Do we not read in the Bible that the fire will test every man's work of what sort it is? There is something, indeed, to the doctrine that a man's life should be purged from the inflammable elements of inbred sin.

Speaking of the battle against the hazards of fire, this brings me to another epochal incident belonging to my department. Brother Aaron Yoder, who was mainly responsible for the construction of the first buildings erected at Zarephath, had passed on. Our valuable printing machinery and paper stock were housed in a building needed for dormitory purposes. It fell

to my lot to plan a new printery. The well-known firm of Lockwood and Green in New York kindly drew plans for us for a token fee.

Could we erect a reinforced concrete building? Since Brother Kubitz had so successfully erected the tank and succeeded in every other project he had undertaken, we believed that we could master the technique of reinforced concrete. It would take a great deal of cement and stone and sand. Several cement firms made contributions of carloads of cement, and other cement was purchased at a reduction. It seemed that if we carted stone from a local quarry we would be forever getting enough on hand. One day, tied up in the Delaware and Raritan Canal, was a tug-boat drawing several scows. It occurred to us that stone might be brought to Zarephath by boat. I found some available at Tomkins Cove, up the Hudson River, for 75c a ton. When I informed Lockwood and Green that I had bought stone for 75c, plus a dollar for the freight, when it was selling for over \$2, they insisted on seeing a sample. I shall never forget the pleasure that they manifested in finding I had a good quality of trap rock.

But when the tugboat and scows landed at Zarephath they were so weighted down they could not come close to the bank. I was in a panic one evening, wondering how in the world we would ever unload them. In fact, I don't think I



"These little mountains near the site of the new building"

slept a wink that night. However, good Brother Kubitz rigged up a windlass and a long boom that reached out far enough to handle the buckets in the scows. Our men were so successful in piling up these little mountains near the site of the new building that we sent the tugboat and scows down the river to bring back 1800 tons of sand and gravel. And thus the building went up, to become a substantial, fire-resisting structure, from which tons and tons of literature have gone out to feed a gospel-hungry world.

Misgivings, setbacks and difficulties encountered in these material operations have the effect of making or breaking one, but they do teach the importance of bearing responsibility. If you lose a night's sleep, but win out in the end, the victory is correspondingly satisfying. Nor as Christians should we take our work or ourselves too seriously for we have the promise: "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

XXXV

OLD NASSAU

AT REGISTRATION TIME, in old Nassau, my brother and I tried to adjust ourselves to something different in university atmosphere. The professors had been on their vacations and they sat around in conference rooms, some in their knickers, talking about where they had been and of such things as laying hens—if not their own, then somebody's hens. There certainly was not that urban reserve that we had encountered in the great metropolitan center of learning, but a sort of out-in-the-country ease, and we were to find no less of friendliness and hospitality than that which had been accorded us in the other schools we had attended.

For some time prior to the fall of 1920, since his graduation at Columbia in 1917, my brother had been considering taking some graduate work, and after shopping around, felt that Princeton, only eighteen miles from Zarephath, would be our choice. Dean West, well known for his establishment of the beautiful graduate school with its impressive Cleveland tower, and for having engaged in quite a conflict with Woodrow Wilson as to where and what sort of graduate school

Princeton should have, examined my brother and me in his lodge. He was interested in our religious work; but it seemed that any hesitation in approving our application was overcome when we answered questions as to language qualifications; for Dean West was conservative, as the educational world well knew, when it came to the classics. I am sure we made no boast of proficiency in the matter, for we did not want to be tested too severely, but he seemed content and we were enrolled. There had to be some assurance, however, that though we were married, with families to look after, we could give full attention to the work in hand.

A house was rented on Bank Street, where we had ample accommodations. In the fall of 1921 we began one of the most delightful years that we had ever spent in study, because of the eminence and kindness of the professors who tutored us. We had hoped to join a seminar under the noted Professor Henry Van Dyke. There was an announcement that he would not give instruction that year; so we went together to study poetry under Prof. Morris Croll. We were not in this class very long when Dr. Henry Van Dyke changed his mind and received applications for graduate students. However, the few sessions we had under Professor Croll were wonderfully enlightening, for the object of the course was to "introduce the student to the understanding and

enjoyment of poetry as an art . . . its most important forms and their history." Two of the books he specified for reading, and which I still value, were *English Verse*, by Professor Alden, of Leland Stanford University, and another by Harvard University's Bliss Perry, *A Study of Poetry*. Bliss Perry came to Princeton during the year and gave a lecture which I attended. Chapter I of *A Study of Poetry* begins with one of the most poetical prose introductions to any study of verse which I think I have ever read, and I take the liberty to quote:

"It is a great day in autumn. I am sitting at my desk, wondering how to begin the first chapter of this book about poetry. Outside the window a woman is contentedly kneeling on the upturned brown earth of her tulip-bed, patting lovingly with her trowel as she covers the bulbs for next spring's blossoming. Does she know Katherine Tyman's verses about 'Planting Bulbs'? . . . I find myself dropping the procrastinating pen, and murmuring some of the lines:

" 'Setting my bulbs a-row
In cold earth under the grasses,
Till the frost and the snow
Are gone and the Winter passes—

" 'Turning the sods and the clay
I think on the poor sad people
Hiding their dead away
In the churchyard, under the steeple.

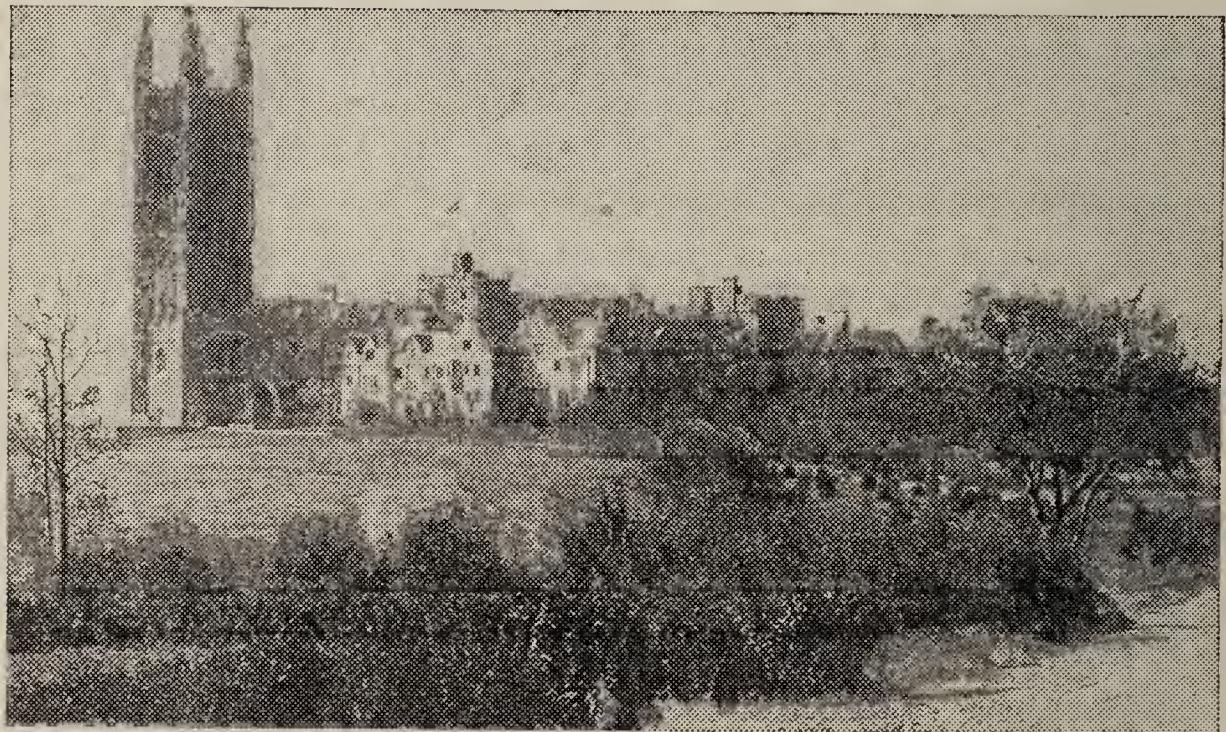
*"Friends, now listen and hear
Give over crying and grieving,
There shall come a day and a year
When the dead shall be as the living."*

But Professor Croll did not need too much the assistance of eminent authors in conducting his class, for he made it so interesting that we were reluctant to leave him; but he knew that we had planned to study under Dr. Henry Van Dyke if possible, and he excused us with great magnanimity and cheerfulness.

In the meantime we had enrolled in Prof. George McLean Harper's class on Wordsworth. This proved to be popular and was conducted in one of the seminar rooms of the library.

Naturally we had been thinking a great deal about the history and traditions of Princeton from its very beginnings. It would seem that Princeton University, in a large way, was born in what may be described as old New Jersey religious revival fires. There were those zealous Tennants and other valiant preachers, who wanted to establish an institution of higher learning for Christian students. Jonathan Edwards, who lies in what is known as the Westminister Abbey burial place of America, not far from the main campus, was called upon to become one of Princeton's early presidents. The old records reveal

how he was engaged principally, it seems, in requiring his students, the Seniors especially, to write sermons. Connected with Princeton is the well known Theological School that up until the very time we were taking our course, staunchly held out, academically at least, for Fundamental-



Princeton Graduate College with Cleveland Tower

ism as against modern Liberalism on the part of some of the leading professors.

Into Dr. Harper's class had come a number of Seminary students. When we were about to begin the class, with all of this religious tradition in mind, with these candidates for the ministry present and the feeling that we were on sacred

soil, I asked Professor Harper if we might start that class with a word of prayer. His reply was: "Why, certainly." I prayed a short prayer for God's blessing, and the work of the class proceeded.

By the time of the next session my invocation seemed to have had a greater meaning with Prof. Harper and the students than I had realized. I was one of the first to deliver a paper, and when I had finished, Prof. Harper suggested that while the paper was a good one, I had not read it very well. I must confess to having been somewhat nervous. At the close of the session I went to him and told him that I appreciated his criticism, that that was what I had come to Princeton for, and I begged him to be liberal with any corrections he thought I needed. As time went on, however, it seemed that his toleration was such that my mistakes were too generously overlooked.

He was the author of a 2-volume work on Wordsworth published by Scribner, New York. My brother and I had gone there to get our copies for class work, but there was nothing immediately available except a leather-bound, de luxe edition. We were glad to pay the extra cost. When we took them to Prof. Harper's house he seemed much taken with the beauty of the volumes which I asked him to autograph. He called to his wife and showed her these books, I know

with great appreciation for our having been willing to buy them. They are still my treasured possessions.

The influence of Wordsworth's poetry on the English language cannot be over-emphasized. He liberated poetry from so much that was stiff and formal. Certainly he brought to English verse light and grace and a humanity such as it had not known, using the language of the common man. We greatly enjoyed the work under Dr. Harper, not knowing always, however, whether our contributions were up to the standard, but both Dr. and Mrs. Harper took a kindly interest in our work and our families. When the term closed, having been with him for the whole year, he very graciously expressed pleasure at having had us in his class. It was indeed a privilege to pursue a course under a master recognized as a world authority in his field.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke conducted his seminars in his home and other classes were given in McCosh Hall, open both to undergraduates and graduate students. I had heard Dean West say on one occasion that the traffic to Princeton, in the main, must come over a little railroad spur from the main lines of the Pennsylvania. He was glad of Princeton's relative isolation, and made the remark that he was happy that there were no factories there with women workers. Princeton was definitely a man's school; but Dr.

Henry Van Dyke graciously permitted some women, amongst whom were Kathleen and Grace, to listen in on his lectures. His eminence in the world of affairs—having been Ambassador to Holland during the war, a great writer and poet—permitted him doubtless to extend privileges others would not be so free to bestow.

One evening early in the course, when the session was held in Dr. Van Dyke's beautiful Avalon home, my brother felt definitely impatient with the students who seemed much too backward in the famous man's presence. It looked as if they had such an attitude of awe and deference that they could never relax enough to get anything from the lecture or discussion. They continued so long in this reticent mood that my brother desperately decided to take the lead, whereupon he and Dr. Van Dyke for a time engaged pretty much in a dialogue. The boys began to catch on, and soon were asking questions, until the class became lively and interesting.

My brother, however, always felt that when a certain hour of evening time came it was better for him to go to bed, for he had had trouble sleeping. But he had done his work too well; tongues were loose and the clock was forgotten. I looked at my brother with considerable amusement, for he began to wish they would stop; and when very late at night, we treading our way home to Bank Street, it was impossible to refrain from



Ray B. White, left; Arthur K. White

teasing him for teaching those young men such a lesson too well. I think he was a little like the Irishman Dugan who came down out of the hills into a western mining town to find a free-for-all fight on. He cried: "Count Dugan in," and into the fray he went. But Dugan, badly battered, getting a little more than he had bargained for, soon drew aside and said: "Count Dugan out." We were to talk and laugh about this episode for some time to come.

The thesis I wrote for Dr. Henry Van Dyke was entitled "Byron, Tennyson and Browning." I felt I knew what might very well appeal to Dr. Van Dyke, in saying that "in short, there is a sense in which Byron may be regarded as the poet of the body, Browning of the mind, and Tennyson of the spirit."

I brought him 43 typewritten pages—far too much—and apologized. Still, the paragraphs were not crowded and when I went to Avalon, Dr. Van Dyke received me and the long essay with good grace and patience. When my paper was returned he had written on it the following:

"This is an excellent piece of work. It shows thorough reading, and, in the main, good judgment; and in some places, it has brilliant expression. I think it deserves a first group."

H. V. D.

This was indeed flattering. Later he wrote

in his own hand a letter of commendation concerning one of my brother's books, which he concluded with the following paragraph:

“The presence of you and your brother in my class this year, and the good work you both did, will always be remembered with pleasure by
Yours faithfully,
Henry Van Dyke.”

After leaving school in 1923 I submitted to Dean West a book I had written for young people and he replied in his letter:

“You are both doing a noble work in guiding American boys into useful, industrial lives and making of them intelligent Christian citizens, a good salt to savor our domestic and national life.”

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's brother Paul, noted as an able professor and historian, whose specialty had been research work abroad in the history of the Medici family, accepted Ray and me as graduate students in history. He held his sessions in his apartment in the graduate college. We were engaged not simply in reading books of history, but in such research work—poring over old leather-bound tomes in Latin and other languages — as would enable us to know how history is written. He showed us his filing cases and cards so that we could get an idea of how to compile and classify historical data.

Often when we had a pretty large assignment we would apologize for not getting over what we thought was enough ground; but always, with latitude and indulgence Dr. Paul Van Dyke would simply say, "If you can just report progress that is all that is required." Down through the years his phrase of "reporting progress" stuck with us.

We spent considerable time comparing these two brothers. Kathleen and Grace would often hear a good deal about "Brother Henry," thus-and-so, and "Brother Paul," thus-and-so, for they were quite different in character and temperament.

But among the great thrills of old Nassau were those we experienced in study under Dr. John Duncan Spaeth. To us Dr. Spaeth, teaching both graduate and undergraduate courses, seemed the very "life of the party" so far as members of the Princeton faculty were concerned. His class in "American Ideals" was very popular. We were allowed to enter it, do our extra work on the side, and to report to him at his home. He had a wonderful voice and no one could but be thrilled hearing him lecture on the Reformation, on such a character as Martin Luther. He brought home to the boys, so many of them from old wealthy families, the true meaning of American idealism. He was a disciplinarian when you needed to be caught up on your thinking habits, but

wonderfully entertaining and generous, and withal, human beyond measure. He had charge of the rowing crews, and when Princeton outrowed the Navy there must have been tears of joy in his eyes.

You could not forget that mellow, happy expression. Still, when he came home, and there was snow on the ground, his good wife did not hesitate to remind him that the sidewalks needed shoveling. You had a feeling as you learned something of Dr. Spaeth's knowledge of the ancient languages of the Saxons and Celts, and of the roots of the Germanic and Romance tongues, that there just was not anything he did not know or understand about the foundations of English. But I think he might still shovel snow with modesty and humility.

As soon as our work was assigned we went immediately to him for instructions. He thought well of us for being willing, so soon, to go at our tasks.

For years after we finished our courses we were to enjoy a correspondence acquaintance and have occasional meetings with Dr. Spaeth. He would read our books and comment on them. We always appreciated his encouragement.

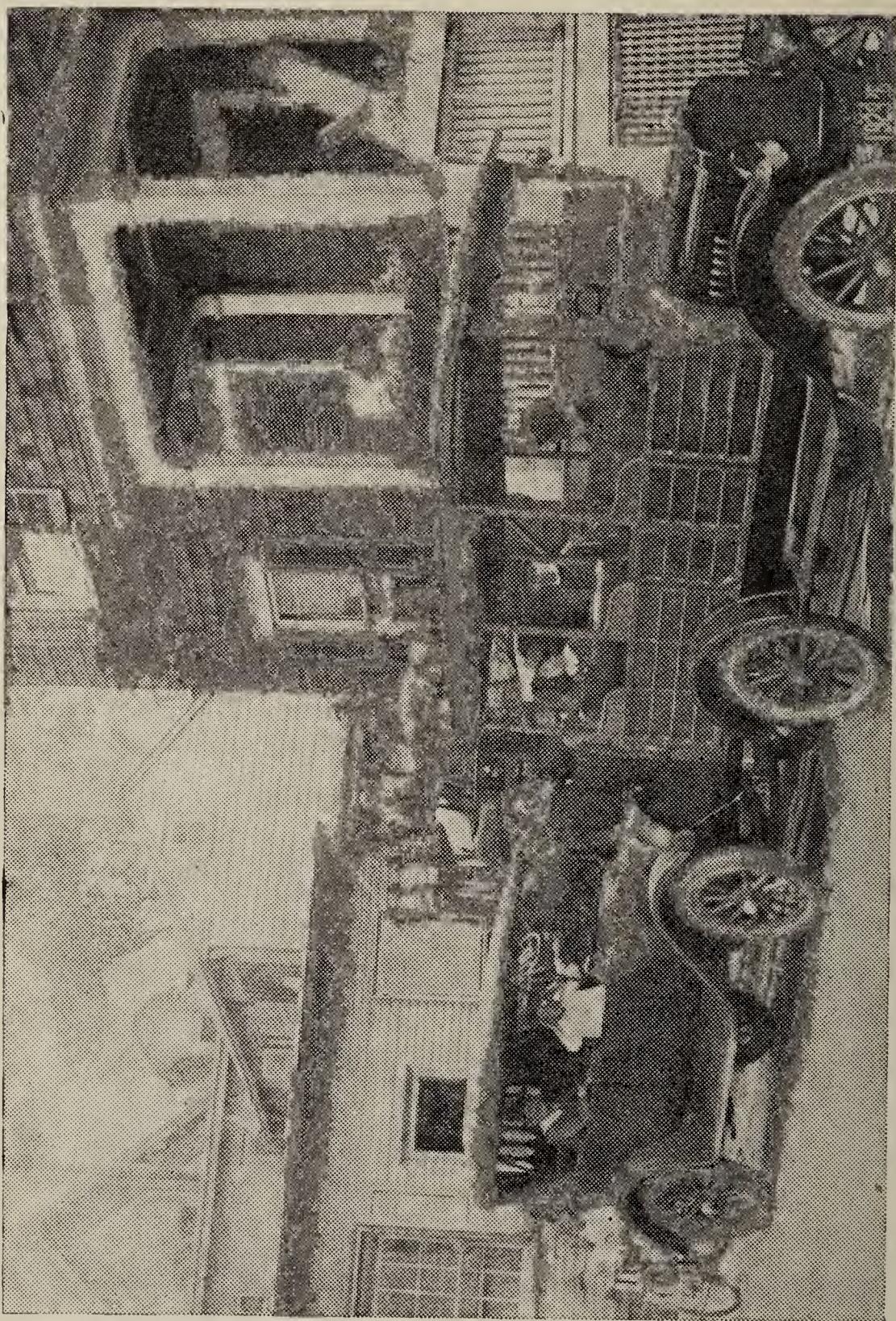
College students are inclined to feel that *their* professors were the best—but we just knew ours were. I believe that we were privileged to study during an age of cultural ascendancy. We

had famous men and minds both at Columbia and Princeton. The day had not come when, during a second world war, Nicholas Murray Butler was to stand before a great graduating class with little to offer graduates, and in a tone of great disillusionment say that it had been his "habit to speak in a note of optimism" . . . but "today I find myself for the first time in a somewhat different attitude of mind."

Perhaps we are conservative, but it seems that there was ushered in soon afterwards an era of devotion to what may be described as gross materialism and laxity in educational discipline, due to wide acceptance of the so-called progressive methods of study. If a professor in my day before a class would describe the penitent feelings of a young man who had only once gone astray in adherence to old standards of Bible morality, modern psychologists were to find ways and means of excusing promiscuousness. Surely there has been a terrible slump. Of course, it had been growing long before our attending college.

After the second world war broke out President Dodds, in his 1941 address to Princeton graduates made a very remarkable statement: "For two generations we have enjoyed a 'serene and ordered existence,' without realizing how rare and abnormal such periods of calm have been in human history. Science had removed the superstitious fear of natural catastrophes under

Leaving Bank Street, Princeton, when the year was over



which earlier generations suffered. Even our religion had become so saturated with thoughts of man's goodness that contemplation of hell, either in this life or hereafter, had ceased to be intellectually respectable. But now all this has changed and once more we are conscious that evil still exists in the world."

I believe it was Dr. Spaeth who made the suggestion that the subject for my theme be "The Great Awakening." I was wonderfully pleased that he made this assignment, and went into the stories of Whitefield, Jonathan Edwards and the Great Awakening as carefully as I could. I accumulated a great deal of information and was amazed at what that famous New England revival had done for the intellectual and religious life of the people. Dr. Spaeth remarked that it was one of the things that contributed to such great reforms as prohibition.

We enjoyed a personal acquaintance with President Hibben. On one occasion he invited to Alexander Hall the famous Admiral Simms, to speak to the young men on the meaning of temperance, in support of the prohibition measure. It is unfortunate that with the turning of the tide toward repeal Dr. Hibben should meet with a fatal accident when his car collided with a beer truck.

Speaking again of the Great Awakening, surely something definitely spiritual beyond mat-

ters educational is necessary to save our civilization. Dr. Edmond W. Sinnott, Director of Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, is on record as saying: "Science alone can make monsters of men." The Christian churches are described by eminent authority as having been "locked in a struggle with materialism, which had been growing for 150 years and of which Communism was the deadliest projection." Surely Dr. Spaeth would agree with Yale's postwar announcement concerning doubling required courses in the humanities to offset the materialism of these times.

At Princeton we heard Dr. Grenfel in person give one of his famous lectures about his work in Greenland. The story is told of another Hans Edge, who spent fifteen years in Greenland, attempting to make intelligent Christians of the inhabitants. He is described as delivering, with a broken heart, his farewell address from the words of Isaiah, "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for naught." He was succeeded by John Beck, who preached Christ crucified. One of his converts was Kajernack, who became a flame of evangelistic zeal amid the frozen regions of that far Northland. Someone has observed that the preaching of Christ's death and resurrection in its revolutionary power effected instantly what fifteen years of educational effort had failed to accomplish. Beck could testify, along with St. Paul, that "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

XXXVI

THE SECOND-BLESSING WELL

AN ENTRY in my diary for January 24, 1920, reads: "Get deed for Westminster."

Four miles north of the city limits of Denver, on a high promontory has stood, since about the time my brother was born—1892—a large red-sandstone building with a lofty tower, formerly known as Westminster College. The building was to mark the beginning of a great Presbyterian University. Though I have never been able to prove it definitely, it is said to have been designed by Stanford White. When good labor could be purchased for \$1.50 a day, the cost of the structure was in the neighborhood of \$225,000.

The original enterprise suffered, we learned, from several setbacks. The first was the panic of '93 which was discouraging at the beginning; then the war of 1914 called so many young men into the service that attendance dwindled. Finally the school closed, and toward the end of the war the property, consisting of the main building with its power house, the President's house, and a fine dormitory building, fell into a state of neglect. Many windows were broken in the college building, and a caretaker, who farmed on the side,

actually used it to house some of his farm machinery and kept chickens in the basement.

Years before, traveling along toward Longmont, I had looked at this building and dreamed of our having it for Bible School students. It seemed like a wild fancy. One of our workers learned that it was not in use. Officials of the Presbyterian educational board and my mother and brother came together for negotiations. It was desired that the property be used for the purposes for which it was originally intended, viz., Christian education. The trustees, after one of them made a trlp east and learned something of what we had accomplished in New Jersey, voted to turn the property over to us, including 40 acres of chartered land, for \$40,000, the amount of the debt with which it was encumbered.

I can remember going through this building with Mother and some others, and it seemed like a great white elephant, so large that it would take an eternity to fill it. My mother's success in life had proved that she had more faith than presumption, but at the time there did seem to be something almost foolhardy in our undertaking an enterprise where others, with seemingly greater resources, had failed. But more or less by faith, we closed our eyes to obstacles and "staved ahead."

There was no electricity, and only a meager supply of water from a village well, where a

wheezy gasoline pump was out of order, it seemed, half the time. The buildings, of course, had to be repaired. Newspaper comment was kind concerning the courage and enterprise of the Pillar of Fire, known for years as a mission organization in the city, for planning to restore this institution to a state of usefulness. However, any immediate local campaign for raising funds, with thousands and thousands of dollars needed, could not be expected to meet with success. The only thing to do was for some of us to put on overalls, roll up our sleeves and begin the work of rehabilitation ourselves.

We were able soon to bring power lines to the buildings, though we had had to be content for some time with old-fashioned oil lamps, with a few of the gasoline-pressure variety for our chapel services. Annoying beyond measure were the continual announcements that came from the village, that the water supply must be shut off as the pump had broken down.

My brother lived in the President's house, and what he and his wife endured in those days with numerous inconveniences while repairs were going on, could only be told in many chapters of privations and trouble.

We had to pay a sort of penalty rate for water, since the 40 acres of campus were not within the municipal jurisdiction. The cost per month was

\$3.75 for the first 2,000 gallons and 15 cents for each 100 gallons thereafter.

In the power house was an old well some five or six hundred feet deep, from which water had been drawn with a steam-driven rod pump. But this machinery was either worn out or had been carted away. We had to do something to get the well in operation if possible. It was badly filled with junk that vandals had thrown into it.

I proposed that we put the well-end of the old power house in order and concentrate our efforts on cleaning operations. Friends lent us tools and Brother Kubitz went to work. It is a long story, but finally we were able to install a compressor and raise water by air-lift. This was boosted up into a wooden tank in the attic of the college building. It was a new day when we could have our own water supply. The college was experiencing a regeneration, and it was all significant.

The President of the Presbyterian Educational Board remarked to me one day, on a visit to the college, that the reason the university had failed was lack of water.

We felt we had gained ground, but in time the air-lift system proved too costly to operate. We had thrown our lives, and it seemed all of the resources of our society, into this Westminster project, and it began to look as if we too would be chalked up for failure. But strange as it may seem, the promise of success with respect to the water

supply came out on the Atlantic Ocean. On a voyage to England, I ran across the story in the *American Magazine* of a man named Lane who had "built a fortune on shifting sands." He had been in the well business in the South and had succeeded in making thousands of acres productive with his rotary pumps provided with a special kind of screen of his own invention, which would not clog. Inspiration came to me for sinking a new deep well on the campus in Colorado.

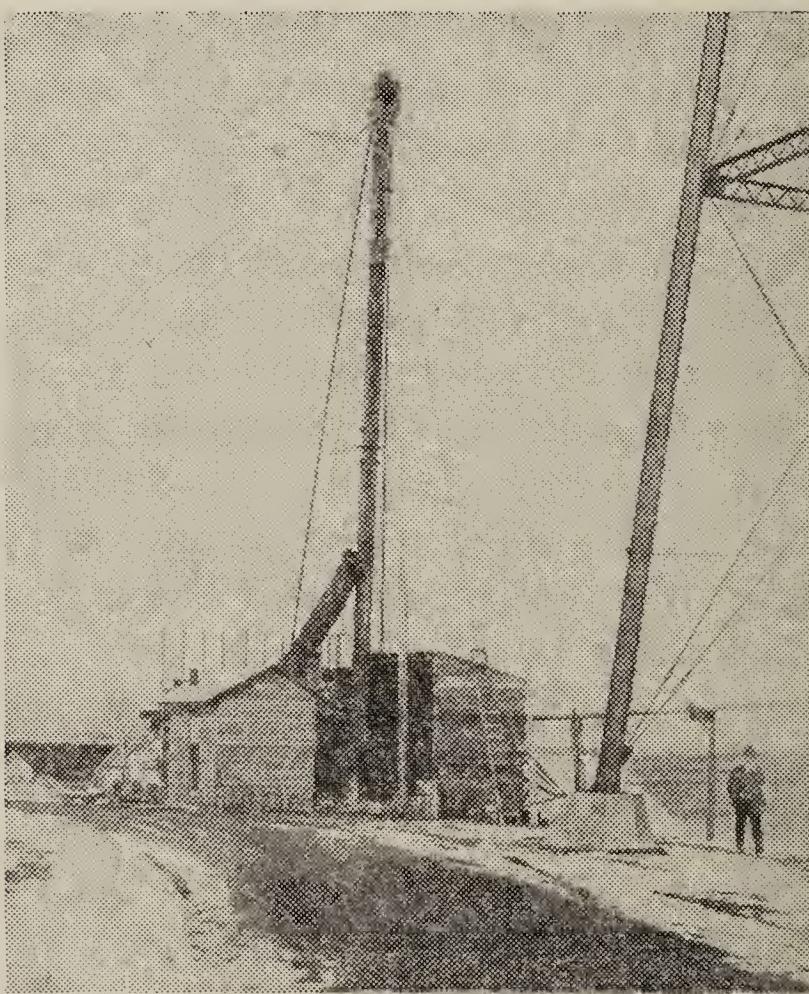
I decided that instead of the hydraulic method commonly in use, of washing out a hole along with the boring, the standard cable tool process of digging oil wells should be employed, principally because the successful installation of a deep-well pump called for an unerringly straight hole. Brothers Kubitz, Wolfgang and I began studying the method and believed we might borrow or buy a discarded oil well rig and set it up for the undertaking, if we had to roam the plains, in oil-producing territory, as far away as Casper, Wyoming.

A used Star Drill portable machine capable of digging to a depth of 2500 feet, was located near Palmer Lake and purchased for a thousand dollars.

On a trip east I presented my problem to one of the officials of the Roebling Company, in an appeal for some cable. I was hoping for mill-end pieces that we might splice together; but my story

was convincing enough to Mr. William Anderson, who understood such problems, to result in a contribution of 2500 feet of new seven-eighths cable for our job.

While we expected to take the burden and re-



Our Star Drill digging equipment set up on
campus of Bellevue College

sponsibility of the work upon ourselves, we were able to hire an expert driller to teach and supervise our men.

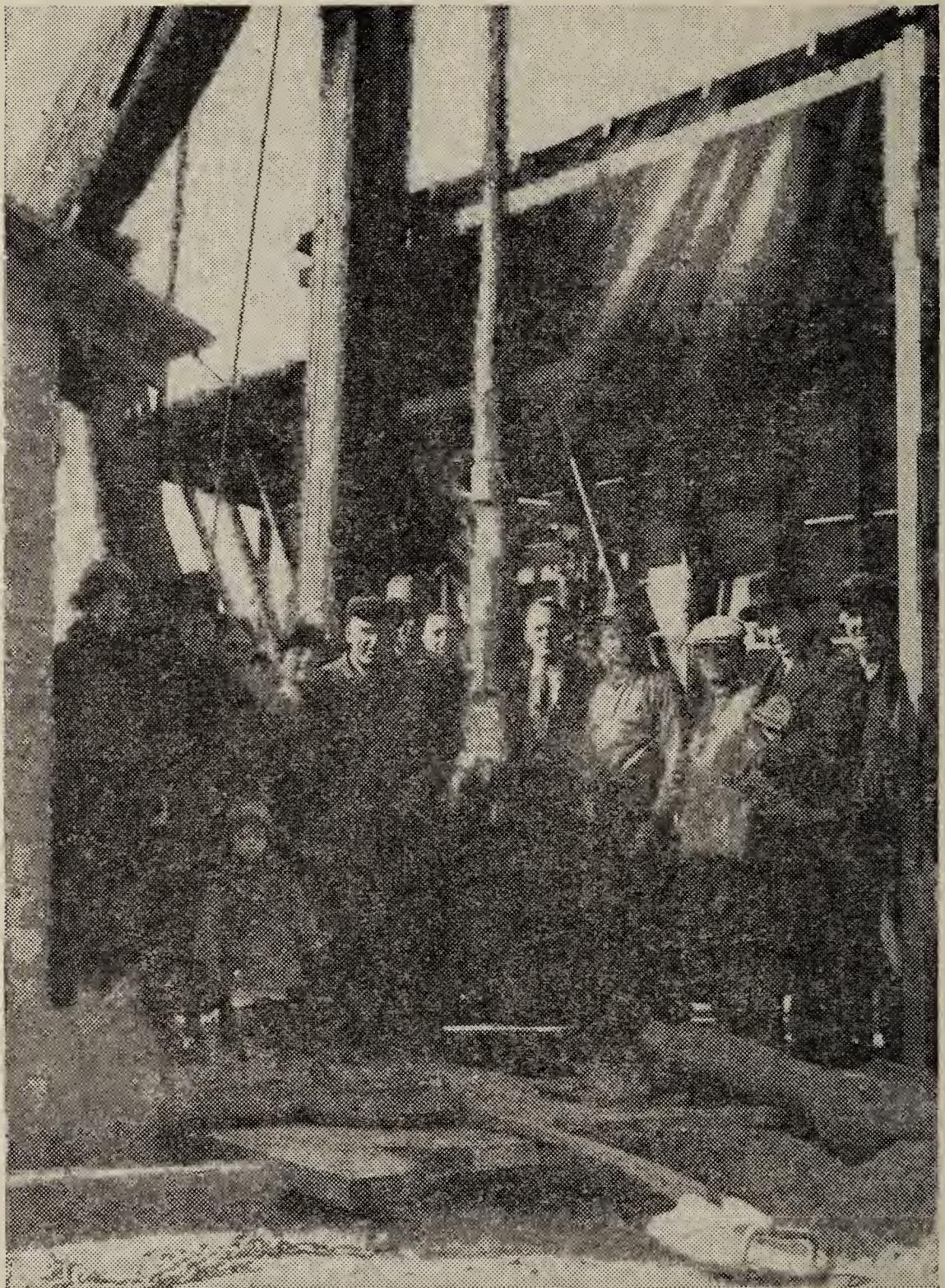
I purchased a book on well-drilling and made

as thorough a study of it as I knew how. In an old article of mine entitled, "Son of Man, Dig," I find interesting notes concerning tools and the method.

Deep-well drilling belongs to a world in itself, concerning which many interesting things could be written. In my study I learned about such things as the "rope spear," to take hold of a rope that may have fallen into the well, a "mouse-trap" contrivance with a socket to catch hold of a broken tool; a "casing-cutter" which enables the driller to rip holes in the armor-plate-like wall of a casing far beneath the surface; of the "devil's pitchfork," and the "devil's steel hand" for fishing operations, that is, to retrieve lost tools; and perhaps as interesting as any, the "helrazer" an electro-magnet contraption, charged from storage batteries, and capable of lifting 500 pounds and more depending on the size of the well bore.

Then there are "reamers" and "screws" and "bits" and bailing lines—a nomenclature of miscellany almost endless.

We present here a picture of the opening ceremonies, and our record shows that my wife took the shovel and dug a little hole for the big bit (we began with a hole 20 inches in diameter). As the work progressed we were fortunate enough to have the noted Professor George, geologist of our State University, come and study the sand, clay, and gravel that came up in our bailer. He



We gather to see work of digging actually begun. Ray White, right; Earl C. Steffa, expert well driller, at his right; Brother Kubitz, at left of drill; Mrs. White with Pauline, and Miss Ruth Hawkes.

identified the different strata, and withal gave us much encouragement.

On one occasion some well-men, looking in on our operations, came to our Denver building, amazed, I think, at the responsibilities we had shouldered in this venture, and gravely asked me if I knew that it was possible to sink or lose as much as twenty thousand dollars digging a well. I must admit to laboring under a considerable strain, for I began to have headaches, real and otherwise.

But success crowned the efforts, and it was a day of great victory when I could take a mirror and shine it down to a depth of a thousand feet, in an 8-inch hole, cased with heavy pipe, as straight as an arrow. We went down 1620 feet and found a flow of fine, soft water which rose to a high level, making it possible for us to install a rotary pump which sings along from day to day filling our 50,000-gallon tank with water as we need it.

And so this was a second-blessing well which meant the salvation and success of what is now known as Bellevue College of the Pillar of Fire.

Soon after we purchased the property a Major from the Army offered to buy it all for twice what we had paid for it. We understood it was the Government's plan to build the great Fitzsimmon's Hospital there. No amount of money could serve as an inducement for us to sell out today.

On the campus is located radio station KPOF with its tall tower. A large reservoir at the college is filled with water which we pump from an irrigation ditch running along the lower part of our land. The reservoir provides skating in winter and bathing in summer, so that it may be said of Bellevue that it is a "well-watered plain." In the neighborhood of 600 acres have been acquired along the famous Federal Boulevard running from Denver north to rich farming communities and Estes Park.

Thus our second-blessing well seemed the key to the situation. Such an experience has taught us the meaning of digging down deep into things spiritual. So much that belongs to the average church these days is shallow; the waters are hard and full of alkali. It all belongs to my mother's drilling experience of consecration and sanctification in the little town of Morrison. It would be easy enough to sell Bellevue and all that we have there for a hundred times more than it has cost us, but I doubt that the Pillar of Fire people, who live with such great inspiration and blessing on the "Hill," would consider a thousand times the amount.

Surely Bellevue has become a spiritual center, with the promise of a still more wonderful future.

XXXVII

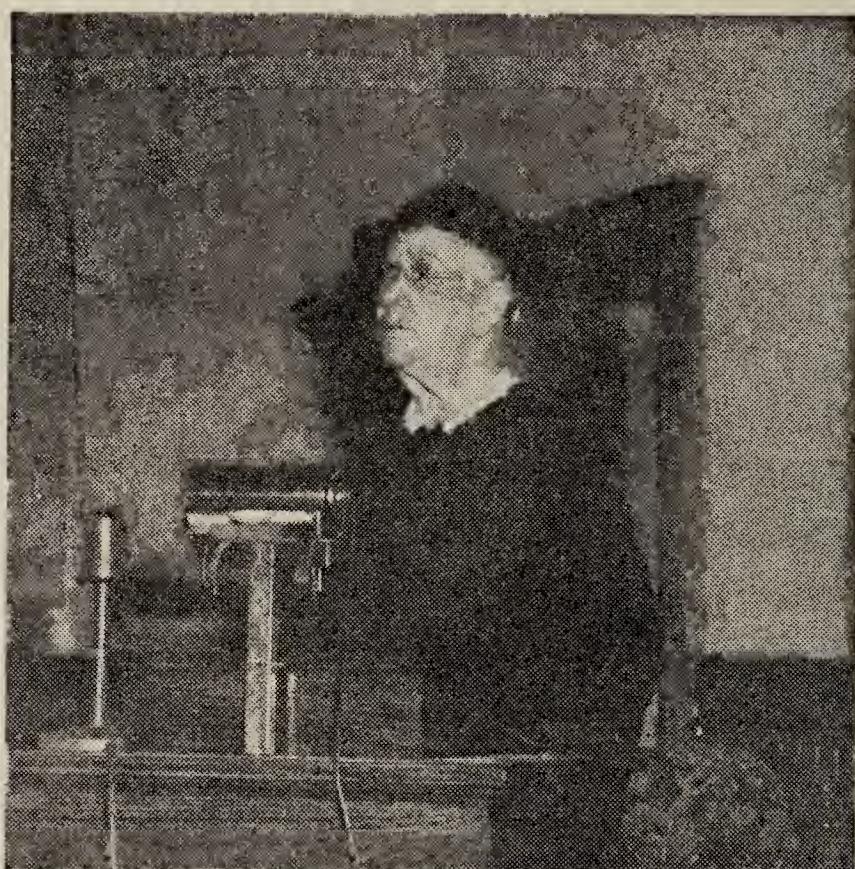
RAY-DIO WHITE

OUR friend and neighbor, Harry C. White, entertainer and speaker, had come to pay his respects to my mother, and I think to invoke the blessing of our praying people before starting on his mission to serve as a secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the armed camps abroad during the first World War. I am sure he felt that God had spared him when his ship, the *Orissa*, was torpedoed and he had to make for safety in a lifeboat before ever reaching his destination.

Harry returned, suffering from shell shock, but his experiences fitted him for social service work with the Edison Lamp Works, which was to bring him into contact with Thomas A. Edison. This work put him in touch with what electrical engineers were doing in the progress of electronics, and he began bringing to his home in South Bound Brook some very interesting gadgets which he set up in his parlor and demonstrated to neighbors and friends. There were cases of batteries with wires, and some kind of glorified incandescent bulbs. With head-phones over his ears he would twist various knobs, and with a far-away look, tell you he was hearing music and voices.

Some of us would adjust ourselves between these magic ear caps and be able to verify his astounding assertions.

In those early days of wireless, some of our boys began to be quite carried away with it all,



Mother before microphone dedicating Carmel Church, Denver

among whom was a young Bible school student, name of Ferd Hamilton. Young people began assembling sets from parts and diagrams which were available. When Ferd should have been asleep up in Liberty Hall, he was engaged in the wee hours of the night in this work of assembling,

testing, and listening to such broadcasts as were then available from factories where radio tubes, condensers and the like were being made. If he was late for early chapel, any admonition might run off him like water off a duck's back, while his face would light up with some kind of an unearthly glow as he told of the harmonies and voices that had been coming to him right out of the air.



"Ray-dio" White broadcasting

It was he who predicted to many skeptical ears around Zarephath that the day would come when we would be preaching the Gospel over this wireless thing called radio. Marconi had a factory over near Elizabeth, equipped with tall towers. As we passed it on our way to New York we would wonder at the meaning of this invention which

had helped to save lives at sea when SOS calls of distress were in some way injected into the ether.

And so radio grew; and in time, in Denver, Colorado, I was called upon by a society to give a series of lectures in keeping with the discussions that were being carried on in the paper founded by my mother, *The Good Citizen*, already mentioned as being devoted to "the social, political, and religious interests of the people." It was a time when in prominent magazines such highly controversial subjects were being discussed as "separation of church and state," "prohibition," and "racial problems."

In Denver, Colorado, a clergyman had been holding forth on the radio, presenting his side on how to educate Americans, and other matters, in a way that irritated a good many listeners. One society felt that he should be answered. I protested that I felt there were other people who could do this answering better, but promised to do the best I could, and they paid \$35 a week for 30-minute periods, for about ten of my lectures. They were given over what was known as Denver's pioneer station, KLZ, with studios in the basement of the Shirley-Savoy Hotel.

By the time I had given one introductory speech my mother called on me to make a trip to Los Angeles on important business for the church. I did not want to break in on the continuity of the series, and begged my brother to take the

next weekly period. He was not enthusiastic, and remarked to Mother that Arthur was too much taken up with radio. I said, "Ray, if you will simply deliver the speech I will write it out for you from your own sermons and lectures and all you will have to do is to read it." But Ray was not of that sort. After some deliberation, he came to the conclusion that if he was going to make any radio speech he would make it in accordance with his own ideas.

When I returned from California I learned that he had created a sensation. He gave some pretty warm facts from history. One day, with my brother down in front of our building on Champa Street, I saw that he was somewhat upset because a special delivery boy had parked his car on our side of the street instead of on the other by the Denver Post Office where Ray thought it properly belonged. Half in earnestness he called the messenger to task. But the young man was not interested in parking rules. He said:

"Are you Ray?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ray," he said, "I heard that broadcast, and it was pretty hot."

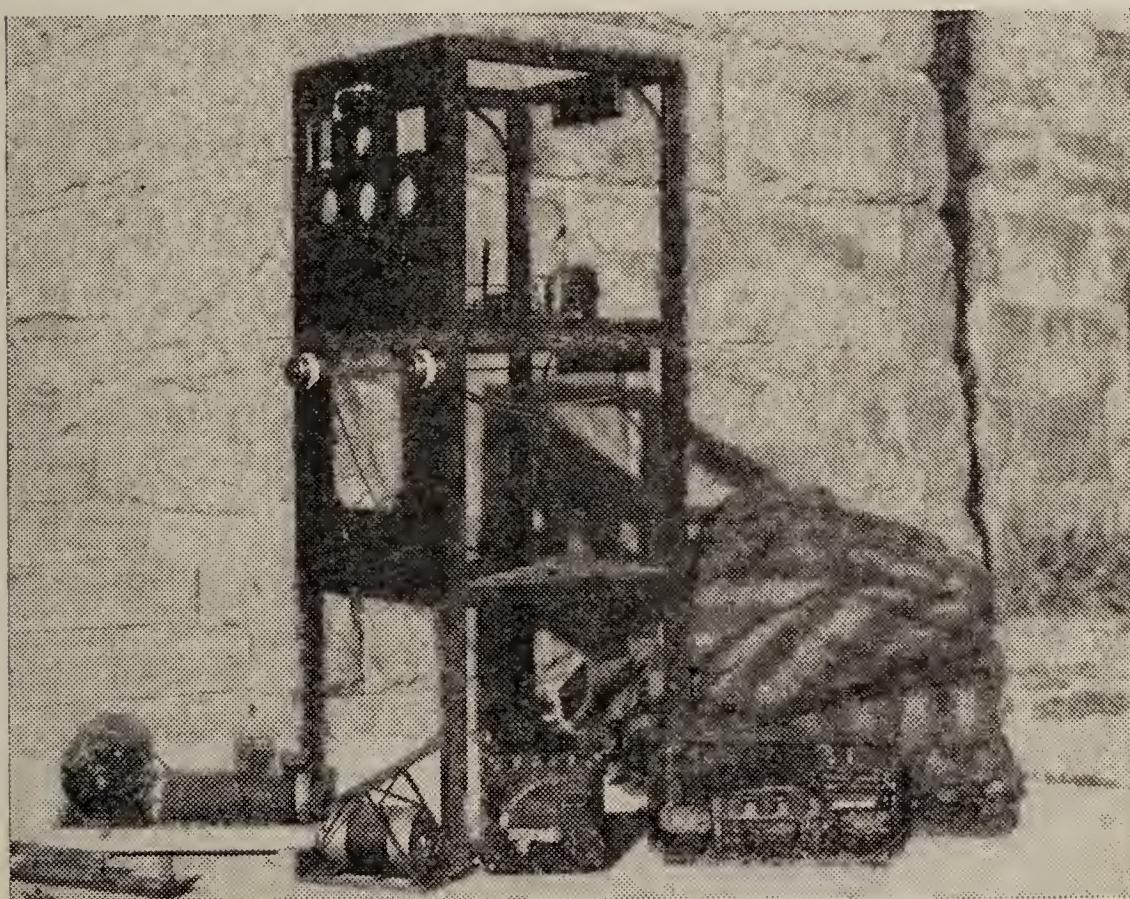
Old-timers in Denver will probably recall the temperature of that speech. The lectures went on; but I always felt that while people would remember that Arthur gave some of them, they would remember what Ray said.

One day my mother came down into the Savoy studio and watched me before the microphone. I had a feeling that something was going on inside her. I imagined her emotional temperature was rising pretty high. She seemed to catch the idea and to feel that she too could talk to that little round thing. I recalled a cartoon of Theodore Roosevelt camping on the River of Doubt in South America. The artist pictured Teddy when the news of the first World War broke out, with his big teeth showing and an angry expression on his face, pacing restlessly around his tent poles, exclaiming, "Let me at 'em." And this was what Mother was saying in so many words, "Let me at that thing."

Now that Ray had had a taste of what could be done with radio, he began casting about for radio time. There happened to be a small radio station in Denver operated by a Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, who were anxious to build up an audience. A line was connected to the basement of Alma Temple. Mrs. Nicholson sat near the platform with her little amplifier and headphones. Ray became announcer and commentator, and Mother did the preaching. On one occasion I think the amplifier decided not to broadcast; the volume control suddenly took a left twist and some of the things, but not all of them, that Mother was saying failed to go out. Still, the Nicholsons stayed by us thereafter until my brother so got the habit

that we could not refrain from adding a couple of syllables to his first name. He was now none other than Ray-dio White.

There had to come some governmental control in radio, for a warfare had started for the better



The KGEY transmitter including drygoods for acoustics

frequencies in the middle of the dial, and voices and music became jumbled and cacophonous. So Uncle Sam undertook to monitor broadcasters. In the early days almost anybody of reasonable economic resources and dependability could apply to Washington for a frequency and build a station.

But for us an easy way out seemed to be to buy a small station so that we would have equipment. My brother and mother invested \$1,250 and bought a little 15-watter known as KGEY. There was a rack, some tubes, dials and a very large drape that had been hung on the walls of the man's little studio for better acoustics. So now we had a franchise.

Soon a Radio Commissioner came to Denver and, in hearings in the Federal Post Office, studied the radio needs of the Colorado area. The room was crowded and I can recall seeing genial Gene O'Fallon of KFEL and my brother Ray trying to sit together on one chair. Commissioner Bellows was gracious and pleasant. He did his work well. There had been good testimony in our behalf, and a suggestion that although we were asking for only 250 watts, we might as well have 500; and this was subsequently approved. But I believe you will agree as you look at the picture herewith of our little radio rack with the dry goods piled up on one side, that this equipment appears hardly sufficient for a 500-watt station.

Our friend Dr. Reynolds of KLZ was given permission to increase his facilities, and so we bought his old transmitter pictured here with our young man, Howard Goslin, as operator.

On one end of our Bellevue farm was a little frame building, and Brother Kubitz moved it up the hill to a site near the college to house this

newly-purchased equipment. One little room was celotexed, and if you ever look through the 1928 files of the *Pillar of Fire* you will come across an interesting account of that first broadcast, March 9, which I was not privileged to attend, being in



Howard Goslin operates first transmitter of KPOF

the East. It was conducted by my mother, brother, and others.

Ray managed the broadcasting end of the work, and it absorbed a great deal of his time and attention. I was called West to help. He had furnished a nice studio in the college; a studio pipe organ was given us, and our young people, how-

ever amateurish their efforts were at the first, were to become in time quite professional. The mail began to pour in from appreciative listeners.

Having established ourselves in the broadcasting business in the West we began to dream of acquiring a station for New Jersey. A petition for a franchise for Zarephath, with ten thousand names, was presented to the Radio Commission, as frequencies at that time were not so plentiful. Commissioners were friendly, but the field around New York was crowded. We decided to send a circular letter out to station owners in the New York-New Jersey area to see if anything might be available. Representatives came to Zarephath, one offering us a station for \$40,000, and others for more. A Hebrew gentleman by the name of Sydney N. Baruch gave us the lowest figure on a 250-watt station known as WBNY in the Bronx. But other station owners who had made us offers frankly told us that Mr. Baruch's equipment was not too good. Still, we could not afford what the others asked, and finally my brother and I made a bargain with Mr. Baruch to buy his station for the sum of \$16,450.

So long as I live I shall never forget the evening when we consummated the deal in Mr. Baruch's office on Broadway. It was around Jewish holiday time when we came with \$200 to make a deposit, and for some reason or other, Mr. Baruch seemed unwilling to call in an attorney. I think

he did not want to go to the expense of hiring one, feeling that he knew enough about contracts to write one himself. So he sat down to compose the introduction.

Ray and I were less learned in the law, perhaps. At any rate, dictating to his stenographer, Mr. Baruch said: "The Pillar of Fire desires to buy and Sydney Baruch (meaning his company)



A KPOF (Denver) children's broadcast—
Pauline on chair before "mike"

wishes to sell." Ray and I did not feel that so much wishful thinking in a contract would stand. We insisted that he put it: "The Pillar of Fire *will* buy and Mr. Baruch *will* sell." I had gone to Dean Harlan Stone at Columbia University for information about the study of law, and he

specified a set of books for me, among which was one on contracts. I could not remember that a contract ever began with "desire." Mr. Baruch acceded to our wording of the introduction, and after a long session signatures were attached and the money paid over.

Late that evening we went out to a restaurant. My brother did not seem to be worrying about anything, and became interested in watching a man at another table having a great time holding the sugar dispenser high over his head and sprinkling the sweet around. Ray declared that he looked exactly like some fellow that had escaped from the asylum; but maybe I was close to thinking that we were fit subjects for such a place, paying a deposit and signing a contract without a lawyer!

We went to our church home in Brooklyn for the night. To me that night was much like the one when I wondered how we were going to unload five barges of stone. I did not sleep much. The next day, weary and nervous, I went to see our lawyer on Wall Street, and had him examine the contract. I waited in a state of considerable suspense; but he turned and smilingly assured me that, though the contract was not very artistically drawn, it would hold water.

Thus radio developed into a great enterprise for us, and WAWZ, established in one of the most populous parts of the United States, was to prove a real institution. But it seems the Lord himself

arranges many things in our behalf to keep us humble. In only a few days the great depression broke. Money became scarce and I began to wonder if, being obligated for the amount of money necessary to pay Mr. Baruch, and the additional sum that would be required to buy towers, construct a new transmitter and a building to house it, our society would not go bankrupt.

I do not like to boast of suffering like a martyr, although I am frank to say that I had a good many pains. But there was Mother, a bulwark of faith and assurance. She went into the depression, worked out some economies, and one morning came to the service and preached with such enthusiasm that my fears subsided. Nathaniel Wilson went to work building a new transmitter. Business men contributed brick, roofing, windows and many other materials needed for the station.

On my birthday, March 15, 1931, on a Sunday morning at eleven o'clock in our Assembly Hall, everything was ready. There had been a little technical trouble, and for a time it looked as if we might not make it; but this was cleared, and when the clock struck eleven, WAWZ was officially on the air—and a great day it proved.

I have carefully preserved for years one very interesting letter that came to us not long after we began broadcasting in the East which speaks for itself:

The Freehold Radio Hospital,
50 Browne Avenue,
Freehold, New Jersey.

Dear Folks at WAWZ:

It is Sunday morning and I have finished my breakfast, during which I have enjoyed your string orchestra and cannot resist to tell you what I think about it.

I work on a farm and run a radio repair business as a side line. I repair many radios and hear many programs. But as far as I'm concerned all other stations can go off the air and give WAWZ a clear right of way to carry on the work it is engaged in.

Being closed up in a studio you cannot see what your work is doing, but through constant contact with people for whom I have repaired radios I have learned that your work has gone far to encourage people in this time of depression, and many of them who possess old-time receivers hardly worth repairing tell me that as long as they can get WAWZ and WJZ they don't care.

So, thanking you for your wonderful programs, especially your string orchestra, and hoping that God will aid you and bless you in your work, I wish to remain Yours very truly,

Max D. Legree.

The Literary Digest was to describe the Pillar of Fire as pioneers in the religious and educational field of broadcasting.

No, as was proved before the Radio Commission, the radio has not made us rich in money. We have endeavored to keep them strictly non-commercial, broadcasting "in the interest, convenience, and necessity of the public," with divine guidance, as best we knew how. It has meant sacrifice. We have had to subsidize the station from church funds and work hard to maintain the equipment, but the spiritual returns have paid. There have been many conversions, and workers have come into the church as a result of the broadcasting.

Today each station operates on 5000 watts of daytime power, 1000 watts before sunrise and after sunset.

We have given time to other societies and denominations who have applied for broadcasting privileges. We feel God's blessing on this department of our work. Many letters have expressed sorrow that Mother's messages and Ray's singing and preaching in person will be heard no more since they have passed away.

If I assumed that I was the first Pillar of Fire broadcaster, Ray would remind me that he, Brothers Wilson, Crawford and some others, were the first to be invited to furnish a program over a little station with a studio in a barn loft on Cape

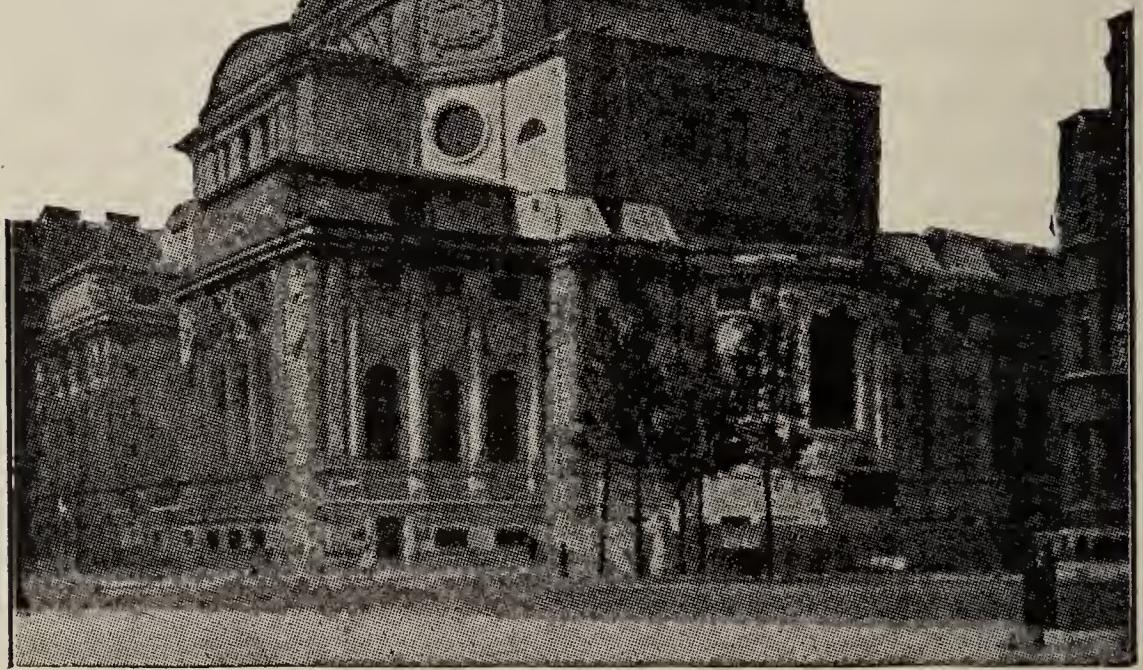
Cod, before we ever broadcast in Denver. Anyway, we owe much to his enterprise for the development of this work, but more to Mother, who, with her faith and vision, was able to found, finance, and carry the responsibility of the stations until they were going concerns.

XXXVIII

WE GREET MOTHER

IN his book, *Roosevelt, Story of a Friendship*, Owen Wister relates how he heard the great Teddy once express wonderment at how George Washington was able to accomplish so much. Wister in turn said he wondered how Theodore Roosevelt was able to achieve so much. Many people have expressed this same query about my mother. If it seemed phenomenal, I believe I know some of the secrets. For one thing, my mother was an early riser and did most of her planning and important work with the beginning of the day. A second secret, I believe, was her everlasting insistence on doing things *now*. I often felt she might have saved herself much trouble had she let some matters rest a while. However, if the lapse of a little time in a given instance made it necessary for her to reverse a decision, doubtless in the long run her habit of promptness contributed toward a greater volume of work.

Another secret was her ability to detach herself from any situation that might have absorbed her and have drawn too heavily on her nervous energies. Both for her own good and for those whom she was training, she would go away some-



Mother preached in Wesleyan Central Hall

where, with the result that some fifty branches of the society were organized. In all she crossed the Atlantic fifty-eight times, spending over a year on the sea. She may have been impatient at times with the slowness of the boats, but the enforced rest undoubtedly lengthened her days. On the water she had ample opportunity to meditate and view her field of endeavor in better perspective.

Some may wonder why so many trips should have been made. Mother held series of evangelistic services in London, speaking on different occasions in the great Wesleyan Central Hall near Westminster Abbey, and she went as far as Glasgow, where she conducted revival services in St. Andrews Hall.

The Pillar of Fire carried on its work in England continuously in three different headquarter buildings, from 1910. Six crossings involved trips to Palestine, Germany and France. After the purchase of the Hendon property she established a printing plant there, and the supervision of this work called for pretty regular travel abroad. One of the reasons for the many trips was the fact that my father had chosen to carry on his evangelistic activities in Great Britain, and for a while he and Mother were together in Wales.

On the occasion of her fiftieth trip across the Atlantic it occurred to some of us that it would be an opportune time to give her a little surprise.

She was coming alone on a United States Lines steamship, the Washington. It was about the time of our annual convention, and a little publicity would do no harm. I mentioned the matter to some of the steamship officials. It was an occasion in the history of our society long to be remembered by everyone who had a part in it. But here again I think it time to let my brother take over and I therefore submit, without quotation marks for paragraphs, his own colorful account of the event as it was published in the *Pillar of Fire* :

Thursday, August 23, 1934, was the tipsyest-topsyest day of excitement in Pillar of Fire history. It was just the little matter of greeting Mother on her return from England aboard the United States S. S. Washington, after making her fiftieth trip across the Atlantic Ocean. No one will say that for a woman of her age and achievements a jubilee celebration was not in order.

The idea originated in the head of my brother, Arthur K. White, and was gloriously consummated with the aid of many enthusiasts. Suggestions were lent by sympathetic steamship officials, that swelled plans even beyond my brother's flamboyant dreams.

"Why not a tugboat with your brass band?" asked one of these officials; "Your organization will never greet your mother on her fiftieth trip again."

It would be something to greet Bishop Alma White at the pier when her ship was nudged into dock, with a brass band and two or three hundred people waving flags and banners. It would be more still to have a song-leader and a grand chorus of singers. Almost anybody would be satisfied with a welcome like that. But a tugboat in gala attire, all bedecked with flags and streamers, and great signs welcoming the Bishop, puffing out into the river to meet the great liner off the Battery, and a brass band outplaying itself for the very joy of it all—that was a touch that was like rich icing on a big fiftieth-anniversary wedding cake.

Being the “tiny baby” (Salute to the WAWZ and KPOF listeners who understand), I was permitted, with the “big baby,” to be on board the tugboat to greet our mother. Space was mainly for the band. But a friend, Mrs. Keasbey, who paid the modest fee for the tugboat, was also allowed on board to add spice to the icing. There were big doings around the wharf at the Battery as everything was being put in readiness. People lined the railings of the wharf looking on. They clapped their hands when the band played to pass the time. There was no hurry, for the Washington was running behind her schedule. She would soon be at Quarantine, and all eyes were straining for a sight of her heading up the bay.

Meantime, Mother on the ship knew nothing about all this. She was going to have the thrill of



The Pillar of Fire Band on the tugboat
blew itself to pieces

her life, and our knowledge of her blissful ignorance only added to our zest.

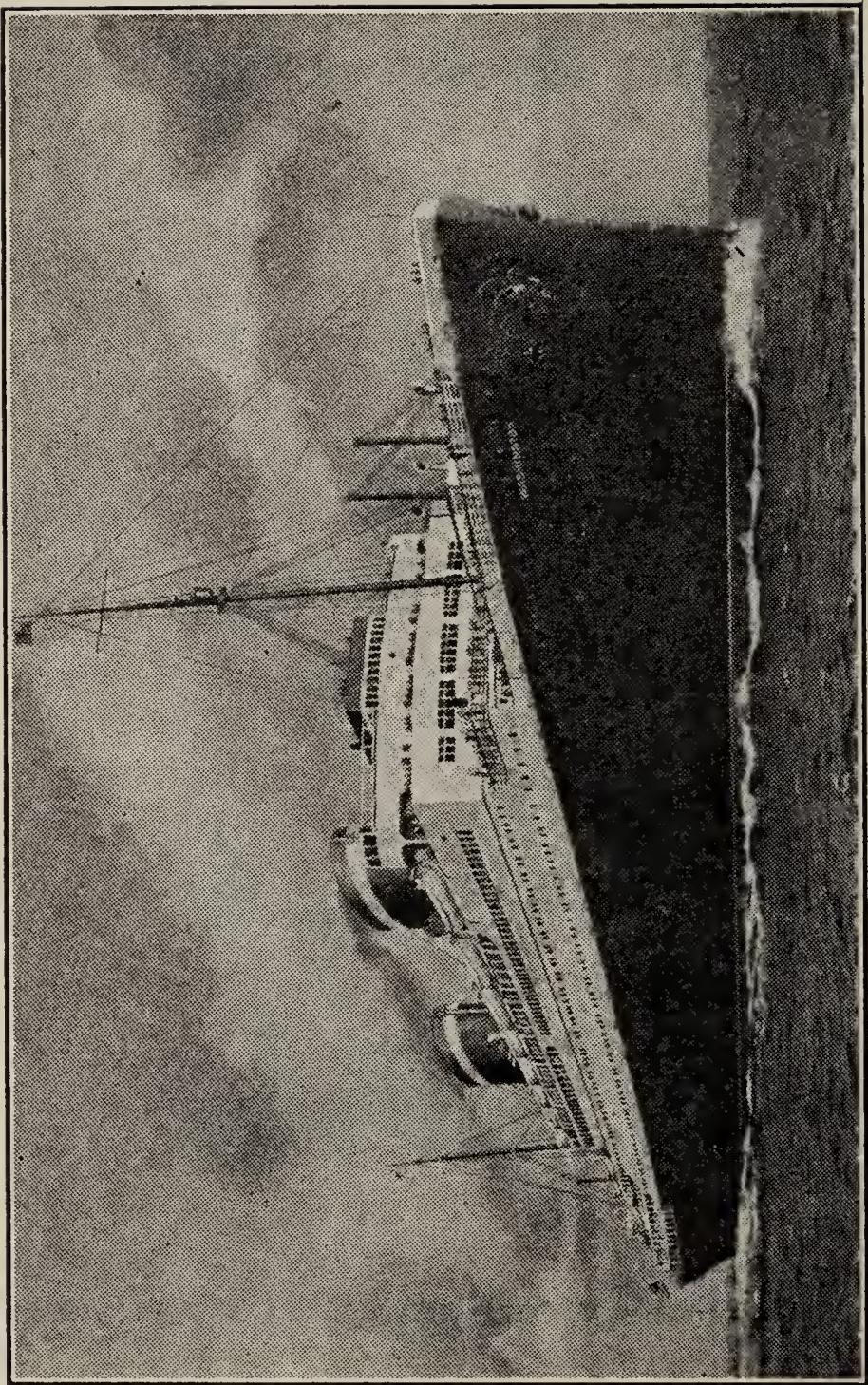
The tugboat was a beauty. She was clean as a whistle and painted up like a new red wagon.

Just where they draw the line between such a tugboat and a yacht I do not know. If it had not been for her pug nose with all its padding for pushing, when she let all her streamers out to the breeze you might have thought she was some admiral's flagship.

"Puff, puff, puff!" The captain concluded it would be better to wait out on the river for a sight of the Washington than to be at the Battery wharf; so we steamed away. Some of our young folks had never been in much of any kind of boat before and as we nosed out into the bay, traffic with the big harbor opening up all around, feeling began to run high. The day was ideal and everything was set for the occasion. For a half hour we idled, pulling gently against an outgoing tide, to hold our own. All eyes watched the distant sea lanes. When would the Washington heave in sight?

Pretty soon she was seen pulling away from Quarantine. We would wait until she got opposite the Battery and then we would sneak in under her bow like an excited little terrier, and raise a rumpus.

That was what we did. The big ship bore down on us with all her stately grace. We were a speckled bird waiting there in the bay to give her the scare of her life. On came the wondrous queen of the seas. Soon we could see faces on her decks. We would do nothing until we could see Mother



"The big ship bore down on us with all her stately grace"

herself. At that the band would blow itself to pieces—something it literally did. With our marine glasses we found Mother staring far away at the Battery where she had been informed by a steamship official she might see some flags waving. That is all the inkling she had of this—and here we were with a tugboat puffing close to the side of her ship, and she saw us not!

But the sight of her was enough. A wave of the arm and the brass band let loose with the famous "Salutation." Mother saw, and her face took on such a look as no mortal ever wore before. It was too much for her and too much for us. Members of the band lost control and stood up and screamed. That's why I say the band blew itself to pieces. It would take more brass than there was in that or any other band to hold itself to bars and notes on an occasion like this.

There was the great ship rolling along like a mighty planet. Here we were on our little tug-boat, puffing away and stirring up all creation. There was Mother beaming down on us amidst a thousand astonished passengers—and overtopping it all, lending a setting and atmosphere possible nowhere else in the world either in time or place, the gigantic bulwarks of New York echoing back our hubbub.

I felt my holding-in straps giving way. My mainstays were snapping. But we could not jump overboard; we had to stand it somehow!

All the way up the river we went, first at the bow and then at the heels of the mammoth liner. We laughed, we shouted, we cried. The band, renewing itself again and again, played until the harbor with its ferries, barges, tugboats, and liners was dizzy and on its toes.

And more was yet to come. This was just the escort. On the pier as the big ship approached was a sight Mother would not soon forget. There was the rest of this huge reception committee waiting its turn to do its part. Mother, from the high deck where she stood, could see a forest of flags and banners waving to greet her. I think she had already had about enough for one day, but this thing was like a tidal wave repeating itself. Before the ship moved into her slip, she waited for the tugboat to land us on the pier, and then while we with the band joined the big crowd with its banners, the tugboat, still flying its streamers, got back out into the river to help her big mistress in.

Here, now, was Act II. While the ship edged up to the wharf there was a new burst of music. Again "Salutation" rang out; then "Onward Christian Soldiers." People waiting for other passengers forgot what they were there for and unconsciously became part of the big Pillar of Fire reception. Under the leadership of Grant Colfax Tullar, the chorus sang, "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me," and a fine new song of his dedicated to the Pillar of Fire—"I Feel Like Pressing On."

Well, all I can say is, "Oh, brother, you ought to have been there to hear ole Jordan roll!"

When Mother disembarked inside the pier she was literally swallowed up by the great crowd that massed around her. The "tiny baby" could not find her until, seated in an easy chair in a great reception room set aside by steamship company officials for the purpose, she was shaking hands with the hundreds of friends that had gathered to greet her.

You will read more about this in other articles, and I shall close. Others must tell about the long car-parade and other things. I shall add that, to our wonder, Mother survived the ordeal feeling fine. As for the rest of us, by the time it was all over we were frizzled and frazzled with fatigue but supremely happy that all went so well. The reception was a superb success from start to finish to the delight of Mother and the joy of everybody.

What will it mean when the saints come marching in, welcomed by the hosts of heaven?

XXXIX

FATHER CALLS FOR A SONG

IN the summer of 1939, my father, after an extended stay in England, returned to America.

Several of us met him in New York and brought him to Zarephath. After a day or so he went on a visit to Fairmount, West Virginia, to see Grandmother White, ninety-seven years old. Eventually he proceeded to Toronto, where, before going to England, he had been conducting services.

During the winter that followed, as we learned afterwards, he suffered a great deal physically, and on the 4th of July, 1940, he arrived in Denver. He took up his abode in my home and we were glad, learning that he was not well, to do everything we could to make him comfortable. My children greatly enjoyed his company but we soon discovered that he was having a very difficult time to sleep. There was something wrong in his chest. An examination by a specialist, Dr. Carmody, along with X-rays, revealed that Father had what was technically known as a diverticulum of the esophagus, which had been developing since childhood. A sac of some kind had formed which interfered with the passage of food. It had become distressing beyond measure, and it looked

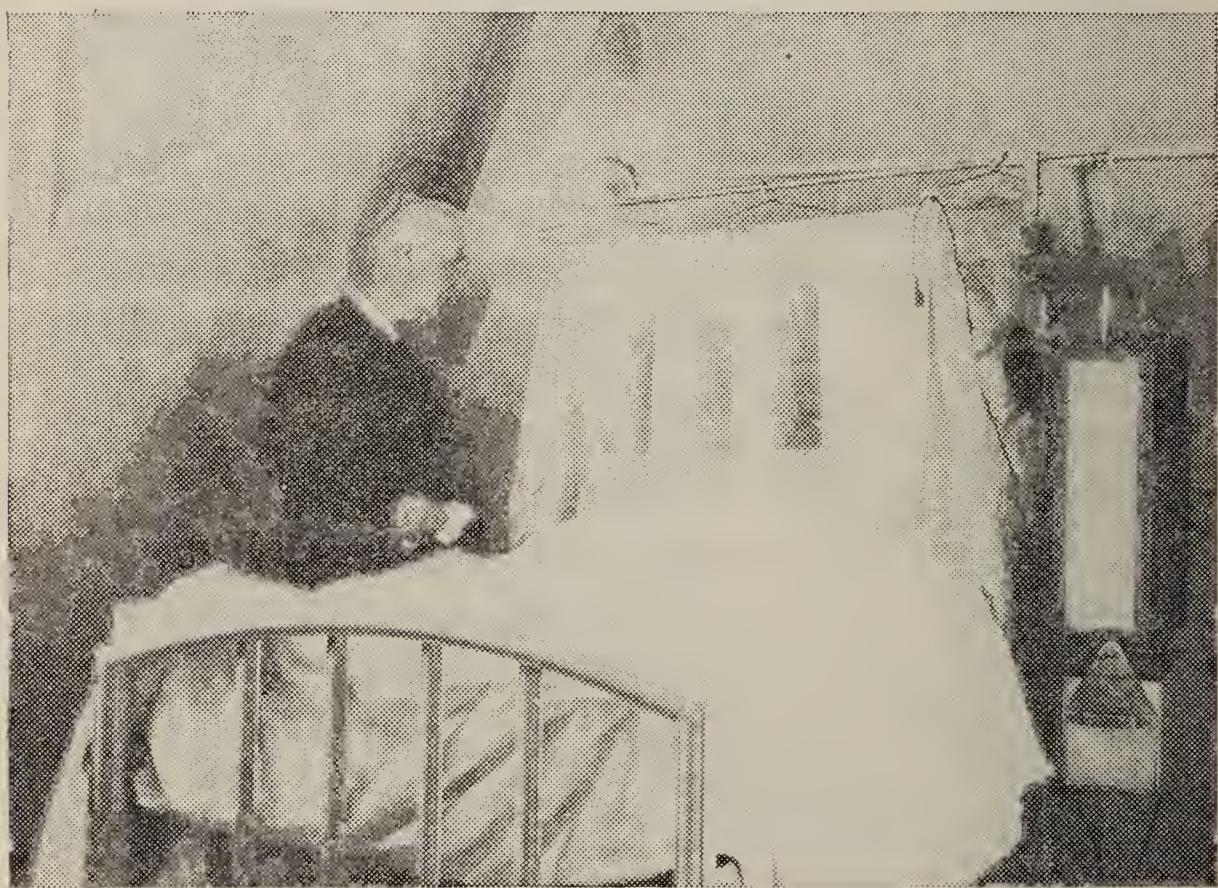
as if, unless something were done, he would eke out the balance of his days in misery. Our hearts went out to him and after a consultation with the surgeon it was believed that an operation might result at least in closing the orifice of this sac. Father did seem able for the ordeal and I shall never forget our season of prayer together in the parlor of our home when we asked for divine guidance in the matter.

We took Father to St. Luke's Hospital, and on the morning when Mother arrived from New Jersey, the operation was performed. It appeared at first to be a success. Mother insisted that one of our own members, Mrs. Hazel Cather, a registered nurse, stay by Father part of the time, which the hospital authorities allowed her to do. At first we had great hopes that Father would come through this ordeal with the old suffering alleviated. But there was an unfortunate turn when somehow he caught cold and pneumonia set in. Mother stayed with him hour after hour and he seemed comforted.

Father had stayed in our home from the 4th until the 25th of July and Mrs. White took a special interest in helping and encouraging him spiritually. He seemed to want to talk to her, and unburdened his heart, telling of his hopes and aspirations, his attitude toward the church and his feelings about Mother. He had stood, it seems from his confessions, in combined awe, ad-

miration and fear of her, and still he seemed amazed and pleased at all the progress and influence of the Pillar of Fire.

My mother was with my father when he passed away. I had gone out for a little recess and returned a few moments later. The funeral



Mother looking at Father in the oxygen tent before he passed away, July 29, 1940

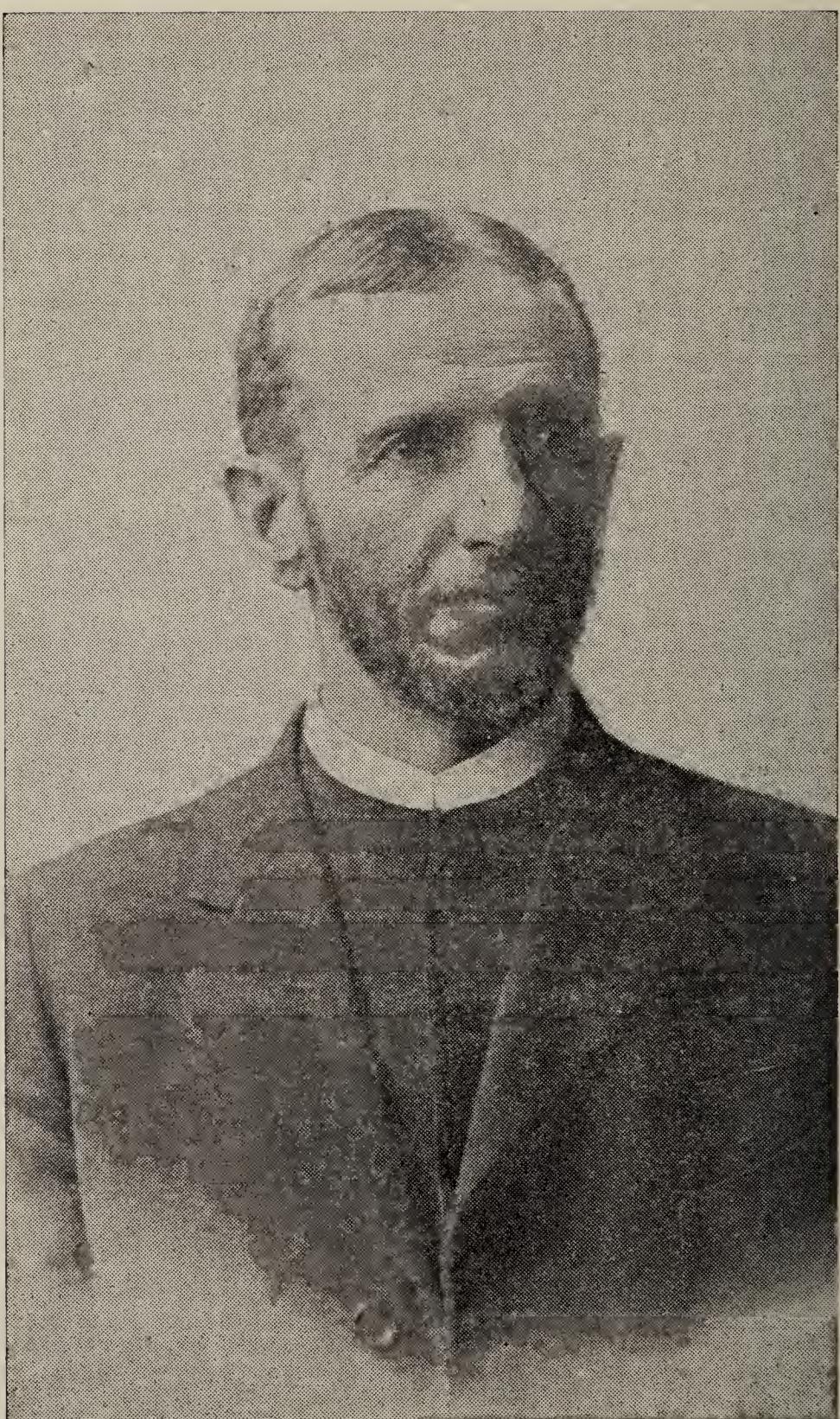
service was held in Alma Temple and Father was buried in Fairmount Cemetery. Some months later I had occasion to talk with one of the mortuary men who had assisted with the arrangements. He was mature and seemed wonderfully well

informed in his views of the world and people. I cannot remember his exact statement, but it was to the effect that he had listened to a famous obituary by William Allen White, and another delivered by some notable concerning Lincoln; but nothing ever impressed him like Brother's remarks at Father's funeral service; and here again I let Ray take over, presenting a stenographic report of his address:

Ray's Remarks at His Father's Funeral

It might seem strange for a son to speak at his father's funeral, but in this instance perhaps only a son could adequately describe the meaning of this event, and express the grief of this family and of our many sorrowing friends. I must say that if I never had any other reason to believe in God and His redeeming love, the miracle of my father's being here before us (and not somewhere else in a casket) is sufficient. Never have the tender mercies and prevailing kindness of an overruling Providence been more real than now.

My father was born in Randolph County, West Virginia, August 16, 1860. He came west as a young man. For a time he was engaged in the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in Idaho. He met Mother when she was a school teacher in Montana. They were married in Denver, December



My father, Kent White

21, 1887. My brother Arthur and I are the only children.

Father was a student for five years in the University of Denver, and was eventually ordained a minister in the M. E. Church. He had pastorates in different parts of Colorado, and finally participated with Mother in her evangelistic activities. As many of you know, Mother was possessed, before and after her marriage, with a great desire to preach the Gospel. The Methodist Church did not recognize woman's ministry and sent bishops to Colorado to suppress her work.

The time came when, after organizing missions in Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska, and as far north as Butte, Montana, John Hausen proposed to turn over to her a mission property at Victor, Colorado, to be held in her own name. But Mother would not accept the title in her name, feeling it would bring reproach upon the holiness work. The suggestion was finally made that she could have a Board of Trustees from her constituency to hold it; and this is how the Pillar of Fire organization came into existence. At that time it was named The Pentecostal Union, organized December 29, 1901. (Later the name was changed to Pillar of Fire.)

Father, who was not a charter member of the society, was reluctant to take part in this new endeavor. He was not like-minded with Mother in every particular, and often opposed her;

but he was not satisfied with the Methodist Church and eventually withdrew from it and became a member of our new organization. However, he was not contented, and in 1909, after our headquarters had been moved to New Jersey, he made a complete withdrawal. Meanwhile, until recently, Father has not been with his family except on short visits. In 1910 he happened to go with Mother and a group of our missionaries to England where, at the time, we established a missionary headquarters. He became associated shortly afterwards with a society known as the Apostolic Faith, in Bournemouth, England. Later he returned to the United States a time or two, but for a period of seventeen years he has been in England. His associations and leaders there held to him with a strong grip because of his literary ability, his scholarship, and his knowledge of the Bible.

Mother went back and forth across the Atlantic many times to effect a reconciliation with Father, but to no avail. He felt that he was called to his new faith by divine appointment, although he persisted in declaring all the while his love for her and for his sons. We boys felt constantly a great pull in our hearts for him. On several occasions in England I threw my arms around him and kissed him and begged him to return home.

In 1920, in order to safeguard our society from exploitation by his British associates, and

to bring about, if possible, agreement with Father, and induce him to remain with his family, resort was made to the courts of New Jersey. He made promises at this time, but the pull of his colleagues and advisers was so strong he went back again to England. The four of us have not been together at any one time for twenty years. Prayers all the while had been offered for him, in our chapels and meeting places until God in heaven must have smelled a sweet incense rising over the years.

A year and a half ago my brother Arthur endeavored to get Father back to America by working through one of his associates in England, and he came. He made us a visit at our headquarters in New Jersey and then went to Canada.

Just one year ago, being afflicted in his throat, he went to doctors in Toronto and by means of an X-ray they found a serious condition. They said that an operation might be necessary if he were to live. He did nothing about an operation. He has always been absorbed in his life's work, and of course was casting longing thoughts toward his family, and feared he might not survive an operation. He was always greatly desirous that we accept his faith—the new faith to which he had turned with a whole-hearted acceptance.

Undoubtedly my father saw that his end was coming. You know the story of the salmon, the great fish of the Columbia River that goes out from his spawning place into the sea and swims

perhaps for thousands of miles over a period of years, only to turn back finally and climb the river hundreds of miles with its expending strength, to die where it was born. So it was with my father! He turned to his family and home. He went to New Jersey to find us, but failed, and in haste came on to Colorado where we were (and where the family came into existence), and for the first time in twenty years, as before said, we were all together.

We could see the hand of God in this, for Father's face and manner indicated his waning strength. He wanted to be reconciled fully to Mother, and to his sons, and his daughters-in-law, and to be with his grandchildren; but he held to it that maybe we would accept his faith. Finally, however, he said, "No, I just want to be with my family; I want to be reconciled to them! I want love and affection!" And so he was here with Mother, my brother, and the rest of us; and then in order to extend his life, if possible, with his consent arrangements were made for an operation in the hospital. Previously, however, Mother and my wife and I had gone to New Jersey because of church urgencies, and we did not know that an operation was coming about at this time. Mother (still not knowing he was going to the hospital) hastened back, and arrived, to her regret, just after the operation; and there later in the hospital was a beautiful scene.

On Sunday, the third day after the operation, he talked with Mother, expressing his joy that she had returned, and gave her a warm token of affection. He knew well just what was going on. Later he wanted to hear the eleven o'clock service at the Temple (KPOF); he wanted to hear the music and all that was said and done. At his request one of the hospital attendants secured a radio for him, which was placed close to his ear on the bed. He heard Mother preach, and was pleased with her sermon, raising his hand in approval of what she said. He made the remark that it was fine. While the service was being conducted he asked his nurse to telephone to the Temple and request that the song, "He Rolled the Sea Away," be sung, a hymn we have not sung much for several years. The nurse could not make the connection by telephone. She tried two or three times and failed; and then as an evidence of the providence of God and His presence, Brother George W. Garretson, the leader of the praise service, was miraculously impelled to call for that song on his own initiative. So Father heard it.

*"When Israel out of bandage came,
A sea before them lay;
The Lord reached down His mighty hand
And rolled the sea away."*

*"Before me was a sea of sin,
So great I feared to pray;*

*My heart's desire the Savior read
And rolled the sea away.*

*"When sorrows dark, like stormy waves,
Were dashing o'er my way;
Again the Lord in mercy came
And rolled the sea away.*

*"And when I reach the sea of death,
For needed grace I'll pray;
I know the Lord will quickly come
And roll the sea away."*

My father had indeed been in bondage to a new faith and its people in a foreign land. But the Lord at last in mercy had come as He did for Israel, and rolled the sea away, which not only meant that he had returned to his family, but in the hour of death he had been accepted by the Lord Jehovah, whose mercy endureth forever. Later he was only momentarily conscious.

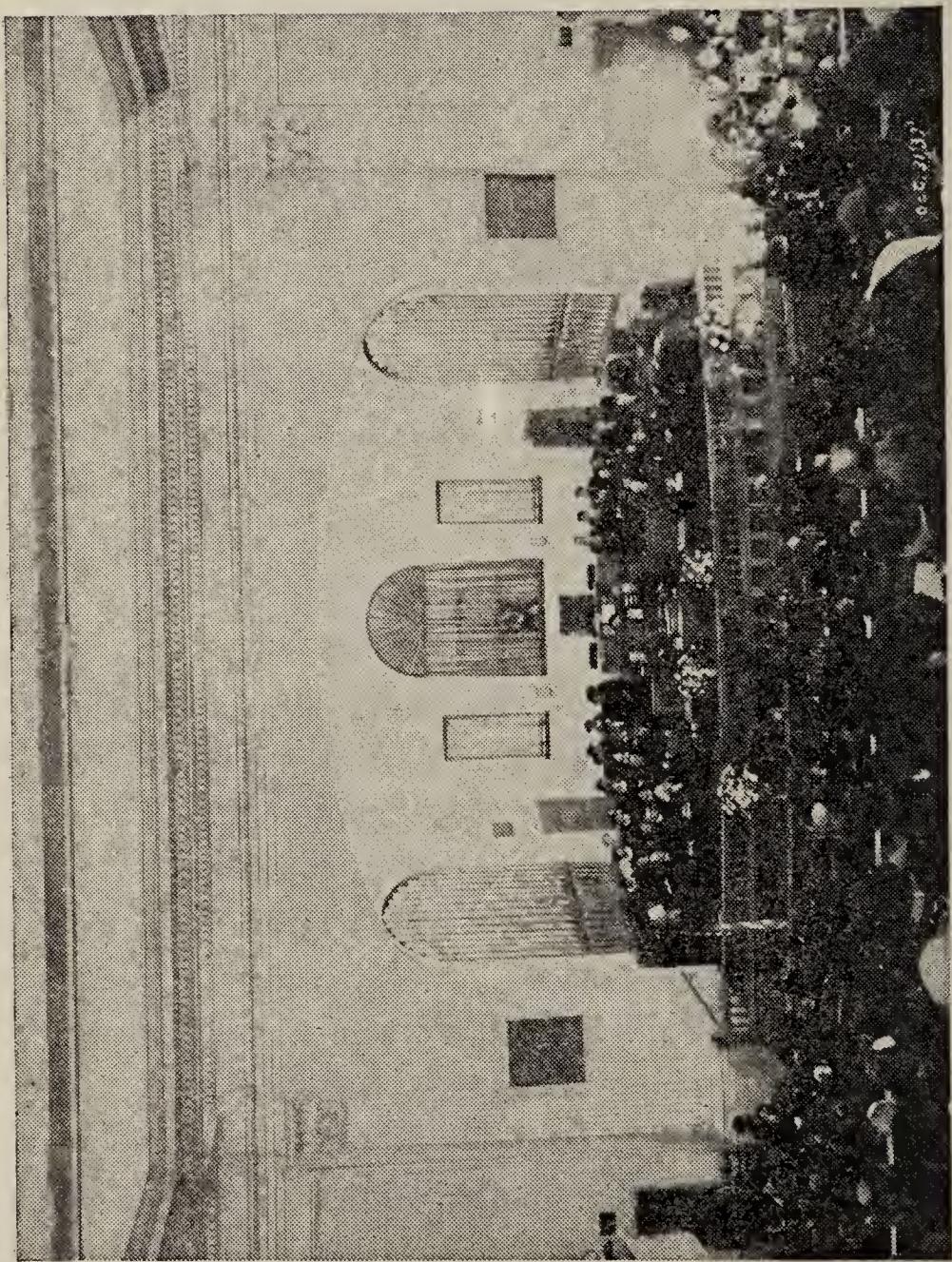
Well, my friends, God rolled away the greatest sea that you will ever know about, in this hospital. Father began to slip away then. When I heard this in New Jersey, our people there gathered together for prayer. My wife and I started back to Denver immediately. I did so want him to know that I was coming! It was too late, but it was comforting to know he had made the remark, "Ray kissed me before he left!" I had thrown my arms about him with the same affec-

tion that I had had when we loved our father as children.

He had been away from us. On his dying bed he said, "I have been far away; I have been far away!" But he came home—came home to his own. He came back to the people that claim him and the ones who love him; and it was our arms that were thrown about him while he was alive; it was our hands that caressed him in his death; and it was the hands of his loved ones that ministered to him in his last days—hands that would have ministered to him continually and indefinitely had he been home; hands that wanted to take care of him and could not!

And now he is ours—his body is ours, and there are no aliens or strangers here to levy any tribute on the feelings of this sacred hour. Only we are here, and we shall take care of his body, and God will take care of his soul! for we know that Father has gone to His bosom of love and mercy.

Father came and looked on the achievements of our society and its work, and was amazed, yes, almost stupefied with what God had done, and he gave Him the glory and said, "It is God! It is the Lord that has led you and helped you and brought you to this!" Only he thought that we needed to go a bit farther and accept his faith as a deeper work of grace. Sometimes, you know, heads do not agree altogether with hearts—and it is the



Alma Temple Auditorium, Denver, Colorado. "Father wanted to hear the 11 o'clock service—all that was said and done"

heart that God looks upon. Whatever may have been in the past, we know that a sweet and meek and confessing spirit possessed him as he approached the end. He was willing to hear anything that might be said.

And now, my friends, where the dark, turbulent sea of this life blends with the sea of the great beyond there is the bright gleaming light of immortality! And upon the dry ground of this family there has come a shower, a gentle shower, refreshing and filling our hearts with hope and peace; and we know that we shall see him again in the land where there comes no night and "Where they never say good-by."

We thank you for your presence, and for your kind gifts of condolence this afternoon. We are sure that the history of our family at this point has had the touch of the Almighty God, and we confidently commend Father to His love and everlasting mercy!

XL

MOTHER TRIUMPHS

I THINK Mother was 75 years old when she could say that for nearly forty years she had not spent a full day in bed. If she was sick with a cold, or otherwise indisposed, she would manage sometime during the day to dress and be up and around. I believe her resolution to do this sustained her through many an illness. On the occasion of the first Armistice celebration she was in Baltimore, miserably afflicted with influenza, of which thousands everywhere were dying. She was 56 years old and two or three times during the day, she insisted that we take her down into the city where she could observe the celebration and enter into the spirit of it. Thus she kept going and continuing her work.

One of the pictures I took of her, which she seemed to like, and which is presented herewith, was snapped on her 80th birthday in Cincinnati, whither some of us had gone to purchase what was known as the Johnson place, adjoining the grounds of our Eden Grove Academy. Beyond 80 her eyes began to fail, and old age debility gradually set in. In the fall of 1945, at our place known as Sharon, in Denver, she spent several days in bed. An old

family physician, Dr. Young, came to see her, and with some treatment and encouragement she rallied, when we had wondered whether she could ever travel again.

The latter part of November she returned



Bishop Alma White reading greetings at our Cincinnati (College Hill) branch, the occasion of her 80th birthday

with my wife and others to New Jersey. In January, 1946, she made still another trip to Denver, and in February she was back in New Jersey again. My record tells of her going to Denver in

March; and for the last time, April 14th, she, my brother, and his wife, with some workers came east.

Mother was rapidly failing now, and one evening after I had returned from a trip to Washington, D.C., we became alarmed and summoned Dr. Edelberg. She went to bed, and the next day, the 16th, she called for my wife and me and said: "I feel different than I ever have before," and talked of dying.

We had seen her come through so many of her trials and ordeals, that I was by no means reconciled to giving her up, and called a few of our people to come to her apartment. I sat down to the piano and we sang some of her favorite hymns, one of which was "Never Give Up," and another, "Hold On." She responded to some degree, but was more disposed to try to sleep. However, she rallied enough on the 22d to receive my son Horace. He knew that Mother wished to be in the West, and said he would take her. Mother said to me: "Poor boy; he wants me to go to Colorado." She lapsed into a coma and was more or less unconscious until the 26th of June, ten days beyond her 84th birthday.

My brother had often suffered from some uneasiness concerning the possibility of Mother's dying in her sleep, or when no one was standing by. Some assurance came to him, however, that

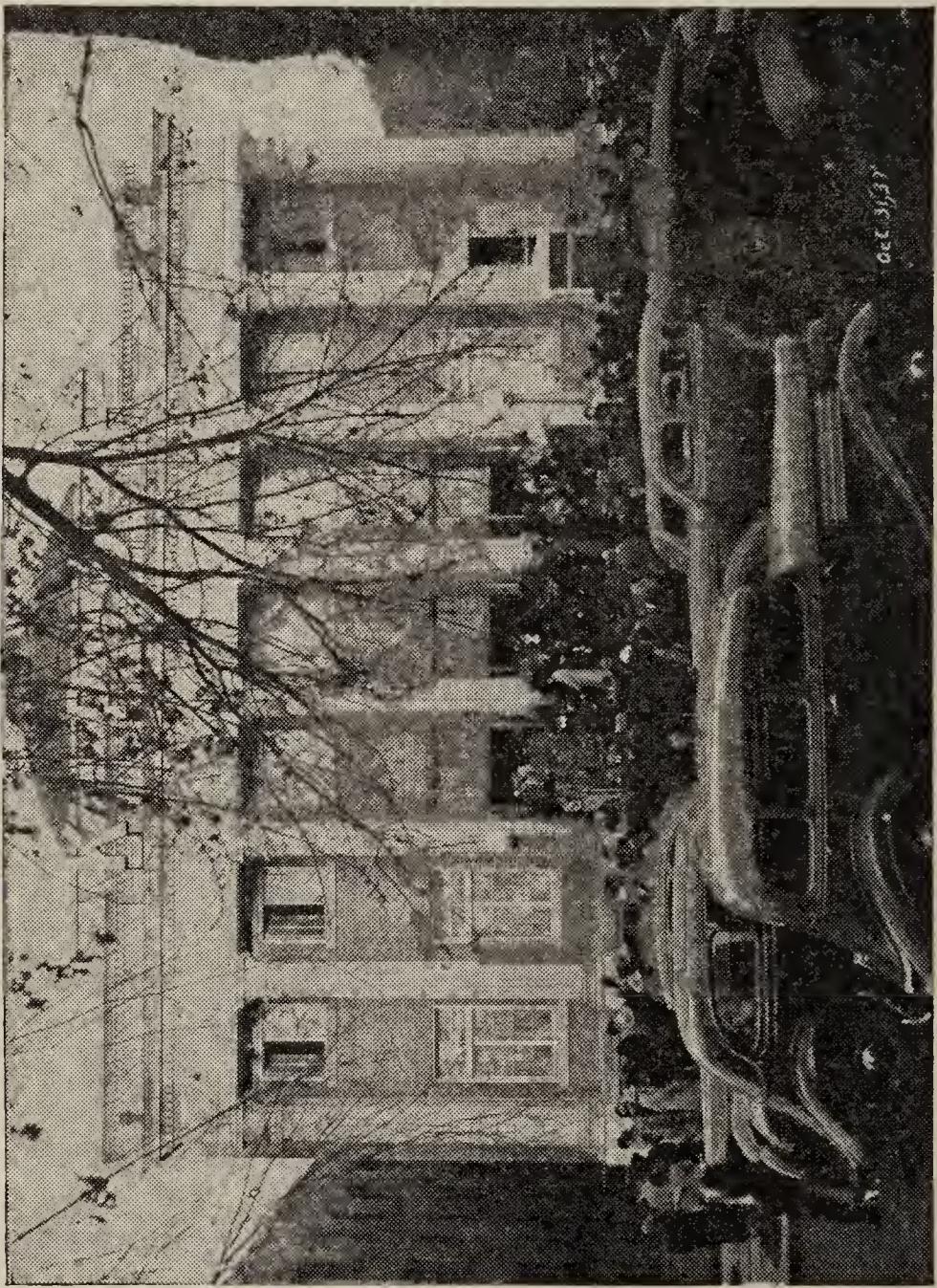
her going would be glorious, and he wrote a verse:

*"Stately shall her going be
As only the great are seen to glide,
Out of this into yonder sea,
Borne at ease on the sable tide."*

Toward the afternoon of June 26, my cousin, the nurse, and others realized that a definite change had come; and so we gathered in her apartment to witness her "translation," just as she and others of us had gathered around my Grandfather Bridwell's bedside when he died in our Bible School building in Denver. I have valuable pictures of my brother's last visits with Mother; but he himself was failing and unable to be present when she breathed her last.

In Alma Temple, Denver, before Mother passed away, we would often dwell upon the theme of her triumph in her life's work and Christian experience; and she was to be victorious in death, even in the manner of her last rites. When she realized she could not make the trip to Denver, where she hoped to be buried, she said to me, "You will have to ship my body."

At this time a paralyzing railroad strike threatened the country and I wondered if we could fulfill her last request. We made inquiries concerning the possibility of flying her remains to Denver. The cost did not seem much greater than

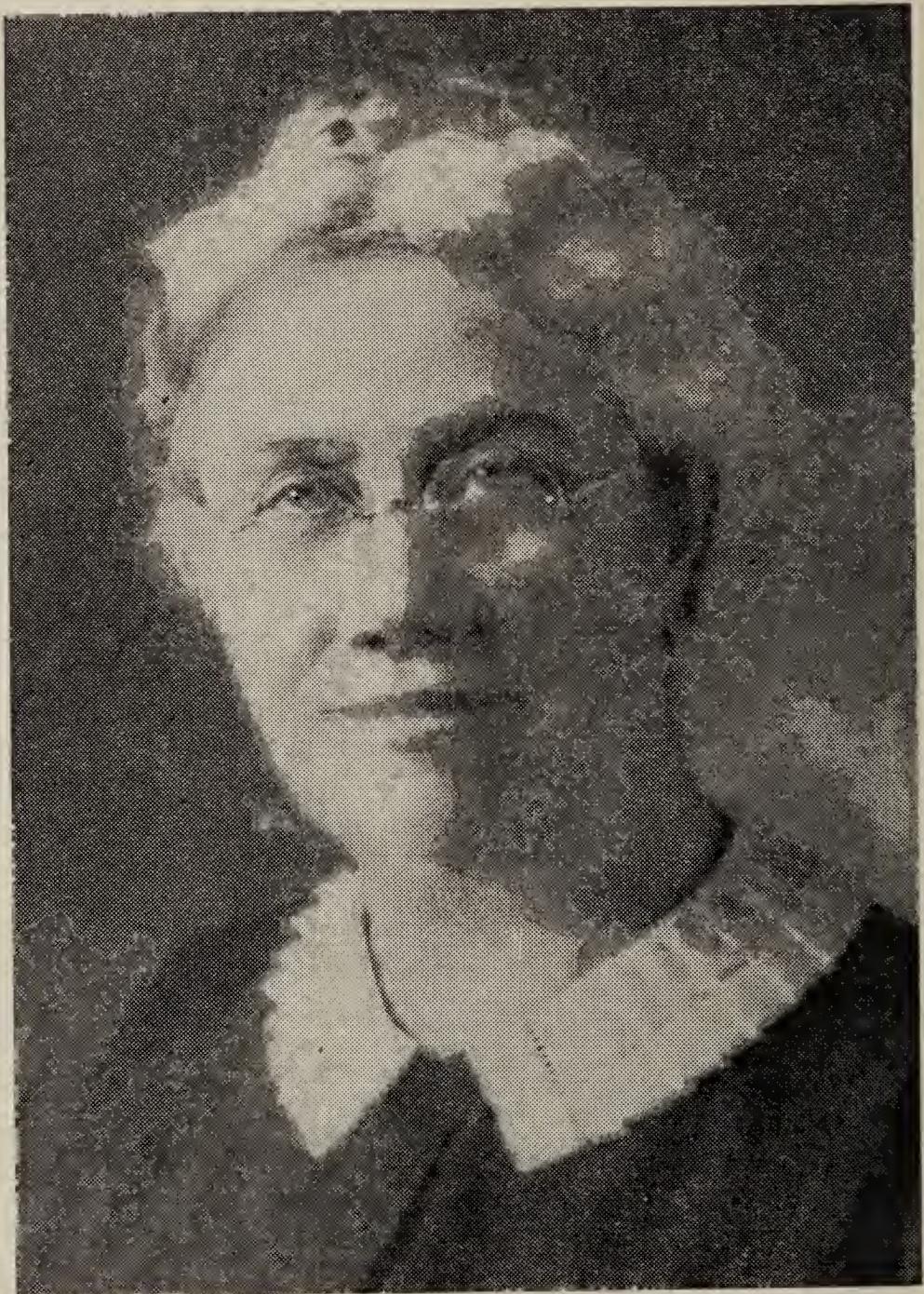


Alma Temple—A center of true apostolic preaching. A beautiful monument to the faith of Bishop Alma White

by railroad; in any case, the expense would not be prohibitive, and we decided to do this very thing. For one reason, I had traveled so much with Mother on the railroad that it seemed more than I could endure, to think of making this last trip with her body on the train. I must go through the ordeal of not only having one funeral, but two. We made reservations on the plane leaving from LaGuardia Field, New York. As we were approaching the Field, the funeral car having already arrived there, we looked up and saw a great plane flying toward the land of the setting sun—a silvery gleam over the East River and the great buildings of the world metropolis. Something told me that Mother's mortal remains were on that plane, and inquiries at the Field gave evidence that perhaps in that very plane, she had gone on ahead of us.

To me it all seemed wonderfully significant. Mother had begun her revival work, in the early days, in the rural districts of Colorado; but she was to spend the greater part of her evangelistic career in great city centers: Brooklyn, Denver, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles. Now she was flying over all that a modern city could represent in the commerce, science, culture, and social life of the nation. She seemed far above and beyond it all; there had been something in her influence bigger than this world.

Mrs. White and I followed on a fast plane,



My Mother

but Mother's plane came into Chicago ahead of us. One of our ministers was there to see it, and from inquiries understood that the casket was in it. It was a great experience for him. So Mother preceded us, and from Chicago Mrs. White, my daughter-in-law and I followed by train.

Much has been written concerning the funeral service held in Alma Temple. If you remember the record, Governor Vivian of Colorado was present in the Temple to pay his respects to Mother and her work. The gatekeeper's wife at Fairmount Cemetery wondered at the long procession. "Whose is that funeral with those many, many cars?"—some fifty of them—with two or more buses, coming for the interment toward the sunset closing hour. There were notable episodes to be recorded, but what touched me deeply was the announcement of our Brother Wolfgang, after I had returned east, that Mr. George Olinger, President of the Olinger Mortuaries, wished no fee for the services his company had rendered in meeting the plane and making arrangements for the last rites. Without solicitation he cancelled a bill which his bookkeeper had made out, saying he had never intended to make a charge, provided Mother's kinsfolk were willing to accept the contribution. I was pleased to write him a letter of thanks, telling him how much we appreciated this; for Mother's life was one of faith, and this seemed like an

answer to prayer, and a fitting close to her life of trust in God.

Mother made a will, which was probated in New Jersey. She might not have made one had it not been that she held the title of our London property as trustee for the church, since we had not been able, owing to the depression and the war, to incorporate in England as we had done in nine states of the Union. As soon as there were dependable state organizations Mother would effect these various incorporations. She wished me to continue this trusteeship in behalf of the church as stipulated in her will. She gave directions concerning her few books, the care of her paintings for the society, such things as some old pianos, and odds and ends. So far as her personal effects were concerned, a lawyer friend who had known Mother for years, declared the will scarcely worth probating. I mention this to answer the charge of some unfriendly critics who assumed that Mother was wealthy.

Here are two paragraphs from a letter I submitted to the Department of Taxation and Finance of the State of New Jersey.

"As a religious leader my mother was governed, regarding personal property, by certain convictions that she maintained throughout her career. She was a firm believer in what may be described as primitive Methodism and was a staunch admirer of John Wesley. Students of the

history of Methodism are familiar with a statement which has been generally accredited to him with reference to leaving an estate. This is recorded in the *Life of Wesley*, by Watson: 'He had said in print, that if he died worth more than ten pounds, independent of his books, and arrears of his fellowship, which he then had, he would give the world leave to call him a thief and a robber.'

"Mother was inclined to apply this principle to herself quite literally. At any rate she purposed that having been ordained and consecrated for service in the fields of evangelism and charity in the church, she would not personally enrich herself or the members of her family while thus engaged. Although she wrote many books, and free-will offerings were given her, she steadfastly refused to have bank accounts in her own name. If birthday gifts of money came to her she would immediately dispose of them to someone in need, such as assisting students, or contribute toward the establishment of missions and churches. If there was no immediate demand, she would deposit such funds in the accounts of the society of which she was Founder and President, these accounts being subject to the control of boards of trustees."

The world knows something of the efforts of this same Board of Taxation to acquire from the great estates of the late James B. Duke whatever inheritance tax might justly be imposed upon his

heiress. Thus it is an interesting comment on Mother's having lived a personally unencumbered life, so far as material wealth is concerned, that I should receive the following letter from the New Jersey Department of Taxation and Finance, Nov. 6, 1946:

"On the basis of the data submitted and assets disclosed, the estate of the above named decedent has been declared exempt from inheritance tax."

But, oh, what Mother did leave in the things that cannot be evaluated in dollars and cents! A story is told of a remark someone made: "There goes a man worth forty thousand dollars." But his companion, who knew that particular man, said, "Yes, and he is not worth one cent more." The world today has set up various standards of value. That metal yardstick in the Bureau of Standards, at Washington, under a given temperature, is a criterion of what a yard length is supposed to be. But there are some things you cannot measure with a yardstick.

This chapter is being completed in London, England. Yesterday I sat in the car in one of the streets back of Westminster Abbey where we had gone on some business. While waiting for one of our brethren I looked up at the west towers of Westminster Abbey and began to think how ridiculous it would be to attempt an evaluation of that

old pile in dollars and cents, or pounds and shillings. So long as what may be described as our Renaissance or Western civilization endures, what millions of dollars or pounds would men not be willing to expend to preserve from destruction this relic of culture!

Yet many people do evaluate life in terms of what is material, and this is the outstanding reason often for the failure of culture, of education, and in so many instances, of churches and humanitarian enterprises. Mother preached the kingdom of God and righteousness and she has left us a wonderful, imperishable inheritance in the example of her life of sacrifice and prayer.

May God enable us who remain to be worthy executors of an unwritten spiritual will, and carry on and administer what the Lord through her ministry has bequeathed to us.

LOOKING FORWARD

PERHAPS it is fitting that the concluding chapter of this series of articles on the White family should be composed in London, England, where on many trips abroad, Mother spent so much time establishing a branch of our society in Britain as a stepping-stone for evangelism to the Continent and other foreign fields.

In 1925 she, my brother Ray and Rev. James McRobbie purchased for our society a beautiful villa in Hendon, North London, formerly known as St. Savior's, consisting of spacious grounds and a quadrangle of buildings that had been erected by an Anglican minister before the first World War, at a cost of \$150,000. It was intended as a home for needy girls, and employment was provided in a large laundry.

Through the years, since its purchase, it has been the Pillar of Fire headquarters in Britain, where Bible Institute classes have been conducted and a publishing plant operated. A part of this extensive Hendon structure consists of a beautiful chapel. We found everything in excellent repair considering the destruction that still prevails in London as a result of the bombing in the late war.

How this property was preserved through the bombardments seems a miracle. Across Brent Street leading from Golders Green is a gap, as they are called here—vacant lots now growing up with weeds, where formerly stood houses that were utterly destroyed by a time bomb. On another side of the property I was shown buildings being repaired that had been burned out as a result of incendiary bombs, and all around there are tell-tale evidences of the havoc that was wrought.



Pillar of Fire Headquarters at
Hendon, London, England

It appeared, our friends tell us, that Alma Bible College, as it is officially known, was a target on one or more occasions. I was shown one window in the chapel where the glass had been cracked and replaced, and new tiles in the laundry section of the building where an incendiary bomb had

gone through the roof, to fall and burn out at length on a tiled floor. Falling shrapnel had broken many roofing tiles.

Addressing the congregation on a Sabbath morning I felt disposed gratefully to call attention first of all to our marvelous escape from demolition in Hendon, expressing the belief that God had spared this place and our work for a purpose. How can we feel otherwise than that there is a divine plan for us to follow in these times?

Of the four members of the original White family, three have now gone to their rest. But there is a larger family, a communion of believers, a fellowship of faith. If God has in other days worked with individuals, He has of course worked with groups. The "church" means the "called-out ones."

Organizations, by whatever name, may come and go, but the true church is in spiritual apostolic succession. So there is today the Pillar of Fire family, and it now means more than the White family, or the Jones family or the Smith family.

In the loss of Mother and Brother, all of us may at times have been inclined to feel like Elisha's servant when he said, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" You remember that Elisha said: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." When Elisha prayed that the young man's eyes should be opened, he beheld the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire

round about Elisha. So we may say that if the Lord has been with us and there is work yet for us to do, we need have no fear, even though more of our number should finish their tasks and lay down their arms, for God's work will continue.

Recently we stood in Westminster Abbey and looked at the plaque commemorating the lives and work of John and Charles Wesley. Two of the inscriptions, quoting John Wesley, read: "The best of all is, God is with us," and "God buries His workers but carries on His work." If, on the other hand, the Lord does not have a work for us to do, if His blessing is not on the movement, it will make little difference whether we who remain live or die.

Our stay in London brings us more keenly to appreciate the crisis through which England is passing economically. It has been traditionally difficult to hold John Bull down on his back for any great length of time. He has ever managed, through tremendous difficulties and perhaps with the help of his friends, to scramble to his feet; but today there is unmistakable gloom and depression beclouding him like a thick pea-soup London fog, and there are frank admissions that bankruptcy stares him in the face. If there ever was need of Christian faith, doctrine, and practice it is now; and it suffices to say there is even a greater need than ever before for Christians to proclaim the heartening message of the "good news."

Mother's work was two-fold—evangelism and Christian education. Someone, years since, remarked that if you wanted any work of salvage done amongst the elderly down-and-outers, call on a certain organization; but if you wanted your children fortified against having eventually to be salvaged, send them to Alma White for training.

Mother was greatly interested in church day-schools, many of which she established, along with our college and Bible School centers. Today some 400,000 teachers have left the public schools in America for higher pay in other jobs. The country knows that the standards have been lowered and that whereas once perhaps 75 per cent of the reading books in our schools were definitely of Bible origin, now only 3 per cent can be regarded as belonging to Christian culture. Bible teaching has been replaced by fairy tales, pagan lore, stories of evolution, and an abundance of that which can only contribute eventually, if not to out-and-out unbelief and skepticism, to indifference toward anything of spiritual value.

God's blessing has been on the schools Mother founded, and the fruits are manifest in the clean lives of the young people whom she has helped to train and discipline. The fields are white unto harvest. We have splendid facilities and opportunities, and our hearts should leap with joy as we see such great possibilities in the work ahead of us.

Many years ago an organization founded somewhat on similar lines as our own had a leadership that seemed inclined more toward the idea of the Millerites, that since the Lord was expected to come soon it would not be necessary to make any provision for enlargement. Thus they sold their land, circumscribed their activities, and whether the leaders died or not, their outlook was such that little is now heard of their work.

Mother was a staunch believer in the coming of our Lord and she ever taught that we should live each day as if it were our last. She preached with great inspiration on the prophesies that would indicate, according to fundamentalist scholars, that the time is near at hand and even past when Jesus should come. Yet she told us that according to the Scriptures a day is as a thousand years with the Lord, and that while we should indeed live as if He were to come today, we should also work, planning for the future, as if indefinite time remained.

A beautiful story is told of John Wesley who was asked on one occasion what he would do if he knew that by midnight the next day he should die. He replied: "Why, I should spend the day just as I intend to spend it now. I would preach this evening at Gloucester, again at five tomorrow morning. I would ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, meet the societies in the evening, repair to Friend Martin's, who expects me, con-

verse and pray with the family as usual, and retire at ten p.m., commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The important thing, whether as individuals we go soon or later, is that we be found faithful, for they that endure to the end shall be saved. There are many people inclined to sit in a seat of prophecy, under a Jonah's gourd vine, to wait for the destruction of the world. Jonah was upset because God did not come immediately and wipe out the Ninevites. A merciful God was interested in a repenting people, so ignorant they did not know their right hand from their left. The Ninevites were eventually to be destroyed, but He extended to the generation of them in Jonah's time a probation, a day of grace. It is our duty to preach the Gospel, to do all we can, and leave the results with God. And so, as the song says, "We will work till Jesus comes."

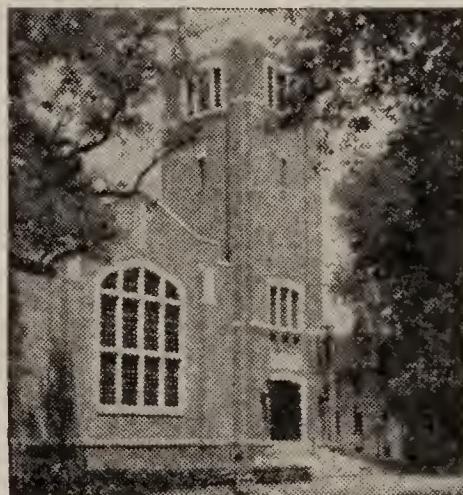
What an opportunity it is to labor for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom on earth! for He taught His disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

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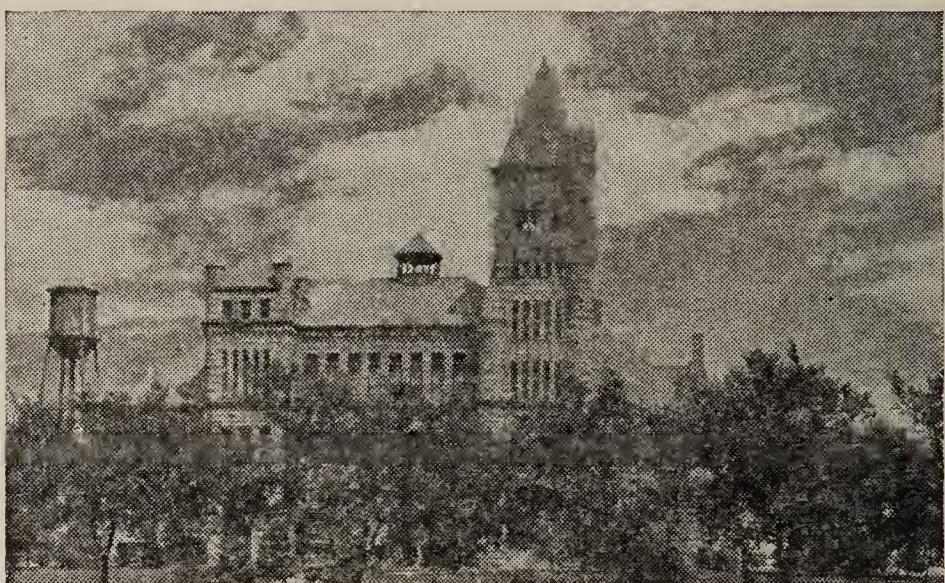
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